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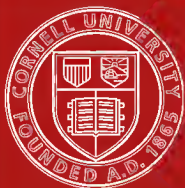
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SCHOOL ELOCUTION

A MANUAL OF
VOCAL TRAINING IN HIGH SCHOOLS, NORMAL
SCHOOLS, AND ACADEMIES

BY

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PREFACE.

This book is not an elaborate treatise, designed for special teachers of elocution, but a drill-book of essentials for use by teachers that do not make elocution a specialty. In most High and Normal schools, and in the advanced Grammar grades, the curriculum is so crowded that there is no time for the special training given by professional teachers of elocution to select classes of private pupils.

The time generally allotted to reading and elocution seldom exceeds that allowed for vocal music—perhaps one or two hours a week. Hence the successful training of large classes involves a great deal of concert drill; and this requires the use of a suitable manual of principles, directions, and drill exercises.

This treatise owes its existence to the difficulties met with in the management of a very large High school, including a post-graduate Normal department, in which an honest effort has been made to secure a fair degree of attention to school reading and elocution.

Fully realizing the limitations of teachers in similar schools, I have endeavored to keep within the bounds of what it is possible to accomplish without making elocution a hobby. The salient points of this hand-book are as follows

1. It includes only what it is possible to take up without material interference with the ordinary school curriculum.
2. It embraces only what pupils of average ability are capable of comprehending and mastering.
3. It includes a fair outfit of principles and practice for those who intend to become teachers.
4. It can be effectively used by teachers who are not specialists in elocution.

5. It contains clear and concise statements of principles and rules.

6. It is characterized by the copiousness and freshness of the illustrative drill-examples.

It was my good fortune, more than thirty years ago, to be a student under that most critical and scholarly elocutionist and Normal-school instructor, Professor William Russell; and it is natural that I should follow in the steps of my revered instructor. I am also indebted to many excellent manuals on elocution for principles and examples that constitute the common stock of matter on this subject.

I am under obligations to the publishers of the works of American authors for permission to make short extracts from their publications, and in particular, to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for extracts from Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and Emerson.

JOHN SWETT.

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PART I.

PART I.

ORTHOPHONY AND ORTHOEPEY.

SECTION I.

INTRODUCTORY HINTS AND DIRECTIONS.

1. As correct pronunciation is an essential of good reading, it is important that pupils should acquire at the outset a thorough knowledge of the elementary sounds of the English language, and that they should be trained to a ready command of the organs of speech.

2. The melody of our mother-tongue depends in a great measure on the fullness and purity with which the vowel sounds are given. The most marked provincialisms in our country consist chiefly in the peculiar shades of sound given to certain vowels.

3. In high schools and normal schools, if anywhere, critical attention ought to be given to pronunciation. It is desirable that pupils should become familiar with the diacritical marks of the dictionary in order that they may be able to find, by themselves, the correct pronunciation of any word.

4. It is the object of the following lessons to train (1) the ear to the correct sound; (2) the voice to distinct enunciation; and (3) the eye to the use of diacritical marks.

I. HINTS TO TEACHERS.

1. In all short concert drill exercises, require pupils to *stand*, and to stand *erect*. Let the concert drill be preceded by a breathing exercise.

2. Insist upon it that pupils hold the book properly in the left hand, high enough to bring the head erect.

3. In the more difficult drill exercises, the teacher should first read the examples, requiring pupils to repeat in concert. To some extent, elocution must be taught by *imitation*.

4. The true economy of time in vocal culture, as in vocal music, *consists in training large numbers together*. The concert drill lessons may be given to two or three hundred pupils in the assembly hall as effectively as to a single class in the recitation room.

5. The concert drill in phonic spelling is designed to give pupils the full command of their vocal organs, and also to secure accurate articulation, enunciation, and pronunciation. At first, it may be desirable for the teacher to lead the class, giving every sound clearly, forcibly, and distinctly.

6. The grouped lists of words illustrating the vowel sounds should be pronounced distinctly and forcibly by the teacher, then by the class in concert, and finally, by individual pupils. The monosyllables in these lists should be spelled by sound, first by the teacher, next by the class in concert, and, finally, by individual pupils.

7. Insist upon it that pupils practice every lesson, after it has been read in school, at home, by themselves.

8. Impress upon pupils the fact that good reading, like vocal music, requires long-continued practice.

9. Insist upon it that pupils, when reading, shall raise their eyes from the book when approaching the end of a sentence, and repeat the last five or ten words looking directly at the teacher or the class.

II. HINTS TO PUPILS.

1. Stand erect when you read, and hold the book in your left hand, high enough to bring the head erect.

2. By frequent inhalations, keep your lungs well filled with air.

3. Read loud enough to be easily heard by every member of your class. If possible, look over the advance lesson before the hour of class drill.

4. After the class drill at school, read each lesson by yourself at home. You can become a good reader only by patient and persevering practice.

5. If you have any marked faults in reading, you must endeavor to correct them by self-culture out of school.

6. Enter into the spirit of whatever you read, and read it so as to convey that spirit to those who listen.

7. Think about the meaning of what you read. Refer to the dictionary for the definition of any word you do not fully comprehend, or for the pronunciation of any word with which you are not familiar.

8. Listen attentively to the reading of your teacher, or of the best readers in the class, and try to imitate their style of reading.

9. Train yourself to the habit of raising your eyes from the book to look at the teacher or the class. It is a matter of politeness to look at those to whom you speak, or to whom you read. As you approach the end of a sentence, glance your eye along the words in advance of the tongue, and then complete the sentence without looking on the book. It is a good plan to practice this by yourself before a mirror.

10. Endeavor to become so familiar with the diacritical marks that you can find out, for yourself, from the dictionary, the pronunciation of any word without referring to the key, the table of sounds, or the teacher.

III. PRELIMINARY BREATHING EXERCISES.

Concert drill exercises in articulation and pronunciation should be preceded by short breathing exercises. These may be conducted in a great variety of ways, of which only a few are here indicated. The length of time in inhaling or exhaling may be regulated by the rise or fall of the teacher's hand.

1. Stand erect; feet firm; body braced; shoulders well back; arms akimbo.

2. Inhale slowly through the nostrils for five seconds; exhale slowly through the nostrils for five seconds. Repeat five times. Regulate the inhaling and exhaling by the rise and fall of the hand. In inhaling, fill the lower part of the lungs and do not elevate the shoulders.

3. Take a similar exercise, prolonging the time, first to ten seconds, next to fifteen seconds, and finally to twenty seconds.

4. Inhale; exhale slowly, giving, in a soft whisper, the sound of "Ah!" prolonged for five seconds; ten seconds; as long as possible.

5. Inhale; exhale slowly, giving the sound of long *o*, in pure tone, prolonged for five seconds; next for ten seconds; then for fifteen seconds; and finally, as long as possible.

6. Inhale; exhale slowly, giving for ten seconds the sound of long *e*; of Italian *a*; of long *oo*.

7. Inhale; repeat, in monotone, the long vowels, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, until the breath is exhausted.

8. Inhale; count, with one breath, to 10; next, to 20; then, to 30.

9. Repeat, in one breath, the letters of the alphabet.

10. Inhale slowly; exhale slowly, giving the sound of liquid *l* prolonged for five seconds; ten seconds; fifteen seconds; twenty seconds; next, the sound of *m*; of *n*; of *r*.

SECTION II.

VOWEL SOUNDS OR VOCALS.

I. TABLE OF DIACRITICAL MARKINGS.

I. PHONIC MARKS OF VOCALS.

Macron. —	Breve. ˘	Circumflex. ˆ	Two dots. ..	One dot. .	Wave or Tilde. ~
āle	ăt	âir	ärm, all	ăsk, what	hěr sîr
ēve, they	ënd	whêre			
īee, bȳ	īt, lȳnx		pique		
ōld	ôn	ôr	prove	sôn, wôlf	
mōon	bōok				
ūse	ŭp	ûrge	rule	pull	

II. EQUIVALENT VOCALS OR SUBSTITUTES.

a = ă	what, nôt	ô = ŭ	dône, sŭn
e = â	they, dāy	o, u = ōō	mōve, rŭle, schōol
ī = ē	sîr, hěr	o, u = ǒǒ	wôlf, pull, wōol
ê = â	thêre, câre	ȳ = ī	rhȳme, tîme
ĩ = ē	pique, wēak	ÿ = ĩ	hÿmn, whĭm
ô = a	ôr, all		

III. MARKINGS OF SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

ç, çh = s, sh	çent, çhaïsç	ş = z	iş, roşç
e, eb = k	eake, aehe	şh, vocal	thiş, that
g̃, hard	gō, gēt	n = ng	ink, wink
g̃ = j	gēm, aģe	x = g̃z	example

II. ILLUSTRATIONS OF VOCALS.

I. The long sound of a.

Marked with a macron, thus—ā. The equivalents of long *a* are also included. Avoid prolonging the vanishing *e* sound, thus—mā-*eed* for mād*e*.

āge	dāy	breāk	greāt	gāuge
pāle	gāy	steāk	strāight	yeā
āid	māy	deign	weight	neigh
pāid	wāy	reign	freight	sleigh

WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

ā're a	rā'dix	prāi'rie	ā'pri cot
nā'ked	rā'tion	eāis'son	ap pa rā'tus
māy'or	pā'tron	glā'mour	māel'strom
mā'tron	pāst'ry	hein'ous	pā tri ōt'ic
mā'cron	sā'chem	pā'tri ot	vā'ri e gat ed

II. Italian or open a.

Marked with two dots over it, thus—ä. Avoid the provincialism of hāf for hälf, lāf for läugh, etc.

ärt	eälf	pälm	äh!	gäunt	läunch
äre	hälf	psälm	bäh!	häunt	stäunch
ärm	hälves	sälve	päths	jäunt	läugh
älms	eälves	läth	äunt	täunt	quälms
bälm	bäth	gäpe	däunt	cräunch	zouäve
eälm	päth	wräth	fläunt	häunch	heärth

WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

däunt'less	jäun'dice	säun'ter	Col o rä'do
guä'vä	läun'dry	jäunt'y	Ne vä'dä
guä'no	läugh'ter	pi ä'no	Mon tä'nä
gäunt'let	llä'mä	so prä'no	Tu lä're
häunt'ed	plä'zä	fï nä'le	So lä'no

III. The broad sound of a.

Marked with two dots under it, thus—a. Avoid the two extremes: (1) That of giving a the sound of short o, as òll for awl, etc. (2) That of making a equal to two syllables, as aw'ul for all, caw'ul for all, etc.

ball	eaught	chalk	al'der	fan'cet
tall	ought	talk	al'ways	ea'l'dron
drawl	brought	stalk	au'ger	fal'chion
erawl	thought	gauze	eau'eus	pal'try
srawl	groat	haul	sau'cer	ôr'der

IV. The short sound of a.

Marked with a breve, thus—ă. Avoid giving short *a*, as inăt, the sound of intermediate *a*, as in ask, or of Italian *a*, as in âlms. Say ând, not and; ân'swer, not an'swer, etc.

ând	ân'swer	păt'ent	răt'ion al
băde	băr'el	păg'eant	răil'le ry
eătch	hăr'row	răth'er	săt'ir ist
plănt	măr'ry	năt'ion al	snăv'i ty
plăid	năr'row	păt'ron age	tăp'est ry

V. Sound of a as in câre.

Marked with a circumflex, thus—â. Avoid the two extremes: (1) That of giving it the sound of Italian *a*, as châr for châr, thâr for thâr, etc. (2) That of long *a*, as eâ'er for câre, thâ'er for thâr, â'er for âir, etc.

âir	sweâr	thêre	pâre	pâr'ent
dâre	squâre	whêre	pâir	fâir'y
râre	weâr	thêir	fâre	châr'y
fâir	hâre	hâir	lâir	seârce'ly
beâr	peâr	hêir	prâyer	seâr'ci ty

VI. Intermediate *ä*, as in *äsk*.

Marked with a dot over it, thus—*ä*. This is a medium sound between Italian *a* and short *a*. Avoid the two extremes: (1) That of Italian *a*, as *färst* for *fäst*, *därnce* for *dänce*, etc. (2) That of short *a*, as *äsk* for *ask*, *dänce* for *dance*, *äfter* for *after*, etc.

<i>äsk</i>	<i>ehänt</i>	<i>dänce</i>	<i>gräft</i>	<i>länce</i>	<i>quäff</i>
<i>änt</i>	<i>ehäff</i>	<i>däft</i>	<i>gränt</i>	<i>mäss</i>	<i>räft</i>
<i>äft</i>	<i>ehänce</i>	<i>dräft</i>	<i>glänce</i>	<i>mäst</i>	<i>räsp</i>
<i>bäsk</i>	<i>eäst</i>	<i>draught</i>	<i>gäsp</i>	<i>mäsk</i>	<i>shäft</i>
<i>bäsque</i>	<i>eläss</i>	<i>fäst</i>	<i>gräsp</i>	<i>päss</i>	<i>stäff</i>
<i>bräss</i>	<i>eräft</i>	<i>fläsk</i>	<i>häsp</i>	<i>päst</i>	<i>slänt</i>
<i>bläst</i>	<i>eläsp</i>	<i>gläss</i>	<i>häft</i>	<i>pänt</i>	<i>täsk</i>
<i>eäsque</i>	<i>eäsk</i>	<i>gräss</i>	<i>läst</i>	<i>pränce</i>	<i>tränce</i>

I. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

In all these words be careful to give *a* its intermediate sound as in *äsk*, not the short sound as in *änd*.

<i>äfter</i>	<i>fäst'er</i>	<i>mäs'ter</i>	<i>päss'port</i>
<i>bäs'ket</i>	<i>fäst'est</i>	<i>mäs'tiff</i>	<i>räft'er</i>
<i>eäs'ket</i>	<i>gläss'y</i>	<i>päs'time</i>	<i>slänt'ing</i>
<i>eläss'es</i>	<i>gräss'y</i>	<i>päs'tor</i>	<i>täsk'work</i>
<i>eräft'y</i>	<i>läst'ing</i>	<i>pläs'ter</i>	<i>väst'ness</i>
<i>eräfts'man</i>	<i>mäss'ive</i>	<i>päst'ure</i>	<i>wäft'ed</i>

II. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

<i>a slänt'</i>	<i>com mänd'</i>	<i>ad vän'tage</i>
<i>a mäss'</i>	<i>dis mäst'</i>	<i>ad vänce'ment</i>
<i>a läs'</i>	<i>de mänd'</i>	<i>com mänd'ment</i>
<i>a väst</i>	<i>en hänce'</i>	<i>en chänt'ment</i>
<i>ad vänce</i>	<i>en chänt'</i>	<i>en hänce'ment</i>
<i>a bäft'</i>	<i>per chänce'</i>	<i>re mänd'ed</i>

VII. Sound of a as in what.

Marked with a dot under it, thus—a. This sound is equivalent to short *o*, as in *not*. The word *what* is pronounced *hwot*, not *wut*.

was	squash	squab'ble	stal'wart
wad	swap	squat'ter	wal-let
wasp	swan	squal'id	wal'low
yacht	swamp	squad'ron	wad'dle
squab	swab	quar'rel	wan'ton
squad	wand	swal'low	was'sail

Call on the class for additional words.

VIII. The long sound of e.

Marked with a macron, thus—e. Long *e* is one of the three vowel extremes, *ā* and *ō* being the other two.

b <u>e</u>	thi <u>e</u> f	e <u>i</u> ther	e'go tism
tree	ni <u>e</u> ce	n <u>e</u> i'ther	e'qu'i poise
b <u>e</u> am	si <u>e</u> ge	l <u>e</u> i'sure	l <u>e</u> 'ni ent
el <u>e</u> an	s <u>e</u> i'ze	l <u>e</u> 'ver	a m <u>e</u> 'na ble
car	de <u>e</u> d	f <u>e</u> 'brile	pre c <u>e</u> d'ence
ea <u>e</u> ves	fi <u>e</u> rce	f <u>e</u> 'tich	r <u>e</u> 'qu'i em

IX. The short sound of e.

Marked with a breve, thus—ĕ. Avoid *yĭt* for *yĕt*, *āig* for *ĕgg*, etc.

b <u>ĕ</u> g	f <u>ĕ</u> off	l <u>ĕ</u> ath'er	k <u>ĕ</u> t'tle	t <u>ĕ</u> p'id
l <u>ĕ</u> g	an'y	m <u>ĕ</u> as'ure	m <u>ĕ</u> t'ric	t <u>ĕ</u> n'et
br <u>ĕ</u> ad	m <u>ĕ</u> r'ry	pl <u>ĕ</u> as'ure	pr <u>ĕ</u> f'ace	r <u>ĕ</u> s'in
said	bur'y	b <u>ĕ</u> s'tial	p <u>ĕ</u> t'rel	a gain'
says	h <u>ĕ</u> i'fer	d <u>ĕ</u> e'ade	p <u>ĕ</u> r'uke	a gainst'
d <u>ĕ</u> af	l <u>ĕ</u> op'ard	f <u>ĕ</u> t'id	s <u>ĕ</u> ck'el	for g <u>ĕ</u> t'

X. Sound of e as in vĕrge.

Marked with a wave or tilde, thus—ẽ. This sound nearly coincides with the sound of *u* as in *urge*, but is not quite so broad and guttural. Avoid the error of sounding ẽ like āi, as āirth for ēarth, etc. Give the *r* after ẽ its full sound.

ẽrr	sẽrve	ēarth	ẽr'mine	sẽrv'ant
hẽr	vẽrse	ēarn	ēarn'est	vẽr'dict
hẽrd	vĕrge	lēarn	mẽr'cy	hẽrb'age
fẽrn	vĕrb	hēard	mẽr'chant	ēarn'ings
pẽrt	wẽre	myrrh	pẽr'son	sẽr'mon
nẽrve	gẽrm	thĩrst	pẽr'fect	sẽr'vice

XI. Sound of e as in thêre.

Marked with a circumflex, thus—ê. This sound is identical with the sound of *a* as in *câre*.

thêre	âir	hâir	thêre'fore
whêre	êre	hêir	whêre'fore
thêir	ê'er	nê'er	whêre as'

XII. Sound of e as in theȳ.

Marked with a macron under it, thus—e. This sound is identical with long *a*.

theȳ	weȳ	weȳght	veȳn	neȳgh'bor
preȳ	wāȳ	freȳght	vāȳn	heȳn'ous
prāȳ	neȳgh	strāȳght	deȳgn	lā'bor

XIII. The long sound of i and y.

Marked with a macron, thus—ī, ŷ.

isle	dīe	līar	fīre	ho rī'zon
stȳle	eȳe	lȳre	buȳ'er	in quīr'y
fīre	tīes	bȳ	tī'ny	de rī'sive
lȳre	aȳeȳ	rȳe	tȳ'rant	as pī'rant

XIV. The short sound of *i* and *y*.

Marked with a breve, thus—*ī*, *ȳ*.

hīm	lȳnx	dīs'trict	trīb'une
hȳmn	nȳmpl	sȳn'od	sȳr'up
wīthe	sȳlph	vīne'yard	vīe'ar
mȳth	rhȳthm	sȳr'inge	pret'tȳ
pīth	schīsm	sȳn'tax	wīt'ty

XV. Sound of *i* as in *fīrst*.

Marked with a wave or tilde, thus—*ĩ*. This sound is identical with the sound of *e* as in *hēr*. Avoid giving the broader and more guttural sound of *u* as in *ūrge*. Be careful to give *r* its full sound.

fīrst	bīrch	sīr	çīr'ele	vīr'tue
thīrst	bīrth	fīr	çīr'euit	vīr'gin
gīrl	dīrge	stīr	çīr'eus	stīr'rup
mīrth	vērge	ēarn	gīr'dle	squīr'el
fīrm	ēarth	fērn	īrk'some	sīr'loin
worm	myrrh	lēarn	mēr'cy	thīr'ty
world	dēarth	hēr	ēarth'ly	worth'y
work	bīrd	pērch	ēar'ly	çēr'tain
worse	gīrd	hēard	ēarn'est	mīrth'ful
worth	pēarl	hēarse	ēarth'en	worth'less

XVI. Sound of *i* as in *pīque*.

Marked with two dots over it, thus—*ï*. This sound is equivalent to that of long *e* as in *mē*.

an tique'	eui şine'	ma chine'	rou tine'
bas tile'	de brīs'	ma rine'	ra vine'
ea priçe'	e lite'	po lice'	re gime'
çhe nille'	en nuī'	pe tite'	ton tine'
çhe mişe'	fa tigue'	ob lique'	u nique'
cri tique'	fas çine'	pe lisse'	phy şique'

XVII. The long sound of o.

Marked with a macron, thus—ō. Avoid shortening or obscuring the sound of long o as in ōld, in such words as rōad, cōat, hōme, bōne, stōne, etc.

bōne	eōlt	jōlt	yōke	ōn'ly
stōne	eōmb	mōst	yōlk	ō'ral
bōth	dōlt	smōke	quōth	whō'ly
brōke	fōlks	spōke	beau	clōse'ly
chōke	hōld	flōwn	shōw	lōne'ly
clōak	hōme	whōle	wōn't	trō'phy
crōak	rōam	mōre	dō n't	ō'pal
ōak	hōld	rōar	gōat	ō'dor

I. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

Avoid the error of saying hōise for hōarse, fōrce for fōrce.

bōat	eōax	door	eōarse	gōurd	blōw
eōat	lōad	floor	hōarse	mōurn	trōw
tōad	lōam	brooch	sōurce	tōll	glōw
tōast	ōath	pōur	fōrce	pōll	sew
rōad	ōats	pōrch	bōard	serōll	quōth
gōad	thrōat	bōrne	hōard	rōll	grōss

II. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

In words like the following, avoid the error of giving long o the sound of o as in ōr'der; as bōi'der for bōard'er, fōi'ger for fōr'ger, pōi'trait for pōr'trait, etc. Give o its full, long sound.

bōard'er	pōr'ter	an chō'vy	de eō'rous
bōwl'der	pōr'tion	a rō'ma	dī plō'ma cy
bōw'sprit	pōr'trait	ab dō'men	dī plō'ma tist
pōul'try	fōr'ger	eo rō'na	op pō'nent
pōul'tice	stōr'age	eon dō'lence	so nō'rous
shōul'der	mōurn'er	eog nō'men	fōr'ger y

XVIII. The short sound of o.

Marked with a breve, thus—ö. The sound of short o, as in nôt, is slightly modified by the different consonants with which it is combined. In words like cough, gone, loss, etc., the sound of short o is modified so that it tends towards a sound intermediate between short o and broad a. Avoid the common error of saying dawg or dorg for dög; gawd or gord for göd; also, that of güt for göt, etc.

ön	dög	öff	eöst	möth	cough
öf	fög	scöff	löst	clöth	trough
ödd	lög	möss	fröst	öft	lång
böx	göt	löss	slöth	soft	strong
föx	göd	töss	bröth	löft	göng
phlöx	höd	eröss	tröth	göne	wrong

I. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

In every word give o its clean-cut short sound.

eöm'mä	döç'ile	flör'in	mön'ad
eöm'mon	dön'key	höv'el	nöm'ad
eöm'et	för'est	gröv'el	öf'fice
eöm'bat	före'head	hör'rid	ör'ange
eöm'rade	frön'tier	jöe'und	öff'set
eöl'lar	för'age	löft'y	öff'ing
eön'flict	göd'ly	söft'ly	dög'ma
eön'strne	slöth'ful	öft'en	döc'tor

II. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

bön'net	pröç'ess	stöl'id	döl' or ous
eöff'fee	prög'ress	squal'id	höl'o eaust
eöf'fin	proj'ect	quar'rel	mön'o gram
eör'al	phön'ic	be tröth'	möl'e eule
pröd'uct	prov'ost	be löng'	ön'er ous
pröd'uce	sön'net	ex töl'	ör'a ele

XIX. Sound of o as in dōne.

Marked with a dot over it, thus—ō. This sound is identical with short *u* as in sūn.

nōne	sōme	a bōve'	ōven
dōes	tōngue	bōm'bast	ōn'ion
dōth	rōugh	bōr'ough	ōth'er
dōst	eōl'or	eōv'er	plōv'er
eōme	eōv'et	hōv'er	eōns'in
bōmb	dōz'en	hōn'ey	slōv'en
blood	eōn'jure	mōn'grel	wōr'ry

XX. Sound of o as in mōve.

Marked with two dots under it, thus—o. This sound is identical with that of oo in mōon, and of *u* after *r*, as in rule. Avoid the provincialism of reducing the sound of o, oo, and u to that of long *u* or *ew*, thus—dew for do, trew for true, tew for to, yew for you, skewl for school, etc. The sound of o, oo, or u is one of the extremes of the vowel scale, made correctly by projecting the lips free from the teeth.

mōve	hōōf	crou <u>p</u>	youth	ea no <u>e</u> '
pro <u>v</u> e	rōōf	gro <u>u</u> p	truth	a do <u>o</u> '
lo <u>s</u> e	rōōt	so <u>u</u> p	throu <u>gh</u>	sham p <u>oo</u> '
do <u>o</u>	boōt	whōōp	grew	bam boō'
to <u>o</u>	spōōn	lōōp	tōōl	tat tōō'
tōō	sōōn	rou <u>t</u> e	ghoul	ap prove'
two <u>o</u>	nōōn	shōōt	con tou <u>r</u> '	re pro <u>o</u> f'
you <u>o</u>	schōōl	wou <u>nd</u>	ba rou <u>ch</u> e'	be ho <u>v</u> e'
nōōse	ru <u>l</u> e	sōōn	car tou <u>ch</u> e'	gam bo <u>g</u> e'
lōōse	fōōl	mōōn	ta boō'	de tou <u>r</u> '
cōōl	ru <u>d</u> e	you <u>r</u>	ru <u>l</u> 'er	who <u>o</u>
gōōse	ru <u>s</u> e	sh <u>o</u> e	mo <u>v</u> e'ment	whom
mōōse	chōōse	so <u>o</u> the	mōōn'shine	who <u>s</u> e
spōōn	fruit	to <u>u</u> r	ob tru <u>d</u> e'	ru <u>r</u> al

XXI. Sound of *o* as in *fôr*.

Marked with a circumflex, thus—ô. This sound of *o* is identical with broad *a* as in *all*. It occurs before *r* in words of one syllable; in accented syllables when not followed by another *r*; and also in the derivatives of such words as *nôth*, *nôrthern*, etc. Be careful to give *r* its full sound.

ôr	eôrpse	eôr'dial	gôr'geous	côr'ner
fôr	hôrse	bôr'der	môr'tal	côr'niçe
nôr	stôrm	fôr'mal	môr'sel	ôr'der
bôrn	thôrn	fôr'ceps	môrt'gâge	ôr'chard

XXII. Sound of *o* as in *wôlf*.

Marked with a dot under it, thus—ô. This sound is identical with that of short *oo*, as in *bôök*, and that of *u* as in *full*.

wôlf	eôuld n't	wôrs'ted	bôök	pull
wôuld	wôuld n't	wôlf'ish	eôök	hôöd
eôuld	shôuld n't	gôöd'ness	hôök	put
bô'som	wôöd'en	wô'man	lôök	push

XXIII. The long sound of *u*.

Marked with a macron, thus—ū. This is a compound sound, formed of a slight sound of *y* joined with *oo* long. After *d*, *t*, *l*, *n*, and *s*, it is somewhat difficult to introduce the *y* sound. Avoid the two extremes: (1) That of overdoing the *y* sound, so as to make *dū'ty* sound like *jū'ty*. (2) That of sounding *u* like *oo* long, as *dôō'ty* for *dū'ty*.

ūse	eūbe	dūe	lieū	sūit	pūre
fūse	eūre	sūe	view	deūce	lūre
mūse	tūbe	hūe	ewe	feūd	dūpe
mūte	tūne	flūe	new	slūice	dūne

I. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

bū'gle	flū'id	mū'sic	hū'mid
beau'ty	hū'man	pū'pil	nū'sance
eū'bie	jū'ry	pū'trid	neū'ter
dū'ty	lū'pine	stū'pid	sūit'or

II. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

eon mū'nī eate	eon mū'ni ty	lū'na cy
eon sti tū'tion	eū'mu la tive	lū'na tic
el o eū'tion	lū'min a ry	mū'si eal
rev o lū'tion	lu gū'brī ous	ēd'ū eate
in sti tū'tion	per pe-tū'i ty	eāl'eū lāte

XXIV. The short sound of u.

Marked with a breve, thus—ū. Avoid the vulgarism of saying ōp for ūp, ōn'der for ūn'der, etc. Say hū'r'y, not hūr'ry; eou'rage, not eūr'age.

būd	būr'row	ūn'der	eūr'ren cy
būff	fūr'row	ūp'per	sōv'er eign
dūmb	mūr'rain	ūt'ter	hūr'ri cane
eūr'ry	flūr'ry	gūt'ter	drōm'e da ry

xxv. Sound of u as in rule.

Marked with two dots under it, thus—u. This sound of *u*, when it follows the consonant *r*, is identical with that of *o* as in move, and *oo* in moon. Rule rhymes with fōol, rude with mōod, true with tōo, you with grew.

brūte	rule	brūise	prū'dence	rū'mor
frūit	sehōol	erūise	prū'dent	trū'ant
erūde	truth	erū'el	prū'dish	trū'ly
rūde	youth	grū'el	rū'in	trū'fle
prūde	true	brū'tal	rū'ral	drū'id
prūne	chew	brū'in	rūth'less	dō'ing

XXVI. Sound of *u* as in *urge*.

Marked with a circumflex, thus—*û*. This sound occurs in monosyllables before *r* not followed by a vowel; in accented syllables before *r* final, or *r* followed by one or more consonants different from itself, and in derivatives from any such words. It coincides with *e* as in *vêrge*, *i* as in *thîrst*, and *o* as in *word*, except that *û* is somewhat broader and more guttural.

bûrn	fûrl	spûrt	word	sûr'geon
bûrst	hûrl	spûrn	work	stûr'geon
eûr	hûrt	pûrge	worm	mûr'der
eûrl	pûrse	ûrn	world	mûr'mur
eûrse	nûrse	tûrn	worth	bûr'den

XXVII. Sound of *u* as in *full*.

Marked with a dot under it thus—*u*. This sound is identical with that of *o* as in *wolf*, and short *oo* as in *book*.

bul	puss	bul'lock	pul'let
bush	pull	butch'er	pul'ley
push	full	bush'es	pul'pit
put	wolf	bul'rush	pu'd'ing
wood	cōok	bul'let	put'ting

XXVIII. The diphthong *oi* as in *oil*.

The diphthongs *oi* and *oy* are equivalents. The sound of *oi* is a compound of *a*+*i*.

oil	hoist	foist	joy	boil'er
boil	moist	poise	troy	loi'ter
broil	joist	noise	boy	roy'al
eoil	toil	quoit	buoy	loy'al
ecoin	soil	point	toy	oint'ment
loin	roil	joint	oys'ter	voy'age

XXIX. The diphthongs *ou* and *ow*.

The diphthong *ou*, identical with *ow*, is a compound of *ä* + *o*. Open the mouth freely in giving the initial of this sound.

out	eow	ground	hour	bower
ounce	how	round	flour	power
our	now	sound	sour	lower
doubt	owl	elown	seour	shower
drought	fowl	drown	plow	tower
gouge	howl	frown	slough	dower

III. EXERCISES ON VOCALS.

I. HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Concert drill exercises on the following table may be given as follows:

1. Preliminary breathing exercise.
2. Concert phonic spelling of the words under each vocal.
3. Concert pronunciation of words, with various degrees of force from the whisper to loud force, and with the rising, the falling, and the circumflex inflections.
4. If time will allow, require each pupil, singly, to take the drill indicated above.

II. TABLE OF VOCALS.

ā.—āle, sāl, pāy, they, vein, gāuge, breāk, gāol.
 ä.—äh! äre, hälf, läugh, heärth, guärd, äunt, älms.
 a, ô.—all, awe, aught, broad, stalk, naught, ought.
 ă.—ădd, ănd, ăt, băde, plăid, cătch, măn, hănd.
 â, ê.—âir, dâre, beâr, thêre, squâre, êre, hêir, ê'er.
 ą.—ąnt, ąsk, dąnce, chąnce, gląss, ląst, stąff, gąsp.
 a, ǒ.—was, wand, wasp, what, swap, nǒt, blǒt, gǒd.
 ē.—mē, wē, bee, bēan, fiērcē, niēce, sēize, kēy, tēa.
 ẽ.—ẽnd, drẽad, said, sayş, dẽaf, fẽoff, yẽs, gẽt, yẽt.

TABLE OF VOCALS.—Continued.

ĕ, ĭ.—ĕrr, hĕr, ĕarth, wĕre, vĕrge, myrrh, thĭrst, work.
 ē, ā.—vĕin, dĕign, rĕin, thĕy, prĕy, wĕight, nĕigh.
 ê, â.—thêre, whêre, âir, êre, bâre, nê'er, câre, ê'er.
 ĭ, ĭ.—ĭce, pĭne, fĭre, lĭre, lĭar, aĭsle, aĭes, eĭes.
 ĭ.—ĭn, pĭn, been, hĭmn, mĭth, sĭeve, buĭld, sĭnce.
 ĭ, ĕ.—thĭrst, fĭrst, gĭrl, ĕarn, lĕarn, bĭrd, thĭrd, worst.
 ĭ, ē.—pĭque, clique, ob lique', pol ice', ma rĭne'.
 ō.—ōld, ōak, brōke, pōur, ōre, door, tōll, sew, tōw.
 ȳ, a.—ōdd, nȳt, dȳg, gȳd, lȳst, ȳff, cȳngh, mȳss, lȳss.
 o, ōo, u.—mȳve, mȳon, rȳle, dȳ, rȳute, trȳe, grew, yȳu.
 ô, a.—ôr, nôr, hôrse, quart, wart, cȳrn, stȳrm, bȳrn.
 ô, ŭ.—dȳne, sȳn, dȳes, dȳth, spȳnge, blood, flood, rȳn.
 o, ōo, u.—wȳlf, wȳuld, wȳod, shȳuld, bȳok, cȳok, put.
 ū.—ȳse, mȳse, dȳe, few, view, feȳd, tȳne, cȳbe, tȳbe.
 ŭ, ô.—tȳb, bȳt, dȳst, trȳst, dȳne, dȳes, bȳmb, crȳmb.
 u, ōo, o.—rȳle, rȳde, trȳth, yȳuth, spȳon, mȳve, prȳve.
 û.—ȳrge, pȳrge, bȳrn, tȳrn, fȳr, bȳrr, cȳr, cȳrl, fȳrl.
 u, ōo, o.—put, pull, push, bush, puss, bȳok, tȳok.
 oi, oy.—oil, boil, toil, boy, joy, cloy, roil, coil, foil.
 ou, ow.—out, our, ounce, flour, power, sour, owl.

III. CONCERT DRILL.

In concert drill on the following table, observe the following directions.

1. Read the columns vertically.
2. Repeat with slow movement; moderate; fast.
3. Repeat in a forcible whisper.
4. Repeat with gentle force; moderate; loud.

ā-ā-ā	ē-ē-ē	ū-ū-ū
ä-ä-ä	ī-ī-ī	ÿ-ÿ-ÿ
ȳ-ȳ-ȳ	ĭ-ĭ-ĭ	û-û-û
ă-ă-ă	ō-ō-ō	ȳ-ȳ-ȳ
ē-ē-ē	ȳ-ȳ-ȳ	oi-oi-oy
ĕ-ĕ-ĕ	o-o-o	ou-ou-ow

IV. VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

There are many delicate shades of sound in unaccented vowels which must be learned from the lips of the living teacher, or by noticing carefully the pronunciation of educated and critical people.

I. Final unaccented *ar*, *er*, *ir*, *or*, *yr*.

The vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *y*, preceding *r* in final unaccented syllables, have the sound of *e* as in *hēr*.

bēg'gar	al'der	ār'mor	sul'phur
eōl'lar	bān'ner	ār'dor	au'gur
dōl'lar	lād'der	eōl'or	zēph'yr
lī'ar	pā'per	ō'dor	mār'tyr
mō'lar	tā'pir	pār'lor	sā'tyr
pō'lar	nā'dir	fē'mur	hōn'or
stēl'lar	mī'nor	lē'mur	ī'ron(-urn)
çēl'lar	mā'jor	mūr'mur	a'pron(-urn)

II. Final -ain like -ēn.

eāp'tain	mūr'tain	chiēf'tain
eūr'tain	vī'lain	chāp'lain
çēr'tain	bār'gain	plān'tain

III. Words having *a* or *o* unaccented.

In words like the following, *a* or *o* in unaccented final syllables has a slightly obscured sound of short *u*.

fī'nal	vī'tal	phān'tom	tēn'ant
fīs'eal	vō'eal	trān'som	gāl'lop-
lē'gal	vē'nal	hānd'some	bāl'lad
mēn'tal	eōm'mon	hām'mock	sāl'ad
mōr'tal	eūs'tom	hill'ock	sēa'man
nā'sal	blōs'som	ōr'phan	fire'man
nā'val	drāg'on	trū'ant	brāke'man
ō'val	sēr'mon	sērv'ant	bāl'ance

IV. 'Final unaccented a.

Unaccented *a*, at the end of a word, has the sound of intermediate *a*, verging towards short *u*, as côm'mă or côm'mŭ.

côm'mă	ăl'ge bră	pî ăz'ză	va nîl'lă
c̄'ra	ă're ă	co rō'nă	guer îl'lă
ĕx'tră	ă re'nă	věr'te bră	fa ri'nă
lă'vă	cū'po lă	man tîl'lă	lăm'i nă
mî'că	ăp'e ră	scin tîl'lă	mem o răn'dă
sō'fă	i dē'ă	um brēl'lă	a năth'e mă

V. Sound of a in unaccented final syllables.

In words like the following, *a* has the sound of short *e*; as, -age = ĕj, and -ate = ĕt.

cou'r'age	mă'r'riage	săv'age	păl'ate
dăm'age	că'r'riage	ŭs'age	pî'rate
drăin'age	mîle'age	ăg'ate	frîg'ate
fiōnt'age	pōst'age	clî'mate	ad van'tage
lēak'age	tîll'age	prî'vate	per çent'age

VI. Unaccented a as an initial syllable.

In the first syllable of words like the following, the vowel *a*, when unaccented, has nearly the sound of short *a* a little obscured, or of *a* as in ask, verging towards short *u*; as ă bout', ă bove'; or â bout', â bove'. Avoid the common error of giving *a* the long sound; as ā bove', mā chîne'; also that of short *u*, as ŭ bout', ŭ bove'. In the dictionary this sound is unmarked.

a bove'	a gain'	a like'	ea dēt'	ga zët'te'
ă bout'	a lărm'	a mông'	ea năl'	ma çhîne'
a bŭse'	a lăs'	a părt'	ea rĕss'	mă rîne'
a crōss'	a live'	a rîŕe'	ea nărd'	ră vîne'
a dŭlt'	a lōne'	a sîde'	ea nŏe'	ca'reen'

VII. Silent *e* and *o*.

In the following words and some others, *e* and *o* are silent before *n* or *l*, thus—heaven = hēvn, evil = ēvl.

bācon	gōlden	līsten	ōpen	sēason
būttōn	gārden	lēaven	ōften	sūdden
cōtton	glādden	lēaden	pērson	spōken
crīmṣon	glīsten	lēngthen	pārson	slōven
dēacon	gīven	līken	poison	shōvel
dāmṣon	glūtton	lēsson	rēason	shṛivel
dēvil	grōvel	lēssen	rēckon	snīvel
drīven	hēathen	nāson	rāven	smītten
ēven	hēaven	nūtton	rāisin	sūnken
ēvil	hārden	māiden	rīdden	tōken
ēaṣel	hāsten	moisten	rōtten	tēaṣel
fālleden	hāppen	mītten	rāvel	wēaṣel
frōzen	hāzel	ōven	sēven	wēaken
frīghen	kītten	ouṣel	sīlken	wēapon

VIII. Short *i* in unaccented final syllables.

ăḡ'īle	făḡ'īle	săn'guīne	măs'cu līne
dôḡ'īle	fēr'tīle	sūb'tīle	fēm'ī nīne
dēs'tīne	frăḡ'īle	stēr'īle	ḡen'u īne
dūc'tīle	flēx'īle	tēx'tīle	hēr'o īne
ēn'ḡīne	hōs'tīle	vī'rīle	pū'er īle
ēr'mīne	mō'bīle	vēr'sa tīle	jū've nīle

IX. Short *i* in unaccented initial syllables.

dī vīde'	dī vēst'	dī grēss'	dī plō'ma
dī lāte'	dī vērt'	mī nūte'	dī ḡēs'tion
dī lūte'	dī vūlḡe'	ḡī rāffe'	dī vīs'ion
dī rēct'	dī vērḡe'	ḡī gār'	dī lā'tion
dī ḡēs't'	dī vōrce'	fī nānce'	dī rec'tion
dī vān'	dī vīne'	tī rāde'	bī tū'men

X. Sound of short *i* and *y* in unaccented syllables.

In words like the following, there is a tendency to give short *e* the sound of obscure *e* or *a*, and to prolong final *-ty* into *-te*.

ac'tiv'i ty	gul li b'il'i ty	re spon si b'il'i ty
a g'il'i ty	in tēl'li gi ble	tran qu'il'li ty
de b'il'i ty	in cōr'ri gi ble	pos si b'il'i ty
di vis i b'il'i ty	in vān'ci ble	u t'il'i ty
el i gi b'il'i ty	il lēg'i ble	u na nīm'i ty
fu ši b'il'i ty	in fin'i ty	in com pat i b'il'i ty

XI. Sound of *u* in unaccented final syllables.

In the pronunciation of words of two syllables ending in *-ture*, *-dure*, or *-sure*, there is a slight difference in good usage. By some, the word *creature*, for example, is pronounced as if spelled thus—crēat'yēr, verging towards crēa'cher; by others it is pronounced thus—crēat'yōōr.

crēa'ture	frāc'ture	nā'ture	rāp'ture
cūl'ture	fū'ture	nûr'ture	scrip'ture
cāp'ture	gēs'ture	pās'ture	strūc'ture
fēa'ture	lec'ture	pīc'ture	vēn'ture
fīx'ture	lēi'sure	pōs'ture	vēr'dure
vūl'ture	sū'ture	vēs'ture	rūp'ture

XII. Sound of *u* in unaccented final syllables.

In words of more than two syllables, the sound of *-ure* is made somewhat longer than in words of two syllables; as *furniture* is pronounced fūr'nīt yōōr.

āp'er ture	lit'er a ture	cār'i ea ture
ō'vēr ture	tēm'per a ture	jū'di ca ture
līg'a ture	mīn'i a ture	sīg'na ture
sīg'na ture	āp'er ture	cūr'va ture.

XIII. The syllable -tude.

ăp'ti tūde	lŏn'gi tūde	rēc'ti tūde
ăl'ti tūde	lăs'si tūde	sŏl'i tūde
ăt'ti tūde	mŭl'ti tūde	sēr'vi tūde

XIV. Long o unaccented.

mo rŏc'co	to băc'co	ăg'o ny
po tă'to	pro pŏr'tion	ŏp'po ŝite
o pŏn'ion	pi ă'no	ěl'o quence

XV. Miscellaneous Hints.

1. The article *a* is sounded in connection with the word that follows it; as, "a book" is sounded as one word of two syllables, thus—a-book'. Here the article has the sound of long *a*, obscured and cut off suddenly. It is not good usage to give it the sound of short *u*, thus—ŭ-book', or of ūr-book'.

2. Before a word beginning with a consonant the article *the*, except when emphatic, is sounded as a syllable of the word which it precedes, as the-bŏok', pronounced as a word of two syllables, accented on the last. In such cases the obscured *e* sound in *the* is really represented by short *i*, rather than by short *u*; as, thŭ-book', thŭ-horse', thŭ-school'. It is sometimes indicated thus—th'-book', th'-horse'.

3. Before words beginning with a vowel, as the-air', the-ice', *e* in *the* has the long sound, less obscured and shortened than when *the* precedes a word beginning with a consonant. The error in sounding the articles *a* and *the* frequently arises from attempts to give their phonic spelling independent of their connection with the words that follow them. In order to sound the articles correctly, notice how they are pronounced, by persons of good taste, in ordinary conversation.

SECTION III.

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

I. ARTICULATION.

1. Distinct articulation is essential to good reading and speaking. "The first step towards becoming a good elocutionist," says Comstock, "is a correct articulation. A public speaker, possessed of only a moderate voice, if he articulates correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates without judgment. The voice of the latter may indeed extend to a considerable distance, but the sound is dissipated in confusion. Of the former voice not the smallest vibration is wasted; every stroke is perceived at the utmost distance to which it reaches; and hence it has often the appearance of penetrating even farther than one which is loud, but badly articulated."

2. "In just articulation," says Austin, "the words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion; they are neither abridged, nor prolonged; nor swallowed, nor forced, and, if I may so express myself, shot from the mouth; they are not trailed nor drawled, nor let slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight."

3. The best way of training the organs of speech to good articulation is by means of forcible phonic spelling and by drill-exercises on the elementary sounds, particularly on subvocals and aspirates.

4. "Articulate utterance," says Prof. Russell, "requires a constant exercise of discrimination of the mind, and of *precision or accuracy in the movements of the organs*

of speech. A correct articulation, however, is not belabored or artificial in its character. It results from the intuitive and habitual action of a disciplined attention. It is easy, fluent, and natural; but, like the skillful execution of an accomplished musician, it gives forth every sound, even in the most rapid passages, with truth and correctness.

5. "A good enunciation gives to every vowel and consonant its just proportion and character; none being omitted, no one blending with another in such a manner as to produce confusion, and none so carelessly executed as to cause mistake in the hearer, by its resemblance to another.

6. "A correct enunciation is the fundamental quality of a distinct and impressive elocution. It is an attainment of great value, for the ordinary purposes of communication; but it becomes doubly important, in the act of reading or speaking in public, whether we advert to the larger space which must be traversed by the voice, or the greater moment of the topics of discourse which are usual on such occasions.

7. "The appropriate style of modern eloquence is that of intellectual, more than of impassioned, expression; and enunciation being, of all the functions of the voice, that which is most important to the conveyance of thought and meaning, it justly requires, in the course of education, more attention and practice than any other branch of elocution."

II. CLASSIFICATION OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

The elementary sounds are classified as follows:

1. Vowels, or tonics.
2. Subvowels, or subtonics.
3. Aspirates, or atonics.

Vowels, represented by vowels, are sounds consisting of pure tone only.

Subvocals, represented by consonants, are sounds that have *tone*, but are inferior to vocals in fullness. A consonant can not be *named* without the aid of a vowel, as *b* is *named* in the alphabet, *be*. Hence the term *consonant*, *sounded with*.

Aspirates, represented by consonants, are *sounds* without *tone*.

Letters are characters to represent articulate sounds.

III. DIACRITICAL MARKS OF CONSONANTS.

[As given in Webster's Dictionary.]

ç <i>soft</i> —çede, çent.	th <i>sharp</i> —thing, bath.
e <i>hard</i> —eall, lae.	fh <i>flat</i> —fhine, smooth.
ch <i>unmarked</i> —church.	ng <i>unmarked</i> —sing, ring.
çh <i>soft</i> —çhaise, çhute.	n— <u>ink</u> , <u>link</u> .
eh <i>hard</i> —ehyle, ehyme.	x = ks—box, fox.
ḡ <i>hard</i> —ḡum, loḡ.	x̄ = gz—exist, exalt.
ġ <i>soft</i> —gem, gin.	ph = f—phlox, sylph.
ş <i>soft</i> = z—haş, hiş.	qu = kw—queen, queer.
s <i>sharp</i> = ç—sin, gas.	wh = hw—when, why.

IV. DRILL LESSONS ON CONSONANT SOUNDS.

I. SUBVOCALS.

In concert drill-exercises on the following table, observe the following directions:

1. Pronounce each word distinctly, and then give, *forcibly*, the phonic spelling.

2. Repeat, *forcibly*, each subvocal and aspirate three times, thus—*b*, *b*, *b*; *d*, *d*, *d*, etc.

3. After concert drill, require each pupil, in turn, to give the sounds.

b.—bīb, bābe, bee, ěbb, mŭb, rŭb, sŭb, eŭb.

d.—dīd, dŏg, dĕad, ŏdd, drĕad, dīed, said, bĕd.

ḡ.—ḡāḡ, ḡīḡ, ḡrŭḡ, ḡēt, ḡīrl, ḡills, ḡīḡ/gle.

j.—joy, júst, jŏg, ġill, ġëm, ġin, ġin'ger.
 l.—lŭll, löll, mŭll, bëll, sãle, boil, toil, soil.
 m.—mãn, mãim, mŭm, dŭm, rŭm, sòme.
 n.—nŭn, nòne, noun, nãme, rŭn, ġŭn.
 r (*rough*).—rude, rule, rŏom, rŏod, rŏll, rŏar.
 r (*smooth*).—ôr, ôre, mŏre, ôar, yëar, deer.
 v.—vãlve, vãle, vŭne, lŭve, ôf, veer, vŏte.
 w.—wŭll, wŏe, wē, wŭne, wët, wŭnd, wŏod.
 y.—yës, yèt, yŏu, yãm, yãrn, yŏke, yächt.
 z.—zŏne, ŏoze, loŝe, nŏse, blãze, crãze.
 zh.—ãzure, mēasure, plēasure, trēasure.
 fh.—thy, fhine, fhŭs, wŭth, blŭthe, bãthe.
 ng.—kŭng, rŭng, rãng, rŭng, sŭng, sãng, sŭng.
 n.—ink, link, think, wink, blink.
 x=gz.—exist, example, exhôrt, exhaust.

II. ASPIRATES.

f.—fŭfe, ŭf, fŭll, beef, bŭff, ôff, lãugh.
 h.—how, hŏme, hŭll, hãd, hēre, hãir, hãil.
 k, e, eh.—kŭll, kŭck, eãke, eòme, ehŭle, ehŭme.
 p.—pŭpe, rŭpe, pŭp, pŏp, pŭp, peep.
 s.—sãuce, çease, çŭte, çëll, sēse, çents.
 t.—tŏo, dŭt, tŭlt, trŭt, trŭst, twŭt, wŭt.
 sh, çh.—shãll, shãm, rãsh, dãsh, çhãise, çhŭte.
 ch.—chŭn, chŏp, rŭch, dŭtch, chŭrch, bŭrch.
 th.—thŭn, thŭck, pŭth, teeth, trŭth, yŭth.
 x=ks.—bŭx, fŭx, lŭcks, vŭx, nŭcks, tãx, lãx, wãx.

V. MISCELLANEOUS HINTS.

1. Do not be over-particular about a heavy articulation of the *d* in *and*. The *d* should be sounded, but not so painfully emphasized as to become an elocutionary affectation.

2. *Th* is vocal, as in *fhine*, in the following plurals: baths, laths, paths, moths, cloths, oaths, mouths, swaths, wreats, booths; and in *blŭthe*, *lŭthe*, *wŭth*, and *beneath*.

SECTION IV.

CLASSIFICATION OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

I. TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

I. VOCALS.

ā	ā-ge, n-ā-me	ī, ŷ	ī-ll, h-ŷ-mn
ä	ä-lmŷ, ä-rt	ō	ō-ld, n-ō
a	a-ll, l-a-w	ö	ö-n, ö-dd
ă	ă-t, ă-n	o, oo	m-o-ve, m-oo-n
â	â-ir, e-â-re	ū	ū-se, d-ue
â	â-sk, el-â-ss	ŭ	ŭ-p, s-ŭ-n
ē	ē-ve, m-ē	û	û-rge, b-û-rn
ě	ě-nd, ě-gg	u, oo	f-u-ll, w-oo-l
ē	h-ē-r, ě-rr	oi, oy	oi-l, b-oy
ī, ŷ	ī-ce, m-ŷ	ou, ow	ou-t, ow-l

II. SUBVOCALS.

b	b-ī-b, b-ā-be	r	r-ōa-r, rē-a-r
d	d-ī-d, dē-ad	th	th-īne, wī-th
g	g-ă-g, g-ī-g	v	v-ăl-ve, wā-ve
j	j-ām, g-ě-n	w	w-īll, w-ěll
l	l-ŭ-ll, bē-ll	y	y-ēs, y-ēt
m	m-āi-m, mī-ne	z	z-ōne, z-īne
n	n-ŭ-n, nī-ne	zh, z	ă-z'ure, sēi'z-ure
ng, n	rī-ng, rā-n-k		

III. ASPIRATES.

f	f-ī-fe, ǒ-ff	t	t-ěn-t, t-är-t
h	h-ăt, h-īll	ch	ch-ûr-ch, ch-āin
k	k-īll, bōō-k	sh	sh-īp, wī-sh
p	p-ī-pe, p-ut	th	th-ī-ck, pā-th
s	s-ěll, s-ěn-se	wh	wh-ěn, wh-êre

II. VOCALS AND EQUIVALENTS.

[Arranged according to the natural order of their formation by the organs of speech.]

I. LONG.			II. SHORT.		
ē	ē-ve,	m-ē	ĭ	ĭ-n,	ĭ-t
ā	ā-le,	ā-ge	ě	ě-nd,	m-ě-n
â	âi-r,	c-â-re	ă	ă-t,	ă-n
ä	ä-lms,	h-ä-lf	â	â-sk,	p-â-ss
û	û-rge,	c-û-rl	ŭ	ŭ-p,	b-ŭ-d
ă	ă-ll,	l-ă-w	ö	ö-n,	d-ö-g
ō	ō-ld,	n-ō	u	p-u-ll,	p-u-t
o	m-o-ve,	d-o			

COMPOUNDS AND DIPHTHONGS.—LONG.

ū = ĭ + ōō.—ū-se, m-ū-te.

ou = ä + ōō.—ou-t, th-ou.

ī = ä + ē.—ī-ce, m-ī-ne.

oi = ă + ě.—oi-l, b-oy.

III. SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

[Arranged according to the natural order of their formation by the organs of speech.]

I. COGNATES.

SUBVOCALS.			ASPIRATES.		
b	b-ĭ-b,	b-ā-be	p	p-ĭ-pe,	p-ö-p
w	w-ĭll,	w-ōō	wh	wh-ĕn,	wh-ŷ
v	v-ă-lve,	w-ā-ve	f	f-ĭ-fe,	f-ĕo-ff
th	th-ī-ne,	wĭ-th	th	th-ick,	mö-th
z	z-ōne,	sī-ze	s	s-āy,	s-ee
d	d-ĭ-d,	d-rĕa-d	t	t-ĕn-t,	t-rö-t
j	j-oy,	j-āil	ch	ch-âr-ch,	ch-īme
zh	a-z-ure		sh	sh-ăll,	sh-ow
y	y-ĕs,	y-ĕll	h	h-ow,	h-ōme
g	g-ăg,	g-ĭ-g	k	e-ā-ke,	e-ō-ke

II. SUBTONICS WITHOUT COGNATES.

m.—m-āi-m, ă-m.	r (<i>rough</i>).—r-ŭle, r-ōōm.
n.—n-ŭ-n, n-ī-ne.	r (<i>smooth</i>).—ō-re, mō-re.
l.—l-ŭ-ll, oi-l.	ng.—sŭ-ng, rŭ-ng.

IV. TABLE OF CONSONANT SOUNDS.

[Classified according to their formation by the organs of speech.]

In order to secure correct and forcible articulation, it may be desirable to call the attention of pupils to the position of the organs of speech in making the consonant sounds. Teachers can do this without any detailed instructions in print.

Lip Sounds. [Labials.]	b p m w wh	b-a-be, p-i-pe m-ai-m, w-ay wh-y, wh-en
Lips and Teeth. [Labio-Dentals.]	f v	f-i-fe, f-eo-ff v-ine, e-ve
Tongue and Teeth. [Linguo-Dentals.]	d t th th j ch s sh z zh	d-i-d, t-en-t th-is, th-ink j-oy, ch-ur-ch s-un, sh-un z-one, a-z'ure
Tongue and Palate. [Linguo-Palatals.]	g k l r y	g-ood, boo-k l-u-ll, r-oa-r y-et, y-es
Nasal Passages.	n ng	n-o-ne, n-i-ne si-ng, ri-ng
Glottis.	h	h-at, h-ow

V. PHONIC DRILL.—SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

- b.—bābe, brībe, rīb, bīd, rōbe, bīrd, eārb.
 ç, s:—çent, sīnce, onçe, içe, fāce, rāce, sēse.
 ch.—chûrch, bīrch, lūncb, cheeße, chīme.
 d.—dīd, dēad, rīde, dīçe, dēath, thrēad, drīed.
 f, gh.—fine, ôff, fīfe, fēar, dēaf, fōot, lāugh.
 g.—gāg, gīg, gāme, gills, rāg, gōod, gāuge.
 h.—hōme, how, who, hāir, hāte, hīll, hīş.
 j, ġ.—joy, jūst, jēt, āge, pāge, ġem, ġill.
 k, e.—kīll, kīte, lōok, eāme, eould, eāke, erowd.
 eh.—āehe, ehôrd, ehyme, ehyle, ehoir, ehōrus.
 l.—lōok, lūll, ball, boil, lād, wēll, tal, pāle.
 m.—māke, rōom, māin, mōon, nūmb, māin.
 n.—nōon, nēat, tēn, nīne, nūn, pīn, nōne.
 ng.—sīng, rīng, thīng, bănk, rănk, thănk.
 p.—pīpe, eūp, eāpe, hōpe, rīpe, drōp, pāid.
 r.—rōar, rēar, fīre, floor, door, stōre, mōre.
 s, ç.—sauce, sīnce, saw, içe, īncense, sōurçe.
 sh, çh.—shīne, shāll, çhāise, wīsh, bush, çbute.
 t.—tēnt, dōt, tēll, wīte, tīme, trōt, thrēat.
 th.—thīck, dēath, thīn, lēngth, wīdth, thrōat.
 fh.—fhīs, fhēse, fhōse, fhēn, fhāt, wīfh, fhēir.
 v.—vīne, ēve, vōte, mōve, veer, nērve, vēst.
 w.—wīnd, wēt, wōe, wāit, weār, wīse, wōod.
 wh.—whēn, whēre, whīy, whāt, whēat, wheel.
 x=ks.—ōx, bōx, lōcks, āx, tāx, lācks, vēx, fōx.
 x=gz.—exāct, exīst, exāmp̄le, exhāust, exērt.
 y.—yēs, yēt, yēll, yēar, yōung, yōuth, trūth.
 z.—zōne, būzz, breeze, oōze, loße, īş, zīne.
 zh.—āzure, plēasure, mēasure, trēasure.

VI. ARTICULATION DRILL.

First, pronounce each word very distinctly and forcibly ; then give the phonic spelling, and re-pronounce the word.

rb.—ôrb, hêrb, vêrb, eûrb, bârb, gârb.

rd.—hârd, lârd, bârd, eârd, bôard, hôard.

rk.—ârk, bârk, pârk, hârk, mârk, lârk.

spr.—sprîng, språng, sprûng, spray, sprite.

rt.—ârt, heârt, pârt, cârt, dârt, stârt.

str.—strîng, strûng, strâight, strêngth, strây.

sts.—mâsts, fâsts, fists, nests, vests, pests.

sks.—âsks, tâsks, bâsks, câsks, niâsks.

skt.—âsked, tâsked, bâsked, mâsked, râsped.

sps.—gâsps, clâsps, râsps, hâsps, grâsps.

spt.—gâsped, clâsped, râsped, hâsped, grâsped.

fh.—fhîs, fhât, fhêse, fhose, with, bāfhe.

th.—three, thrōat, thrîll, thîck, thîn, bāth.

wh.—whên, whêre, whȳ, whæt, whîch, whēat.

dn.—laden, burden, harden, sadden, gladden.

kn.—heârken, lîken, wēaken, spōken, brōken.

pn.—ōpen, wēapon, hâppen, rîpen, deepen.

vn.—gîven, sêven, ôven, hêaven, lêaven, êven.

sn.—glîsten, hâsten, fâsten, lêsson, māson.

VII. ARTICULATION DRILL.

1. Round the rough rock the ragged rascal ran.
2. Shoes and socks shock Susan. (Repeat.)
3. The scene was truly rural. (Repeat.)
4. She uttered a sharp, shrill shriek. (Repeat.)
5. The difficulties were formidable, inexplicable, and irremediable.

6. Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

7. Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers' speeding storms, succeeding sunshine, successively saw Simon's small, shabby shop standing staunch, saw Simon's self-same sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout, sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spices; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; skeptical Saul sold silver salvers, silver spoons; selfish Shadrach sold shoe-strings, soaps, saws, skates; slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

8. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle-sifter.

9. Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws.

10. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers; a peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked. If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

11. When a twister twisting, would twist him a twist,
For twisting a twist three times he will twist;
But if one of the twists untwist from the twist,
The twist untwisting, untwists the twist.

SECTION V.

ORTHOEPEY.

GOOD USAGE. The standard of correct pronunciation is *good usage*. Good usage implies the pronunciation of the educated and intellectual classes of society. The standard of good usage is found in the dictionaries of a language. In the United States, the standard dictionaries are Webster's and Worcester's.

The standard of pronunciation is never absolutely un-deviating. Custom, from time to time, changes the pronunciation of words; but the number of these changes is not large. Whenever general good usage changes the pronunciation or the spelling of a word, this change soon finds its way into a new edition of the dictionary. The dictionary, then, remains the standard of good usage.

There are a few hundred words in our language that have two authorized pronunciations, either of which is allowable.

AFFECTATIONS. All affectations in pronunciation should be carefully avoided. The affectation of *eîther* and *neîther*, for *either* and *neither*, is a case in point. Avoid *in'quiry* for *inquir'y*. There is no better test of culture, scholarship, and refinement, than a correct pronunciation.

On this point, Prof. William Russell says: "Individual opinion, when it is at variance with this important and useful principle of accommodation, gives rise to eccentricities, which neither the authority of profound learning, nor that of strict accuracy and system, can redeem from the charge of pedantry.

"It is a matter of great importance to recognize the rule of authorized custom, and neither yield to the influence of those errors which, through inadvertency, will creep into occasional or local use; nor, on the other

hand, be induced to follow innovations or changes adopted without sufficient sanction. A cultivated taste is always perceptible in pronunciation, as in every other expression of mind; and errors in pronouncing are unavoidably associated with a deficiency in the rudiments of a good education."

PROVINCIALISMS. Provincialisms, or the peculiar pronunciation prevailing in certain localities or sections of our country, must be studiously corrected and avoided. It is to this class of errors that teachers must carefully direct their attention. The force of habit is so strong that pupils continue to mispronounce words long after they know the pronunciation to be incorrect.

Provincialisms most commonly consist of some variation or perversion of vowel sounds: as hălf for half, călf for calf, lăugh for laugh, etc.; of tew for to, trew for true, dew for do, yew for you; of grăss for grass, ăsk for ask, lăst for last, etc.; of dawg or dorg for dog; of gīt for get, gūt for gut, etc.; of toon for tune, noo for new, dōoty for duty, etc.; of ōp for up, ūnder for under; of skewl for school, rewl for rule.

Another class of these errors consists in misplacing the accent of words; as, ī'de a for i dē'a, ăd'ult for a dŭlt', rē'cess for re cĕss', eon vĕx' for eŏn'vex, ex tănt' for ĕx'tant, in ter ĕst'ing for ĩn'ter esting, ĩl'lus trate for il lŭs'trate, rŏ'bust for ro bŭst', tĭ'rade for tĭ rāde', ve hĕ'ment for vĕ'he ment.

In this connection, the following lines from Oliver Wendell Holmes convey a valuable lesson:

1. A few brief stanzas may be well employed
 To speak of errors we can all avoid.
 Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
 The careless churl that speaks of sŏap for sŏap:
 Her edict exiles from her fair abode
 The clownish voice that utters rŏad for rŏad,

Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cōat,
 And steers his bōat believing it a būat,
 She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
 Who said, at Cambridge, mōst instead of mōst;
 But knit her brows, and stamped her angry foot,
 To hear a teacher call a rōut a rōot.

2. Once more: speak clearly, if you speak at all;
 Carve every word before you let it fall;
 Do n't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
 Try over hard to roll the British *r*;
 Do put your accents in the proper spot;
 Do n't—let me beg you—do n't say "*How?*" for "*What?*"
 And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
 Do n't strew the pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

I. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

[*By misplacing the accent.*]

The only variations from "Webster's Dictionary," in the following lists, include a few words in relation to which it may be said that good usage is in advance of the dictionary.

First, require pupils to pronounce the following words in concert; then require each pupil, singly, in turn, to pronounce five or more words.

ab dō'men	al lȳ'	ea nīne'
ae elī'māt ed	ā're ā	ca bāl'
ār'mis tīce	au rē'o la	eāy ċne'
ār'bī ter	an tīp'o dēs	eon tōur'
āb'ject	al bū'men	eōn'vex
ād'verse	ba salt'	cōr'net
ad drēss'	bur lēsque	eōn'strūe
a dēpt'	bī tū'men	eōn'tents
a dūlt'	bēn'zine	eōm'plex

eon fi dănt'	ex'em pla ry	lěg'is lă tor
eom'bat ant	ex pō'nent	ly çē'um
eōm'pro mīşe	ex pūr'gate	leth ār'gie
eōm'mun ist	ex ploit'	lith ōg'ra pher
eōn'tro vert	fī nănce'	mon sōon'
eōm'par a ble	frōn'tier	mus tâche'
eon'ver sant	fōr'mid a ble	mag a zine'
eōn'tu me ly	frăg'ment a ry	mis cōn'strue
eom'plai şanee	grăn'ary	mū şē'um
eon trib'ute	gōn'do la	mēt'al lur gy
eog nō'men	glăç'i er	mē'di o ere
eōn fīs'eatē	guār'di an	ōb'lī ga to ry
eōn dō'lence	grī măce'	ōr'tho e py
chăs'tişe ment	gla dī'o lus	ōb'se quiesç
çiv il ĩ ză'tion	hăr'ass	ōb'so lete
çhiv'al rie	ho rī'zon	ōn'er ous
eom man dănt'	hŷ'g'i ēne	ōr'nate
eom pēn'sate	hŷ mē nē'al	ō'vert
eon çen'trate	ī dē'ă	oc cūlt'
eoy ō'te	il lūs'trate	op pō'nent
děf'ī çit	il lūs'trat ed	ō'a sis
děv'as tate	in quīr'y	pro lix'
dōl'or ous	īn'grate	pre tēxt'
dŷn'am ĩte	īn'ter stice	pre tēnse'
de mōn'strate	īn'ter est ing	pur loin'
de cō'rous	īn'ter est ed	plăe'ard
děp rī vă'tion	īm'pī ous	pre çed'ence
děş'ul to ry	in cōm'par a ble	preç'e dent (n.)
dī plō'ma çy	in dīs'pu ta ble	pre çed'ent (adj.)
dis cōurse'	in ăx'plī ca ble	prom e năde'
dis cărd'	ir rēp'ar a ble	pŷ rām'i dal
ăx'tant	ir rēf'ra ga ble	quī'nīne
dī'verse	ir rēv'o ea ble	quan'da rŷ
ăx'or çişe	lăm'en ta ble	re çess'
ăn'vėl ōpe (n.)	lěg'is lă tūre	re flēx'
ăx'quī şite	lěg'is la tive	re cōurse'.

re sōurce'	re trīb'u tive	tī rāde'
re clūse'	strat'ĕg ic	te lĕg'ra phy
re search'	sū i cī'dal	to pōg'ra phy
ro būst'	sys tēm'ic	vĕ'he ment
ro mance'	sub sīd'ence	va gā'ry
rou tine'	sŷs'to le	vā'ri o loid
rĕe'og nize	so nō'rous	vā'ri e gāt ed

II. DRILL ON ACCENT.

I shall absent' myself to-day and shall be ab'sent to-morrow.

Accent' the word with the proper ac'cent.

Affix' an aff'ix properly.

I shall comment' on your com'ment.

We confine' the animal and erect his con'fines.

We conjure' him not to con'jure.

He consorts' with his con'sort.

I contest' and so enter the con'test.

We contract' and make a con'tract.

We contrast' and produce the con'trast.

We convert' and gain con'verts.

We convict' and confine con'victs.

We desert' into the des'ert without our dessert'.

We entrance' him at the en'trance.

We escort' with an es'cort.

I essay' to produce an es'say.

We export' our ex'ports.

We extract' an ex'tract.

We frequent' the hall and make fre'quent calls.

They misconduct' and are punished for miscon'duct.

We object' to your ob'ject.

Prefix' the pre'fix.

We prelude' with the proper prel'ude.

We premise' and give the base of the prem'ise.

I present' the letter and make a pres'ent.

The trans'ports will transport' the troops.
 We progress' and make rapid prog'ress.
 We protest' and file our pro'test.
 We record' our names in the rec'ord.
 We refuse' to accept such ref'use.
 We reprint' and produce a ré'print.
 We subject' him and make him a sub'ject.
 We survey' and make a sur'vey.

III. MONOSYLLABLES OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

By giving a vowel sound incorrectly.

ánt	cháff	gās	mōre	rúle	tálk
áunt	chánt	gēt	mōurn	ruŕse	trúe
áft	cháir	háunt	nōne	rínse	tò
äre	eáitch	háunch	nūde	rōōt	tōast
ásk	däunt	heärth	ōre	sälve	tōur
bāde	draught	hálf	ōar	stäunch	tūbe
bālm	dráft	hálves	pärse	ſauce	tärt
bāth	dānce	hásp	pāth	sínce	tūne
bāsk	dōeſ	hōme	pālm	sōurce	tōad
brāss	dēaf	jäunt	pāss	scārce	two
bāſque	ěgg	jōwl	pāst	sháft	vāunt
blāst	ēre	joist	pānt	stāff	vāst
bōmb	ē'er	kěg	prānce	slānt	wānt
been	fāst	läugh	pōrk	shōe	wālk
bōne	flāsk	läunch	pōrch	slōth	wān
bōrne	fläunt	lāst	pōur	smōke	wāft
bōurn	gäunt	lānce	prūne	spōke	wānd
eāsk	gāpe	lōre	psālm	stōne	wēre
eāst	gāsp	lāw	rāft	sōon	wōund
eālf	grāsp	lieū	rāsp	spōon	wō n't
elāss	glānce	māss	rōōf	tāunt	wōnt
chānce	grānt	māst	route	tāsk	yět
erāft	grāss	maul	rūde	trānce	yēs
elāsp	glāss	māsk	rōōd	trūth	zonāves

IV. WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED

By giving a vowel sound incorrectly.

ăfter	dĩ věrge'	fũl'mĩ nate
ăr'id	dĩ vĕst'	fĩ nă'le
ăn'swer	dĩ'verse	gĕn'u ĩne
a lăs	dĩ vŏrce'	glă'mour
a măs	dĩ rĕct'	găn'der
a văs	dĩ lăte'	găunt'let
ad vance	dĩ gĕst'	grăn'a ry
a slănt	dĩ vŭlge'	guă'va
a gainst	dĩs'trict	guă'no
ap pâr'ent	dŭc'tile	hŏs'tile
ap pa ră'tus	dĩ rĕct'ion	hŏv'er
ad vān'tage	dĩ gĕst'ion	hŭr'ry
băs'ket	dĩ vĕr'sion	hănd'some
băr'el	dŏm'i ėlle	hăunt'ed
bŏn'net	dŷn'a mite	hein'ous
bŏm'bast	ĕn'gĩne	hĕr'o ĩne
baŷ'ou	ĕp'oeh	ĩ'dyl
eă'ret	ĕi'ther	ĩ tăl'ics
eăr'rot	ĕ'dict	ĩs'o lăte
eăr'at	en grŏss'	im plă'ca ble
eăsk'et	ex tŏl'	ĩ so thĕr'mal
eŭr'ry	en.chănt	jăun'dice
eŏff'ee	ĕ'go tism	jŏc'und
eŏl'umn	fău'cet	jo eŏse'
châr'y	făst'en	jŭ'ven ĩle
chăst'en	fŭ'tile	jŭ'gu lar
eăy ĕnne'	fũl'some	kĕttle
eom'mănd'	fĕt'id	llă'ma
com mănd'ment	fĕ'brĩle	lăun'dry
ĕŷn'o sure	fŏrg'er	lĩ'lac
dăunt'less	fĩ'brĩne	lĩ'en
dră'mă	fŏre'head	lĕi'sure
dŭ'ty	fŭr'row	lĕath'er
dŏc'ile	for băde'	lăr'ynx

läugh'ter	pâr'ent	ru'by
lä'va	pal'frey	ru'mor
lē'ver	prāi'rie	rēp'tile
lī'chen	pās'tor	ru'in
live'long	pās'ture	rā'tion al
mā'tron	pās'time	rāil'le ry
mār'ry	plā'zā	rā'ti o
māy'or	plāt'ter	rēt'ro spect
mōn'ad	plās'ter	rā'dix
mēt'ric	pū'pil	rāth'er
mēas'ure	pōr'ter	ru'ral
mās'ter	pōr'tion	rāp'ine
mās'tiff	pōr'trait	sāun'ter
māt'ter	proç'ess	sau'cer
mō'bīle	prōd'uct	stal'wart
mār'i tīme	prōd'uce (n.)	sūp'ple
mās'cu'line	phōn'ic	sū'et
mū sē'um	prēl'ate	suāv'i ty
mau so lē'um	prēf'ace	squīr'rel
mēr'can tīle	pru'dent	slān'der
nā'ked	pā'tri ot	sŷn'od
nēi'ther	pā tri ōt'ic	sŷr'up
nār'row	pā'tri ot ism	sē'nile
nōth'ing	prēš'en ta tion	stīr'rup
ō'ral	pi ā'no	squal'or
ōn'ly	pi ā'nist	tru'ant
ōn'er ous	pū'is sance	tēn'et
o bēs'i ty	pāth'wāy	tī'ny
ō'ro tund	pā'tri areh	tū'tor
ob lique'	pāt'ron ize	trī'o
pā'tron	pēd'a gō gy	to mā'to
pāt'rōn age	plāt'i num	tū'ber ōse
pāss'a ble	plēas'ure	tāp'est ry
pās'sage	plēth'o ric	trib'une
pāss'pōrt	pōr trāy'	tās'sel
pās'sive	rā'tion	was'sail

V. PRONUNCIATION AND SPELLING.

Some of the following words from the French are fully Anglicized; others, partly so; while some retain the French pronunciation.

eq <u>u</u> 'pon	gr <u>i</u> māc <u>e</u> '	cogn <u>a</u> c (eōn'yac)
frā'cas	gui pūre'	dē'pot (dē'po)
pr <u>ē</u> s'tīge	mo rāle'	mēm'oir (mēm'wōr)
p <u>û</u> r'lieu	ou tr <u>e</u> '	côr'tege (eôr'tāzh)
truf'fle	pe lisse'	bou quet' (boo kā')
bla s <u>ę</u> '	ph <u>ÿ</u> sique'	me lee' (mā lā')
des s <u>ę</u> rt'	rou tīn <u>e</u> '	me lange' (mā lōngz')
d <u>e</u> tou <u>r</u> '	rou l <u>ę</u> tte'	quad rille' (ea dril')
e me <u>u</u> te	sou <u>v</u> e nīr'	re gime' (ra zheem')
fa çade	rou <u>e</u> '	vign ette' (vin y <u>ę</u> t')
fī nesse'	ta bleau'	băd'i nage (băd'i nāzh)
fū'ş <i>i</i> lier	trous seau'	am a teur' (am a tōō'')

VI. PROPER NAMES OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

Agassiz (ag'a se)	Froude (frōōd)
Arab (ă'rāb)	Goethe (gŭr' t <u>ę</u>)
Aryan (ă'ry an)	Gratiano (grā she ă'no)
Asia (ă'sh <u>e</u> a)	Guyot (g <u>ę</u> 'ō)
Avon (ă'von)	Guise (gw <u>ę</u> z)
Beatrice (b <u>ę</u> 'a trīce)	Heine (hī'n <u>ę</u>)
Berlin (b <u>ę</u> r'lin)	Hemans (h <u>ę</u> m'ans)
Bingen (bīng'en)	Iowa (ī'o wa)
Calliope (cal lī'o pe)	Ixion (ix ī'on)
Caucasian (eaw eă'shun)	Khedive (kā d <u>ę</u> ve')
Charon (chă'ron)	Lewes (lew'is)
Cheops (ch <u>ę</u> 'ops)	Milan (mīl'an)
Concord (c <u>ę</u> ng'eurd)	Oberon (ōb'e ron)
Daniel (dăn'yel)	Orion (o rī'on)
El Dorado (el do ră'do)	Orpheus (ôr'f <u>u</u> s)
European (eu ro p <u>ę</u> 'an)	Portia (pōr'shī ă)
Faneuil Hall (făn'el)	Persia (p <u>ę</u> r'shī ă)

VII. WORDS OF DIFFICULT ENUNCIATION.

Divide into syllables, and mark the accented syllables.

abominably	inviolably	peculiarly
assassination	insuperable	peculiarity
anthropophagi	indissolubly	perpendicularly
differentiation	infinitesimal	rationation
dicotyledonous	indefatigable	tergiversation
hypochondriacal	irremediable	unintelligible
inexplicable	lugubrious	unconformability
intolerable	meteorological	uninhabitable
impracticable	monocotyledonous	unhospitable
indisputable	numismatics	valetudinarian
incorrigible	particularly	viviparous

VIII. MISCELLANEOUS WORDS.

ex cur'sion (ex eûr'shun)	bath's (th vocal)
hôm'age (h sounded)	oath's (th vocal)
hûm'ble (h sounded)	par quet' (par kâ')
hôn'or (h silent)	pret'ty (prît'ty)
hôn'est (h silent)	quay (kē)
hû'mor (h silent)	span'iel (spân'yel)
al'mond (l silent)	sub'tile (sûb'tile)
ôf'ten (ôf'n)	sub'tle (sût'tle)
sôf'ten (sôf'n)	tor'toise (tôr'tis)
this'tle (thîs'sle)	truth's (th aspirate)
whîs'tle (whîs'sle)	vase (vāçe)
çer'tain (çer'tên)	youth's (th aspirate)
châs'ten (châs'n)	kept (t sounded)
lifthe (th vocal)	slept (t sounded)
blifthe (th vocal)	crept (t sounded)

PART II.

PART II.

PRINCIPLES IN ELOCUTION.

CHAPTER I.

EMPHASIS, PAUSES, AND INFLECTIONS.

SECTION I.

EMPHASIS.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

1. Emphasis, as the term is used in its restricted signification, is the special force or energy of voice applied to words in order to give prominence to leading ideas.

2. In its widest signification, however, *emphasis* is used to include *any* means of distinguishing words, phrases, or clauses, whether by means of force, or inflection, or stress, or quantity, or pauses.

3. A word may be made emphatic by an intense whisper; by a strong rising, falling, or circumflex slide; by prolonging vowel or liquid sounds; or by rhetorical pauses.

4. As commonly used, however, *emphasis* relates to the degree or intensity of *force*. But the stronger the *emphatic force*, the longer are the *slides*, and the more

prolonged the *vowel* and the *liquid sounds*. It may here be remarked that the *liquid* sounds capable of being prolonged in emphasis are *l, m, n,* and *r*. The short vowel sounds and the consonant sounds, with the exception of *l, m, n, r,* cannot be prolonged in emphasis.

5. "Every sentence," says Prof. William Russell, "contains one or more words which are prominent, and peculiarly important, in the expression of meaning. These words are marked with a distinctive inflection; those, in particular, which illustrate the reading of strong emotion, or of antithesis.

6. "The words which are pronounced with peculiar inflection, are uttered with more force than the other words in the same sentences. This *special force* is what is called *emphasis*. Its use is to impress more strikingly on the mind of the hearer the thought, or portion of thought, embodied in the particular word or phrase on which it is laid.

7. "It gives additional energy to important points in expression, by causing sounds which are peculiarly significant, to strike the ear with an appropriate and distinguishing force. It possesses, in regard to the sense of hearing, a similar advantage to that of 'relief,' or prominence to the eye, in a well-executed picture, in which the figures seem to stand out from the canvas.

8. "Emphasis, then, being the manner of pronouncing the most significant words, its office is of the utmost importance to an intelligible and impressive utterance. It is the manner of uttering emphatic words which decides the meaning of every sentence that is read or spoken.

9. "A true emphasis conveys a sentiment clearly and forcibly to the mind, and keeps the attention of an audience in active sympathy with the thoughts of the speaker; it gives full value and effect to all that he utters, and secures a lasting impression on the memory."

II. FAULTS IN EMPHASIS.

In animated conversation, most persons emphasize correctly because they know clearly what they wish to express; but, in reading the long and involved sentences of literary composition, the faults of untrained readers are numerous.

1. Sometimes the emphasis is misplaced because the reader does not clearly comprehend the sense of what is read.

2. Sometimes the emphasis is applied at random, without reference to prominent ideas.

3. Sometimes the untrained reader reads in a dull, monotonous tone, without any emphasis whatever.

4. Not unfrequently the pupil overdoes the emphasis, and reads in a jerky, dogmatic manner.

5. There is often a tendency to a regular recurrence of emphasis, combined with the falling inflection, on random words, particularly at the end of every line of poetry, or of every alternate line, or at the end of every phrase or clause.

III. GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF EMPHASIS.

1. Words or groups of words that express leading ideas are *emphatic*; those that express what is comparatively unimportant, or that merely repeat what has been previously stated, are *unemphatic*.

2. Words expressing contrast of ideas are *emphatic*.

3. The subject and predicate of a sentence are, in general, *emphatic*.

4. Articles, pronouns, and connectives are, in general, *unemphatic*, though any part of speech may sometimes become emphatic.

5. The emphatic words of a sentence are generally the words most strongly marked by the rising, falling, or circumflex inflection.

IV. DISTINCTION OF EMPHASIS.

Emphasis may be divided into two kinds, *antithetic* or relative emphasis, and *absolute* emphasis.

Antithetic emphasis is applied to words that indicate contrast of ideas: *Absolute* emphasis is used to show the importance of a single word or to express feeling, emotion, or passion.

The *degree* of emphasis to be applied to words may be considered as *slight*, *moderate*, or *strong*.

V. EXAMPLES OF ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

1. He is not a *friend* but an *enemy*.
2. *Hē* raised a *mortal* to the skies.
Shē drew an *angel* *dōwn*.
3. To *bé* or *nōt* to be—that is the question.
4. I come to *būry* Cæsar, not to *prāise* him.
5. As for *mé*, give me *liberty* or give me *dèath*.
6. You cannot *dó* wrong without *suffering* wrong.
7. He that cannot *béar* a jest should not *māke* one.
8. I said my *fāther*, not my *móther*.
9. *Tálent* is *pówer*; *táct* is *skìll*.
10. After the *snów*, the emerald *lèaves*,
After the *hárvest*, golden *shèaves*.
11. He spoke *fōr* education, not *agāinst* it.
12. The clerk, in letting Scrooge's nephew *ōut*, had
let two other people *īn*.
13. Put not your trust in *mōney*, but put your *mōney*
in *trūst*.
14. The *nóblest* mind the best *cōntentment* has.
15. Be thou *famíliar*, but by no means *vūlgar*.
16. Give every man thine *éar*, but few thy *vōice*.
17. Take each man's *cénsure*, but reserve thy *jùdgment*.

18. COMPENSATION.

Polarity, or *action* and *réaction*, we meet in every part of *nature*—in *darkness* and *light*; in *heat* and *cold*; in the *ebb* and *flow* of waters; in *male* and *female*; in the *inspiration* and *expiration* of *plants* and *animals*; in the equation of *quantity* and *quality* in the fluids of the animal *body*; in the *systole* and *diastole* of the *heart*; in the undulations of *fluids* and of *sound*; in the *centrifugal* and *centripetal* gravity; in *electricity*, *galvanism*, and chemical *affinity*. Superinduce magnetism at *one* end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the *other* end. If the south *attracts*, the north *repels*. To empty *here*, you must condense *there*. An inevitable *dualism* bisects *nature*, so that each thing is a *half* and suggests *another* thing to make it *whole*; as, *spirit*, *matter*; *man*, *woman*; *odd*, *even*; *subjective*, *objective*; *in*, *out*; *upper*, *under*; *motion*, *rest*; *yes*, *no*.

All things are *double*, *one* against *another*—*tit* for *tat*; an *eye* for an *eye*; a *tooth* for a *tooth*; *blood* for *blood*; *measure* for *measure*; *love* for *love*. *Give* and it shall be *given* you. He that *watereth* shall be watered *himself*. What will you *have*? quoth *God*; *pay* for it and *take* it. Nothing *venture*, nothing *have*. Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast *done*, no *more*, no *less*. Who doth not *work* shall not *eat*.

EMERSON.

VI. EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

Absolute emphasis is applied to words according to their importance in the sentence, or according to the degree of emotion or passion to be expressed. When words are repeated for the purpose of intensifying emotion, each successive repetition is more forcibly emphasized.

1. It *was* a turkey! He never could have stood upon his *legs*, *that* bird. He would have snapped 'em *short off* in a minute, like sticks of *sealing-wax*.

2. What is it that gentlemen *wish*? What would they *have*?

3. "*Revènge! revènge!*" the Saxons cried.

4. Then rose the terrible cry of *fìre! fìre! fìre!*

5. We must *fìght*; I repeat it, sir, we must *fìght!*

6. "*To àrms! to àrms! to àrms!*" they cry.

7. *Hàppy, hàppy, hàppy* pair!

None but the *bràve*,

None but the bràve,

None but the bràve deserves the *fàir!*

8. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's *thàt?*"

"It's *I*. Your uncle *Scrðoge*. I have come to *dìnnèr*. Will you let me *ìn*, Fred?"

Let him ìn! It is a mercy he didn't shake his *àrm* off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be *heàrtier*. His niece looked just the *sàme*. So did Topper, when *hě* cáme. So did the plump sister, when *shě* cáme. So did every one when *thěy* cáme. *Wõnderful pártý, wõnderful gámes, wõnderful unánímity, wõnderful hàppiness!*

DICKENS.

9. GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE.

Then we cried, "The troops are *routed!* they are *beat*—it can't be doubted!

God be thànkèd, the fight is over!"—Ah! the grim old soldier's smile!

Tell us, TELL us why you *lòòk* so? (we could hardly speak we *shòòk* so.)

"Are they *béaten?* *àre* they *béaten?* *àre* they *beaten?*"
—"Wait awhile."

* * * * *

And we shout, "At last they're *dòne* for; it's the *barges* they have *rùn* for:

They are *bèaten!* *bèaten!* **BEATEN!** and the battle's over now."

HOLMES.

10. INDEPENDENCE.

But whatever may be *our* fate, be assured—*be assured* that this *declaration* will *stand*. It may cost *treasure*, and it may cost *blood*; but it will *stand*, and it will richly compensate for *both*. Through the thick gloom of the *présent*, I see the brightness of the *future*, as the *sun* in *heaven*. We shall make this a *glorious*, an *immortal* day. When *we* are in our graves, our *children* will *honor* it. They will celebrate it with *thanksgiving*, with *festivity*, with *bonfires*, and *illuminations*. On its annual *return*, they will shed *tears*, *copious*, *gushing* tears; not of *subjection* and *slavery*, not of *agony* and *distress*, but of *exultation*, of *gratitude*, and of *joy*.

My judgment *approves* this measure, and my whole *heart* is in it. All that I *have*, and all that I *am*, and all that I *hope* in this life, I am now ready here to *stake* upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, *live* or *die*, *survive* or *perish*, I am for the declaration.

WEBSTER.

11. UNCLE TOBY.

"In a fortnight or three weeks," said my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march." "He will *never* march, an' please your honor, in *this* world," said the corporal. "He *will* march," said my uncle Toby, rising up with one shoe off. "An' please your honor," said the corporal, "he will *never* march but to his *grave*." "He *shall* march," cried my uncle Toby; "he shall march to his *regiment*." "He can not *stand* it," said the corporal. "He shall be *supported*," said my uncle Toby. "Ah, well-a-day, do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will *die*." "He shall *not*," shouted my uncle Toby, with an oath. The Accusing Spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery, blushed as he gave it in, and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.

STERNE.

SECTION II.

PAUSES.

1. The pauses made in reading or speaking may be classed as grammatical, rhetorical, and emphatic or emotional.

2. *Grammatical* pauses are those indicated by punctuation; *rhetorical* pauses are those required by the structure of the sentence, or by emphasis; and *emphatic* pauses, those expressive of deep feeling or passion.

3. These pauses may be relatively long, moderate, or short, according to the general style of expression appropriate to what is read; but without due attention to them, it is impossible properly to emphasize prose, or to express the melody of verse.

4. Concerning pauses, Prof. Russell says: "The cessation of the voice at proper intervals has the same effect, nearly, on clauses and sentences with that of articulation on syllables, or of pronunciation on words: it serves to gather up the sounds of the voice into relative portions, and aids in preserving clearness and distinction among them. But what those elementary and organic efforts do for syllables and words—the minor portions of speech—pausing does for clauses, sentences, and entire discourses.

5. "The great use of pauses is to divide thought into its constituent portions, and to leave the mind opportunity of contemplating each distinctly, so as fully to comprehend and appreciate it, and, at the same time, to perceive its relation to the whole. Appropriate pauses are of vast importance, therefore, to a correct and impressive style of delivery; and without them, indeed, speech cannot be intelligible.

6. "Pausing has, further, a distinct office to perform in regard to the effect of feeling as conveyed by utterance. Awe and solemnity are expressed by long cessa-

tions of the voice; and grief, when it is deep, and at the same time suppressed, requires frequent and long pauses.

7. "The general effect, however, of correct and well-timed pauses, is what most requires attention. The manner of a good reader or speaker is distinguished, in this particular, by clearness, impressiveness, and dignity arising from the full conception of meaning, and the deliberate and distinct expression of it; while nothing is so indicative of want of attention and of self-command, and nothing is so unhappy in its effect, as haste and confusion."

I. GRAMMATICAL PAUSES.

Grammatical pauses, or the pauses indicated by punctuation, have no fixed length. They depend, to some extent, on the character of the piece to be read. When the general movement or rate is slow, the pauses are relatively *long*; when the movement is fast, the pauses are relatively *short*. The general principles that govern grammatical pauses may be stated as follows:

1. *In general, a slight pause at a comma; a longer pause at a semicolon; and a still longer pause at a period.*

2. *A full pause, longer than at a period, is required at the end of a paragraph of prose, or of a stanza of poetry.*

This pause is made to enable the hearer to note the subdivisions of a piece, and to afford the reader time for a slight rest.

II. RHETORICAL PAUSES.

1. *Rhetorical* pauses are pauses not indicated by punctuation, but which are made in reading, generally for the purpose of emphasis or expression. Attention to these pauses is absolutely essential to good reading.

2. The general tendency of pupils to read too fast is

owing, in no small degree, to a neglect of the pauses necessary to effective utterance. Both the *hearer* and the *reader* must have *time to think*. These pauses, too, afford the reader time to renew the breath, and thus keep the lungs well supplied with air.

3. A continuous stream of rapid utterance soon wearies the hearer, because the speaker neither takes time to think, nor allows his hearers time to do so. The trained extemporaneous speaker talks with deliberation, and the trained reader reads in the same manner.

4. We read words by groups, not by disconnected units. The beginner laboriously calls out each word of a sentence independently, with a pause after each word, thus:

"The | black | cat | caught | a | big | rat | in | the | barn."

A good reader will read this sentence in groups, as indicated by the hyphenized words, thus:

"The-black-cat | caught-a-big-rat | in-the-barn."

5. Pupils, whose attention is directed to the manner in which they run words together in speaking and reading, with pauses between the groups, will notice that adjectives are grouped with the nouns which they modify; adverbs, with verbs or adjectives or other adverbs; prepositions, with their objects; pronouns, with the words they modify; and auxiliaries, with their principal verbs—in other words, that we speak in phrases and clauses.

6. They will notice, further, that when the subject of a verb is a noun, or when it is modified by a phrase or a clause, there is a rhetorical pause between the subject and the predicate.

A COMMON FAULT.

7. "The common fault in regard to pauses," says Prof. Russell, "is that they are made too short for clear and distinct expression."

8. "Feeble utterance and defective emphasis, along with rapid articulation, usually combine to produce this fault in young readers and speakers. For, whatever force of utterance or energy of emphasis, or whatever rate of articulation we accustom ourselves to use, our pauses are always in proportion to it.

9. "Undue brevity in pausing has a like bad effect with too rapid articulation: it produces obscurity and confusion in speech, or imparts sentiment in a manner which is deficient and unimpressive, and prevents the proper effect both of thought and language.

10. "To be fully convinced how much of the clearness, force, and dignity of style depends on due pauses, we have only to revert for a moment to the effect of rapid reading on a passage of Milton, and observe what an utter subversion of the characteristic sublimity of the author seems to take place. This instance is, no doubt, a strong and peculiar one. But a similar result, though less striking, may be traced in the hurried reading of any piece of composition characterized by force of thought or dignity of expression.

11. "When habitual rapidity of voice, and omission of pauses, are difficult to correct, the learner may be required to *accompany the teacher's voice* in the practice of sentences. This simultaneous reading, if sufficiently long continued, will probably prove effectual for the cure of habitual faults. A second stage of progress may be entered on, when the learner's improvement will warrant it; and he may be permitted to read *after* the teacher.

12. "Pupils who possess an ear for music, may be taught to observe that there is in reading and speaking a 'time,' as distinct and perceptible, and as important, as in singing, or in performing on any instrument; and that pauses are uniformly measured with reference to this time."

DRILL EXERCISES.

13. The careful study of a few selections for the purpose of marking pauses, emphasis, and inflection, is also an excellent exercise in parsing and analysis. This method is a slow one, but it will lead to thoughtful, careful, and expressive reading.

14. For the purpose of aiding pupils to gain a clear comprehension of this subject, general principles are applied under a number of definite rules, which are illustrated by copious examples. The value of thorough drill on these examples cannot be overestimated.

15. If any teachers object to formal rules, the following remarks of Prof. Russell are commended to their attention :

16. "Persons, even, who admit the use of rules on other subjects, contend, that, in reading and speaking, no rules are necessary ; that a correct ear is a sufficient guide, and the only safe one. If, by a 'correct ear,' be meant a vague exercise of feeling or of taste, unfounded on a principle, the guidance will prove to be that of conjecture, fancy, or whim. But if, by a 'correct ear,' be meant an intuitive exercise of judgment or of taste, consciously or unconsciously recognizing a principle, then is there virtually implied a latent rule ; and the instructor's express office, is, to aid his pupil in detecting, applying, and retaining that rule.

17. "Systematic rules are not arbitrary ; they are founded on observation and experience. No one who is not ignorant of their meaning and application, will object to them, merely because they are systematic, well defined, and easily understood : every reflective student of any art, prefers systematic knowledge to conjectural judgment, and seizes with avidity on a principle, because he knows that it involves those rules which are the guides of practice."

III. RULES FOR RHETORICAL PAUSES.

Rule I. A rhetorical pause should be made between the subject and the predicate of a sentence when the subject is emphatic, or when it consists of a phrase or a clause, or of a noun modified by a phrase or a clause.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Art* | is long, and *time* | is fleeting,
And the *grave* | is not its goal.
2. To *err* | is human, to *forgive*, divine.
3. To reach the Indies | was the object of Columbus.
4. How he found his way out | is not known.
5. Whom the gods love | die young | was said of you.
6. Who steals my purse | steals trash.
7. No wind that blew | was bitterer than he.
8. Not to know *me* | argues *yourself* | unknown.
9. It was for *him* | that the *sun* had been darkened,
that the *rocks* | had been rent, that the *dead* | had risen,
that *all nature* | had shuddered at the sufferings of her
expiring God. *Death* | had lost its *terrors* | and *pleasure*
its *charms*.

Turn to any unmarked selection in Part III. and require pupils to point out further illustrations of this rule.

Rule II. Make a rhetorical pause before a clause used as a predicate nominative, or as the object of a verb.

EXAMPLES.

1. The truth is | he knows nothing about the subject.
2. It was in midwinter | that the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.
3. I do not know | where he went.
4. He did not say | when he should go.
5. I wish | that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish | the good were not so few,
I wish | the bad were fewer.

Rule III. Make a rhetorical pause after introductory or transposed adverbial words, phrases, or clauses.

EXAMPLES.

1. Slowly and sadly | we laid him down.
2. Forth in the pleasing spring | thy beauty walks.
3. In their ragged regimentals | stood the old continentals.
4. If he did that | he ought to be punished.
5. During that terrible storm | the ship foundered.
6. Who she was | nobody knows.
7. In all its history | the Constitution has been beneficent.
8. And up the steep | barbarian monarchs ride.
9. *Down* | came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.

Rule IV. Unless the phrases or clauses are short or very closely connected, make a rhetorical pause before adjective or adverbial phrases or clauses.

EXAMPLES.

1. There is a reaper | whose name is Death.
2. He is the same man | that you spoke of.
3. I will go | when you are ready.
4. Let me have men about me | that are fat.
5. The swallows | that build their nests in the old barn | migrate | when winter comes.
6. Our fathers raised their flag against a power | to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared—a power | which has dotted the surface of the whole globe | with her possessions | and military posts; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun in his course, and keeping pace with the hours, daily circles the earth | with one continuous and unbroken strain | of the martial airs of England.

Rule V. Make a pause before and after adverbs or adverbial phrases transposed so as to break the regular order of arrangement.

EXAMPLES.

1. The plowman | homeward | plods his weary way.
2. And some | to happy homes | repair.
3. As we | to higher levels | rise.
4. Who | of this crowd | to-night | shall tread
The dance | till daylight | gleam again?
5. If Memory | o'er their tomb | no trophies raise.
6. Await | alike | the inevitable hour.
7. Their furrow | oft | the stubborn glebe has broke.

Rule VI. In sentences introduced by idiomatic it or there, make a rhetorical pause before the subject-phrase or clause that is placed after the predicate.

EXAMPLES.

1. There came to the beach | a poor exile of Erin.
2. It is not known | how the prisoner made his escape.
3. It is not true | that the poet paints a life that does not exist.
4. There lies | on the table before me | all that he had written of his latest and last story.

Rule VII. Make a rhetorical pause after predicate adjectives used to introduce a sentence, and after nouns or pronouns in the objective case when they are transposed so as to come before the verbs which govern them.

EXAMPLES.

1. Sweet | are the uses of adversity.
2. Few and short | were the prayers we said.
3. How sweet and solemn | is this midnight scene.
4. Thee | I revisit now | with bolder wing.
5. And all the air | a solemn stillness | holds.

Rule VIII. When an ellipsis of the verb occurs in a sentence, make a rhetorical pause.

EXAMPLES.

1. Homer was the greater genius; Virgil | [was] the better artist. In the one | we most admire the man; in the other—[we most admire] the work.

2. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure | [had lost] its charms.

3. Their palaces were houses | not made with hands; their diadems | [were] crowns of glory which should never fade away.

4. Lands | he could measure, terms and tides | [he could] presage.

5. Thy waters wasted them while they were free, and many a tyrant [has wasted them] since.

Require the class to find five additional examples.

Rule IX. Unless the grammatical connection is very close, a short pause should be made at the end of every line of poetry, to mark the poetic rhythm.

EXAMPLES.

1. PARADISE LOST.

Anon | out of the earth | a fabric huge |
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound |
Of dullest symphonies, and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters | round
Were set, and Doric pillars, overlaid |
With golden architrave.

MILTON.

2. POWER OF MUSIC.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won |
By Philip's warlike son—
Aloft in awful state |
The godlike hero sate |
On his imperial throne.

DRYDEN.

3. THE SHIPWRECK.

'T was twilight, for, the sunless day went down |
 Over the waste of waters, like a veil |
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown |
 Of one | whose hate | is masked but to assail.
 Thus to their hopeless eyes | the night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
 And the dim, desolate deep; twelve days | had Fear |
 Been their familiar, and how *Death* | was here.

BYRON.

4. THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

All these | must first be trampled down |
 Beneath our feet | if we would gain |
 In the bright fields of fair renown |
 The right | of eminent domain.

LONGFELLOW.

IV. EMPHATIC PAUSES.

Rule I. Emphatic pauses occur when the reader desires to call marked attention to some word or group of words.

EXAMPLES.

1. The penalty was | | | *death*.
2. My answer would be | | *a blow*.
3. You call me *dōg*; and for these *coŭrtesies*
 I'll lend you | *thus* | *much* | *moneys*.
4. Hath a *dōg* | *mōney*? Is it possible |
A cŭr | | can lend | | *three* | | *thousand* | | *ducats*!
5. Rider and horse, friend; foe, in *one* | *red* | *burial* |
blent.
6. They did not see *ōne* | *mān*, not | *ōnc* | *wōman*, | |
not | *ōnc* | *chīld*, not *ōne* | *four-footed* *bēast* | | *of any* *de-*
scription | | *whatēver*. *One* | *dead* | *uniform* | *silence* | |
reigned | *over the whole* *region*.

BURKE.

7. The love that loves a *scarlet* coat
Should be | | more *uniform*.

8. BUNKER HILL.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer | |
nearer | | nearer,
When a flash—a curling smoke-wreath—then a crash—
the steeple shakes;
The deadly truce is ended; | | the tempest's shroud is
rended; | |
Like a morning mist it gathered, | | like a thunder cloud
| | it breaks.

All through those hours of trial, I had watched a calm
clock-dial,
As the hands kept *creeping*, | | *creeping*, | | they were
creeping | | round to four.

HOLMES.

V. RECAPITULATION OF PAUSES.

1. *In general, a rhetorical pause should be made between the subject and the predicate, when the subject is emphatic, or when it consists of a phrase, a clause, or a noun modified by a phrase or a clause.*

2. *A rhetorical pause should be made whenever the regular order of a sentence is broken by the inversion of words, phrases, or clauses.*

3. *An emphatic pause occurs before any word that is very strongly emphatic, or to which the reader or speaker desires to call marked attention.*

SECTION III. INFLECTION.

I. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

1. In all good speaking or reading, there must be ever-varying upward and downward slides of the voice. Inflection is a means, not only of expressing emotion, passion, and emphasis, but, also, of conveying the finer distinctions and contrasts of ideas, and the more delicate shades of feeling and sentiment.

2. Inflection forms an important element of emphasis: for emphasis consists, not only in *force*, but also in the *slides* and in *quantity*.

3. Reading, when it lacks the melody of varied emphasis and inflection, becomes like the monotonous droning of children who laboriously pronounce the successive words of their reading lesson in the conventional school tone.

4. In animated conversation, and in the reading of simple stories, the inflections take care of themselves without thought by the speaker or reader; but in the long and often inverted sentences of finished prose or poetry, involving a higher and more complicated order of thought, the proper application of emphasis and inflection requires some knowledge of the principles of elocution.

5. While it is true that a clear conception of the spirit and meaning by the reader is essential to good reading, it is equally true that, having the right conception, the reader may fail to convey it to the hearer, from ignorance of the principles that govern the correct expression of thought and feeling.

6. Good reading, like fine singing, is the result of systematic training—is the product of culture and art. There are good *natural* voices both for singing and

reading, but a fine singer, without training in the science and art of music, is as rare as is a good reader of general English literature, who is ignorant of the principles of elocution, and untrained in the management of the voice.

7. The real object of school elocution is, not to enable pupils to read by imitation a few selected pieces in the style of an actor, but to make thoughtful and intelligent readers independent of the assistance of teachers.

8. One reason for the full treatment of inflection in this book is the great importance of the subject as a means of *expressive* and *impressive* reading.

9. Another reason is the cursory manner in which the few introductory rules and illustrations are taken up in the grammar school. Teachers of high schools and normal schools are aware of the fact that many of their pupils come into school not only ignorant of the principles of inflection, but also so untrained in the management of the voice that they cannot give the correct inflections even when indicated, and sometimes cannot even imitate them when given by the teacher.

10. It is not unreasonable to expect that, in high and normal schools, there should be training enough to enable students themselves to apply the general principles of elocution; and that there should be practice enough to secure some flexibility in the management of the voice.

11. *Expression* in reading depends largely on the variety produced by the proper and effective application of the slides. There is no excuse for the neglect that leads to the monotonous and lifeless style of reading characteristic of many high schools and colleges.

"This school-tone," says Prof. Russell, "can be tolerated only in a law paper, a state document, a bill of lading, or an invoice, in the reading of which the mere distinct enunciation of the words is deemed sufficient.

In other circumstances, it kills, with inevitable certainty, everything like feeling or expression."

12. The careful study of an extract from some standard author, for the purpose of marking it for inflection, emphasis, and pauses, is an intellectual discipline of no mean order. It combines, in one lesson, rhetoric, grammar, and elocution.

13. It matters little whether aspiring elocutionists *can* or *can not* render effectively such pieces as "The Raven," "The Bells," or "Catiline's Defiance"; but it is a matter of solid importance for them to be able to read intelligently and effectively such extracts as Macaulay's "Puritans," Bryant's "Winds," Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean," one of Webster's "Speeches," or an extract from Milton or Shakespeare. The trained reader is able not only to read well, but also to give good *reasons* for reading with good taste, discrimination, and judgment.

14. As an aid both to teachers and pupils in applying principles and rules, a considerable number of extracts and examples are marked for inflection, emphasis, and pauses. When these have been carefully studied and read, pupils ought to be able to apply, to some extent at least, principles and rules to unmarked extracts, thus becoming independent of imitation and of teachers.

II. DISTINCTIONS OF INFLECTION.

1. *Inflection* may be defined as an upward or downward slide of the voice, generally on the emphatic word or words of a sentence. In words of more than one syllable, the inflection falls chiefly on the vowel of the accented syllable; hence the mark of inflection is placed over the vowel in the accented syllable.

2. The rising inflection, indicated by the acute accent

('), is used in direct questions, and, in general, whenever the sense is incomplete.

3. The falling inflection, indicated by the grave accent (`), is used in complete declarative, exclamatory, or very emphatic statements, and, in general, wherever the sense is *complete*, or does not depend on something to follow.

4. The *circumflex*, a combination of the rising and falling inflections on the same sound or word, indicated thus (^ or ^), is used in surprise, sarcasm, irony, wit, humor, and in expressing a pun, or a double meaning. The rising circumflex is used in place of the direct rising inflection to add force to the emphasis, and the falling circumflex in place of the direct falling inflection.

5. The monotone (—), that is, one uniform tone, is merely the absence of any marked rising or falling slide above or below the general level of the sentence.

III. LENGTH OF SLIDES.

1. The length of the rising or the falling inflection, in ascending or descending the scale, depends on the force of emphasis applied to words marked by inflection.

2. The *degrees* of inflection may be roughly distinguished as corresponding to the *second, third, fifth, and eighth* notes in the musical scale, including the semitones, or chromatic notes, of the minor second, third, fifth, and eighth notes.

3. The "second" and "third" are classed as the *unemotional* slides, as contrasted with the "fifth" and "eighth," which are the *emotional* inflections.

IV. THE SLIDE OF THE SECOND.

1. The inflection of the second is a very slight upward or downward slide of the voice, expressing what

may be termed the current melody of the sentence, in quiet conversation and in unemotional reading. It is the distance in tone between *C* and *D*, or *Do* and *Re* on the scale in music.

2. "The simple rise and fall of the second, and perhaps its wave," says Dr. Rush, "when used for plain narration, or for the mere statement of an unexcited idea, is the only intonated voice of man that does not spring from a passionate, or, in some degree, an earnest condition of his mind. If we listen to his ignorance, doubt, selfishness, arrogance, and injustice, we hear the vivid forms of vocal expression, proceeding from these and related passions.

3. "Thus we have the rising intervals of the fifth and octave, for interrogatives, not of wisdom but of envious curiosity; the downward third, fifth, and octave, for dogmatic or tyrannical command; waves for the surprise of ignorance, the snarling of ill-humor, and the curling voice, along with the curling lip of contempt; the piercing height of pitch for the scream of terror; the semitone, for the peevish whine of discontent, and for the puling cant of the hypocrite and the knave, who cover beneath the voice of kindness, the desigus of their craft.

4. "Then listen to him on those rare occasions, when he forgets himself and his passions, and has to utter a simple idea, or plainly to narrate; and you will hear the second, the least obtrusive interval of the scale, in the admirable harmony of Nature, made the simple sign of the unexcited sentiment of her wisdom and truth."

V. INFLECTION DRILL ON THE SECOND.

1. Count, in a gentle tone, from one to twenty, with the slight rising inflection, thus—*ó*ne, *twó*, *thré*e, *fó*ur, etc.

2. Count from one to twenty with the slight falling inflection, thus—*ó*ne, *twó*, etc.

3. Count with alternate rising and falling, thus—*ó*ne, *twò*, *thré*e, *fò*ur, etc., to thirty.

4. Sound the long vocals, *ā*, *ē*, *ī*, *ō*, *ū*: (1) With the rising second. (2) With the falling second. (3) Alternate rising and falling.

VI. THE SLIDE OF THE THIRD.

1. The slide of the third corresponds to the interval, on the scale, between *C* and *E*, or *Do* and *Mi*.

2. When the voice *rises* on a word through an interval of two tones, or a major third, it expresses moderate emphasis, interrogation, contrast, or slight surprise; when the voice *falls* through the same interval, it expresses moderate emphasis, assertion, command, contrast, or the conclusion of a proposition.

3. The inflection of the third is the prevailing slide of animated and earnest conversation, and of the slightly emphatic words of narrative, didactic, or descriptive composition. It is the slide of antithesis in contrasted words.

VII. UNEMOTIONAL SLIDES.

The slides of the second and third are the sentential or *unemotional* inflections as contrasted with the fifth and the eighth, which are the slides of emotion and passion.

VIII. INFLECTION DRILL ON THE THIRD.

1. Count, with moderate force and emphasis, from one to twenty with the rising third, thus: *ó*ne, *twó*, *thré*e, etc.

2. Count from one to twenty with the falling third, thus: *ò*ne, *twò*, *thré*e, etc.

3. Count with alternate rising and falling third, thus: *ó*ne, *twò*, *thré*e, *fò*ur, etc.

4. Will you *gó* or *stáy*?

IX. THE SLIDES OF THE FIFTH AND THE EIGHTH.

1. The slide of the fifth corresponds to the interval between *C* and *G*, or *Do* and *Sol*, and the slide of the eighth, or the octave, to the interval between *C* and *C*, or *Do* and *Do*.

2. When the voice *rises* through the interval of the fifth, it expresses impassioned interrogation, extreme surprise, or strong negation; when it *falls* through the same interval, it expresses deep conviction, strong determination, emphatic declaration, stern command, or strong emotion.

3. Under the influence of intense excitement or passion, the voice sometimes rises or falls through the whole octave. The rising octave expresses amazement, astonishment, excited interrogation, intense irony, and the falling octave expresses fierce determination, impassioned scorn, imprecation, and defiance.

4. Thus, when Douglas cries out under the influence of intense anger—

“And dar’st thou then
To beard the *lion* in his *dén*,
The *Douglas* in his *háll*?”

The voice on “hall” rises through the whole octave. And when Coriolanus cries out: “*Measureless* liar,” the voice on “measureless” falls through the octave.

5. The words “*ăh! indëed!*” uttered so as to express the greatest possible degree of astonishment, illustrate the rising octave.

X. INFLECTION DRILL.

1. Sound the long vocals, *ā*, *ē*, *ī*, *ō*, *ū*, with the rising fifth; the falling fifth.

2. Sound the long vocals, *ā*, *ē*, *ī*, *ō*, *ū*, with the rising eighth; with the falling octave.

3. Count from one to twenty with the rising fifth; the falling fifth.

I. THE RISING INFLECTION.

1. *The rising inflection calls attention to what is to follow. It is the inflection of incomplete statement, of appeal, of inquiry, and of negative antithesis.*

2. *It is the prevailing inflection of sentiment, of tenderness, and of pathos.*

3. *It is the characteristic inflection used in stating what is comparatively unimportant, trite, questionable, doubtful, or parenthetical.*

RULES FOR THE RISING INFLECTION.

Rule I. Questions requiring YES or NO for an answer have the rising inflection, except when very emphatic.

EXAMPLES.

[*Rising Third.*—Light Emphasis.]

1. Have you recited your *léssons*?
2. Is it, O *mán*, with such discordant *nóises*,
With such accurséd instruments as *thése*,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly *vóices*,
And jarrest the celestial *hármónies*?
3. Breathes there the man with soul so *déad*,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my *ówn*, my *native lánd*?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him búrned,
As *hóme* his footsteps he hath túrned,
From wandering on a *foreign stránd*?

[*Fifth and Eighth.*—Strong Emphasis.]

4. Hates *ány* mau the thing he would not *káll*?
5. *Whát!* wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee *twíce*?
6. And dar'st thou then
To beard the *líon* in his *děn*,
The Douglas in his *háll*?

7. Art thou a *friend* to Roderick?—Nò.
Thou dar'st not call thyself his *fœe*?

8. Is it come to *this*? Shall an inferior *mágristrate*, a *góvèrnor*, who holds his whole power of the *Roman péople*, in a *Roman próvince*, within sight of *Italy*, *bínd*, *scoúrge*, *tórture*, and put to an infamous *déath*, a *Roman cítizen*? Shall neither the cries of *innócence* expiring in *ágoný*, the tears of pitying *spectátors*, the majesty of the *Roman Cómmonwealth*, nor fear of the justice of his *coúntrey*, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of *líberty*, and sets mankind at *defíance*? And shall *this* man *escápe*? Fathers, it must not *bè*! *It must not bè*, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social *sáfety*, strangle *jústice*, and call down *ánarchy*, *mássacre*, and *rùin* on the *Cómmonwealth*!

CICERO.

9. Canst thou bind the *únicorn* with his band in the *fúrrow*? or will he harrow the *válleys* after thee? Wilt thou *trúst* him because his *stréngth* is great? or wilt thou leave thy *lábor* to him?

Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the *péacocks*? or wings and feathers unto the *óstrich*? Canst thou draw out *levíathan* with a *hóok*? or his *tóngue* with a *córd* which thou lettest *dówn*? Canst thou put a *hóok* into his *nóse*? or bore his *jáw* through with a *thórn*? Wilt thou *pláy* with him as with a *bírd*? or wilt thou *bínd* him for thy *máidens*? Canst thou fill his *skín* with barbed *írons*? or his *héad* with *físh* spears? *Book of Job.*

Rule II. Words repeated in surprise take the rising inflection, and are emphatic.

EXAMPLES.

1. Must I endure all *this*? All *this*? Ay, *mòre*.

2. CATILINE'S REPLY.

"*Banished from Róme!*" What's banished but set free
From daily contact with the things I *lòathe*?

• "*Tried and convicted traitor!*" *Whò* says this? CROLY.

3. SQUEERS.

"Who cried *stòp*?" said Squeers, turning savagely round.

"*I*," said Nicholas, stepping forward. "*This must not go òn.*"

"*Must not go òn!*" cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

"*Nò!*" thundered Nicholas.

DICKENS.

Call on the class to find five additional illustrations.

Rule III. Words and phrases of address, unless very emphatic, take the slight rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Sír, I believe the hour has còme.

2. Mr. Président, I desire to offer a resòlution.

• 3. Friénds, Rómans, còuntrymen, lend me your èars.

4. Fellow-citizens, the time for action has còme.

5. *Góod* friends, *swéet* friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

Call on each pupil to find one additional illustration.

EXCEPTION.

6. O còmrades! wàrrriors! Thràcians! if we *múst* fight,
let us fight for *oursélves*.

7. Prìnces! pòtentates! wàrrriors!

Rule IV. The language of entreaty, coaxing, or flattery, takes the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. ARTHUR IN KING JOHN.

Alás, what need you be so boisterous-*rough*?

I will not *strúgg*le; I will stand *stòne-stíll*.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be *bound*;
 Náy, *héar* me, Húbert; drive but these *mèn awáy*,
 And I will sit as quiet as a *lám̄b*;
 I will not *stír*, nor *wínee*, nor speak a wòrd,
 Nor *look* upon the iron *ángérly*:
 Thrust but these *mén awáy*, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do *pùt* me to.

SHAKESPEARE.

2. MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

I.

Now, Caudle, *déar*, do let us talk comfortably. After all, *lôve*, there's a good many folks who, I dare *sáy*, don't get on half so well as we've *dóne*. We've both our little *témpers*, *perháps*; but you *are* *ággravating*; you must own *thăt*, Caúdle. Wéll, never *mínd*; we won't *tálk* of it; I won't scold you *nów*.

II.

I'm sure I don't object to your being a *Măson*; not at *ăll*, Caúdle. I dare say it's a very good *thíng*; I dare say it *is*: it's only your making a *séeret* of it that *věxes* mé. But you'll *těll* me—you'll tell your own *Mărgaret*? You *wón't*? You're a *wrétch*, Mr. Caudle.

HARROLD.

Rule V. Negative expressions, whether of words, phrases, clauses, or sentences, take the rising inflection when they carry the attention forward to a contrasted affirmation, or backward to an affirmative statement.

EXAMPLES.

1. I come not here to *tálk*.
 Ye know *too wěll* the story of our *thrălldom*.
2. The battle, sir, is not to the *stróng* *alóne*.
 It is to the *vígílant*, the *ăctive*, the *brăve*.
3. Tell me *nòt*, in mournful *númbers*,
 Life is but an empty *dréam*;
 For the soul is *deăd* that *slúmbers*,
 And things *ăre* not what they *sěem*.

4. I come not, friends, to steal away your *hearts*;
I am no orator, as *Brutus* is:
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt *màn*.
5. Cleon hath a million *àcres*—ne'er a *onc* have I';
 Cleon dwelleth in a *pàlacc*—in a *cottage*, I';
 Cleon hath a *dozen fortunes*—not a *penny*, I';
 But the *poorer* of the twain is *Clèon*, and *nòt* I'.

6. FREEDOM.

O Frèedom! thou art not, as *póets* dream,
 A fair young *gírl*, with light and delicate *límb*s,
 And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
 With which the Roman master crowned his *slàve*,
 When he took off the *gýves*. A *bearded mán*,
 Armed to the *tèeth*, art thòu.

BRYANT.

7. THE OCEAN.

The armaments | which thunderstrike the walls |
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs | tremble in their cápitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator | the vain title | take |
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of wár;—
Thése, are thy *tòys*, and as the snowy *flàke* |
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar |
 Alike | the Armada's pride | or spoils of Trafalgar.

BYRON.

8. LIBERTY.

Tell me not of the honor of belonging to a *free*
cóuntry. I ask, does our liberty bear *generous frùits*?
 Does it exalt us in manly *spìrit*, in *public virtùue*, above
 countries trodden under foot by *dèspotism*?—Tell me
 not of the *extént* of our *cóuntry*. I care not how *lárge*
 it is, *if it multiply degenerate mén*. Speak not of
 our *prosperity*. Better be one of a *poor pèople*, plain
 in *mánners*, reverencing *Gód*, and respecting themselves,

than belong to a *rich* country, which knows no higher good than *riches*.

CHANNING.

9. WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a *State*?

Not high-raised *báttlement* or labored *móund*,
Thick *wáll* or moated *gátc*;

Not *cíties* proud with *spíres* and *turrets* crowned.
Not *báys* and broad-armed *pórts*,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich *návies* ride:
Not starred and spangled *cóurts*

Where low-bred baseness wafts perfume to *príde*:
Nò; *mèn*, high-minded *mén*; men, who their *dúties* know;

But know their *ríghts*; and knowing, dare *maintàin*;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the *týrant* while they rend the *chàin*.
Thèse constitute a *State*.

JONES.

Call on pupils to find additional examples.

Rule VI. Incomplete expressions, whether of phrases or clauses, when they carry the mind forward to something to be stated, require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the *wórlđ*, and early united to the object of her *chóice*, the amiable *príncess*, happy in herself, and joyful in her future *próspects*, little anticipated the fate that was so soon to *overtàke* her.

2. THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

And yet, do you not *thínk*, that who so *cóuld*, by adequate *descriptiôn*, bring before you that *wínter* of the *Pílgrims*, its brief *súnshine*, the nights of *stórm*, slow *wáning*; the damp and icy *bréath*, felt to the pillow of the *dýing*; its *destitútions*, its *cónt contrasts* with all their former *expérience* in life; its utter *insulátion* and *lónelíness*; its *deàth-beds* and *búrials*; its *mémories*; its *ap-*

prehensions; its *hopes*; the *consultations* of the *prudent*; the *prayers* of the *pious*; the occasional cheerful *hymn*, in which the strong heart threw off its *burthen*, and, asserting its unvanquished *nature*, *went up*, like a bird of *dawn*, to the *skies*;—do ye not *think* that whoso could *describe* them calmly waiting in that *defile*, lonelier and darker than *Thermópylæ*, for a *morning* that might never *dawn*, or might *show* them, when it *did*, a *mightier* arm than the *Persian*, raised as in act to *strike*, would he not sketch a scene of more difficult and rarer *heroism*? A scene, as Wordsworth has said, “*melancholy*, yea, *dismal*, yet consolatory and full of *joy* ;” a *scene*, even better fitted, to *succor*, to *exult*, to *lead*, the forlorn hopes of all *great causes*, till *time* shall be *no more*.

CHOATE.

3. THE STRIFE.

Notice that the last four stanzas constitute one sentence.

The wish that of the living whole
 No life may *fail* beyond the *grave*—
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likest *God* within the *soul*?

Are *God* and *nature* then at *strife*,
 That *nature* lends such evil *dreams*?
 So *careful* of the type she *seems*,
 So *careless* of the single *life*,

That *I*, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her *deeds*,
 And finding that of *fifty* seeds
 She often brings but *one* to *bear*—

I *falter* where I *firmly* *tréd* ;
 And, falling with my weight of *cares*
 Upon the great world's *altar*-stairs,
 That slope through darkness up to *God*,

I stretch lame hands of *fàith*, and grópe,
 And gather dust and *cháff*, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of áll,
 And faintly trust the *larger hòpe*.

TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam*.

4. THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

The low desíre, the base desígn,
 That makes another's virtues léss;
 The revel of the treacherous wíne,
 And all occasions of excéss;

 The longing for ignoble things,
 The strife for triumph more than trúth;
 The hardening of the heart that brings
 Irreverence for the dreams of yóuth;

 All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds
 That have their *root* in thoughts of ill;
 Whatever hinders or impedes
 The action of the noble will,—

 All these must first be trampled dówn
 Beneath our feet, if we would gáin
 In the bright fields of fair renówn,
 The right of eminent domàin.

LONGFELLOW.

Rule VII. Conditional phrases and clauses, when introductory, take the rising inflection, because the sense is carried forward to the principal statements on which they depend.

EXAMPLES.

1. FROM "THE ARMORY."

Were half the power that fills the world with *térror*;
 Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and *cóurts*,
 Given to redeem the human mind from *érror*,
 There were no *nèed* of arsenals or fòrts.

LONGFELLOW.

2. FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

As Cæsar *loved* me, I *wèep* for him; as he was *fórtunate*, I *rejðice* at it; as he was *váliant*, I *hònor* him; but, as he was *ambítious*, I *slèw* him. There is tears for his *lóve*; joy for his *fórtune*; honor for his *válor*; and death for his *ambítion*.

3. WATER.

Of all *inorganic súbstánces*, acting in their own proper *nátúre*, and without assistance or *combinátion*, *wáter* is "the most *wònderful*. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in *cloúds*; then as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modeled into *sýmmetry*, and its crags chiseled into *grácc*; then, as in the form of *snow*, it robes the mountains it has *máde* with that *transcendent light* which we could not have *concéived* if we had not *séen*; then as it exists in the foam of the *tórrént*—in the *íris* which *spáns* it, in the morning *míst* which *ríses* from it, in the deep crystalline *póols* which mirror its hanging *shóre*, in the broad *lúke* and glancing *ríver*; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwéaried, unconquerable *pówer*, the wild, várious, fantástic, támeless *unity* of the *séa*; what shall we *compàre* to this *míghty*, this *univèrsal* element, for *glóry* and for *beauté*? or how shall we follow its *eternal chángefulness* of *fèeling*? It is like trying to paint a *sùl*.

RUSKIN.

4. FROM WEBSTER'S SPEECHES.

I.

If disastrous *wár* sweep our *cómmerce* from the *ócean*, *ánóther* generation may *renèw* it; if it exhaust our *trèasúry*, future industry may *replénish* it; if it desolate and lay waste our *fiélds*, still, under a *nèw* cultivation, they will grow *gréen* again, and ripen to *future hàrvests*.

II.

If discord and disunion shall *wóund* it; if party strife

and blind ambition shall *hawk at* and *tear* it; if folly and *madness*, if uneasiness under salutary *restraint*, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made *sure*, it will stand, in the *end*, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy *was rocked*; it will stretch forth its *arm* with whatever of vigor it may *still retain*, over the friends who gather round it; and it will *fall*, if *fall* it *must*, amid the *proudest monuments* of its glory and on the very *spot* of its *origin*.

Require each pupil, at the next lesson, to read one additional illustration, selected from some extract in this book.

Rule VIII. In poetic description, whether of prose or verse, the prevailing inflection is the slight rising inflection of the "third."

EXAMPLES.

1. FROM WHITTIER'S "RANGER."

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,
Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer,
Through his painted woodlands stray,
Than where hillside oaks and beeches
Overlook the long, blue reaches,
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
And green isles of Casco Bay:
Nowhere day, for delay,
With a tenderer look beseeches,
"Let me with my charmed earth stay."

2. WATER.

Gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain,
shining in the ice-gem till the trees seem turned to
living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting
sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sport-
ing in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in
the hail-shower, folding bright snow-curtains softly above
the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris,

that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain of éarth, whose wóof is the sunbeam of héaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of rarefáction—still always it is beautiful, that blessed cold wáter! No poison bubbles on its brínk—its foam brings not mádness and múrder—no blóod stains its liquid glásss—pale wídows and starving órphans weep not burning tears in its clear dépths—no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the gráve curses it in words of despáir! *Speak out*, my friends; would you exchange it for the demon's drínk—*álcohol*?

A shout like the roar of the tempest answered "Nò! No'!"

DENTON.

3. THE VOICE OF SPRING.

The fisher is out on the sunny séa;
 And the reindeer bounds o'er the pasture frée;
 And the pine has a fringe of softer gréen,
 And the moss looks bright, where my fòot hath been.
 From the streams and founts I have loosed the cháin.
 They are sweeping on to the silvery máin,
 They are flashing down from the móuntain brows,
 They are flinging spray o'er the fórest boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry cáves;
 And the earth resounds with the joy of wàves.

HEMANS.

Rule IX. Pathos and tender feeling incline the voice to the slight rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. BABIE BELL.

And what did dainty Babie Bèll?
 She only crossed her little hánds!
 She only looked more meek and fáir!
 We parted back her silken háir;
 We laid some buds upon her brów—
Déath's bride arrayed in *flòwers*!

ALDRICH.

2. THE RANGER.

When the shadows veil the méadows,
 And the sunset's golden ládders
 Sink from twilight's walls of gráy—
 From the window of my dréaming,
 I can see his sickle gléaming,
 Cheery-voiced can hear him téaming
 Down the locust-shaded wáy ;
 But awáy, swift awáy,
 Fades the fónð, delusive seéming,
 And I kneel again to prày.

WHITTIER.

Rule X. In a series of words or phrases, if the particulars enumerated are unimportant, or if they are to be taken as constituting a whole, each particular, except the last in a closing series, takes the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The sún, the plánets, their sátellites, the cómets, and the méteors, compose the solar system.
2. The solar system consists of the sún, the plánets, their sátellites, the cómets, and the méteors.
3. The minerals of California are góld, sílver, cópper, íron, tín, and quícksilver.
4. Whéat, flóur, pórk, béef, cótton, tobácco, and petróleum are exported from the United States.
5. The Góth, the Chrístian, Tíme, Wár, Flóod, and Fíre, Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride.

6. CHRISTMAS MARKETS.

Heaped upon the flóor, to form a kind of thróne, were túrkeys, géese, gáme, bráwn, great joints of méat, súcking-pígs, long wreaths of sáusages, mince-píes, plum-púddings, barrels of óysters, red-hot chéstrnuts, cherry-cheeked ápples, juicy óranges, luscious péars, immense twélftth-cákes, and great bowls of púñch.

DICKENS.

7. BOARDING-SCHOOL CURRICULUM.

And thus their studies they pursued :—On Súnday,
 Béef, cóllects, báttér, téxts from Dr. Príce ;
 Múttón, Fréuch, páncakes, grámmar—of a Mónday ;
 Túesday—hard dúmplings, glóbes, Chapone's Advíce.
 Wédnesday—fáncy-wórk, ríce-mílk (no spíce) ;
 Thúrsday—pórk, dáncing, currant-bólsters, réading ;
 Fríday, béef, Mr. Bútlér, and plain ríce ;
 Sátturday—scráps, short léssons and short féeding,
 Stócks, báck-boards, hásh, steel-cóllars, and good bréeding.

HOOD.

8. FROM DICKENS'S "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what ; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an *ánnímal*, a *líve* animal, rather a *disagréé-able* animal, a *sávage* animal, an animal that *grówwled* and *grúnted* sometimes, and *tálked* sometimes, and lived in *Lóndón*, and walked about the *stréets*, and was n't made a *shóww* of, and was n't *léd* by anybody, and did n't live in a *menágérie*, and was never killed in a *márket*, and was not a *hórrse*, or an *áss*, or a *cóww*, or a *búll*, or a *tígér*, or a *dógg*, or a *píg*, or a *cát*, or a *beàrr*.

9. FROM DICKENS'S "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

Sitting-room, bedroom, lumber-room, all as they *shóúld* be. Nobody under the táble ; nobody under the sófa ; a small fire in the gráte ; spoon and basin réady ; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the béd ; nobody in the clóset ; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wáll. Lumber-room as úsual. Old fire-guard, old shóoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three légs, and a póker.

II. THE FALLING INFLECTION.

1. *The falling inflection is the slide of the complete statement.*

2. *It is the characteristic inflection of assertion, of confidence, of command, of emotion, and of passion.*

3. *It denotes what is important, interesting, or decisive. It is the prevailing inflection of impressive oratory.*

RULES FOR THE FALLING INFLECTION.

Rule I. The close of a declarative, imperative, or exclamatory sentence is generally marked by the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The liberty of the press is the highest safeguard to all free government. It is like a great, exulting, and abounding river.

2. Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

3. Ye crágs and péaks, I'm *with* you once *agin*!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are *frèe*. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes *answer* me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his *hòme*
Again! O sacred fórms, how *pròud* ye look!
How *hìgh* you lift your heads into the ský!
How *hùge* you are! how *mìghty* and how *frèe*!

Rule II. The answer to a direct question generally takes the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Are you going to schóol? *Yès, I àm.*

2. Shall traitors lay that greatness lów?
Nò! land of hope and blessing, *nò.*

EXCEPTIONS.

Answers given in a careless or an indifferent manner sometimes take the rising inflection, as,

1. What do you want? Nothing.
2. Which will you have? I don't care.
3. What did you say? Not much.
4. May I stay here? Yes, you may if you like.
5. Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "O what was that, my daughter?"
 "T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw upon the water."
 "And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
 "It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Rule III. Impassioned exclamation or very emphatic assertion is characterized by the falling inflection—usually the fifth or eighth.

EXAMPLES.

[*Falling Fifth.*]

1. Rise, fellow-men, our country yet remains.
2. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction.
3. Eloquence is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.
4. Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
 God—and your native land!

[*Falling Eighth.—Emotional.*]

5. O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
6. O my prophetic soul! my uncle!

7. We heard the piercing shriek of *màrder ! màrder ! màrder !*

8. I have done my *dùty*:—I stand acquitted to my *cónscience* and my *còuntry*:—I have opposed this measure *throughdùt* ; and I now *protèst* against it as *hàrsh*, *opprèssive*, *uncàlled for*, *unjàst*,—as establishing an *ínfamous* *prècedent* by retaliating *crème* against *crème*,—as *týrannous*—*crúelly* and *víndíctively* tyrannous. O'CONNELL.

9. The mustering place is Lanrick mead,
Spèd forth the sígnal, Norman, *spèd* ;
 Her summons dread brooks no *dèlày*,
Stretch to the ràce—awày, awày !

10. Thy threats, thy mercy, I *defý*,
 Let recreant yield who fears to *díe*.

11. “Can naught but *blóod* our feud *atóne* ?
 Are there *nó* means ?” *Nò*, stranger, *nòne*.

Rule IV. Indirect questions and very emphatic direct questions genercally take the falling inflection.

Interrogative sentences beginning with *who*, *which*, *when*, *where*, *why*, and *how*, generally take the falling inflection. A *direct* question if repeated a second or third time, frequently takes the *falling* inflection for emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

1. What constitutes a *Stàte* ?
2. What is it that gentlemen *wish* ?
3. When was he *gràduated* ?
4. Why do you not study your *lèsson* ?
5. “Speak louder ; I did not hear your *quèstion*.”
 “Are you going to *Bòston* ?”
6. O why should the spirit of mortal be *prouð* ?

7. "Do you hear the *rain*, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the *rain*? Do you *hear* it against the *windows*? Do you *hear* it, I say? *Oh!* you *do* hear it!"

Rule V. Completeness of thought or expression, whether in the clauses of a complex sentence, or in the propositions of a compound sentence, generally requires the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. DEAD HEROES.

They fell | *devoted*, but *undying*;
 The very *gale* | their names seemed *sighing*;
 The *waters* | murmured of their *name*;
 The *woods* | were peopled with their *fame*;
 The silent *pillar*, lone and *gray*,
 Claimed *kindred* | with *their* sacred *clay*:
 Their *spirits* | wrapped the dusky *mountain*,
 Their *memory* | sparkled o'er the *fountain*;
 The meanest *river*, the mightiest *river*,
 Rolled mingling | with their *fame forever*.

BYRON.

2. FROM GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE."

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlor *splendor* of that festive place:
 The whitewashed *wall*, the nicely sanded *floor*,
 The varnished *clock* that clicked behind the door;
 The *chest*, contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The *pictures* placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good *rules*, the royal game of *goose*;
 The *hearth*, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen *boughs* and *flowers* and *fennel* gay;
 While broken *teacups*, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

3. BACON'S PHILOSOPHY.

It has lengthened *life* ; it has mitigated *pain* ; it has extinguished diseases ; it has increased the fertility of the *soil* ; it has given new securities to the *mariner* ; it has furnished new arms to the *warrior* ; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with *bridges* of form unknown to our fathers ; it has guided the *thunderbolt* innocuously from heaven to earth ; it has lighted up the *night* with the splendor of the *day* ; it has extended the range of the human *vision* ; it has multiplied the power of the human *muscles* ; it has accelerated *motion* ; it has annihilated *distance* ; it has facilitated *intercourse, correspondence*, all friendly *offices*, all despatch of *business* ; it has enabled men to descend to the depths of the *sea*, to soar into the *air* ; to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the *earth*, to traverse the land in *cars* which whirl along without *horses*, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind.

MACAULAY.

4. FREEDOM.

I love *Freedom* better than *Slavery*. I will speak *her words* ; I will listen to *her music* ; I will acknowledge *her impulses* ; I will stand beneath *her flag* ; I will fight in *her ranks* ; and, when I do so, I shall find myself surrounded by the *great*, the *wise*, the *good*, the *brave*, the *noble* of every *land*.

BAKER.

5. CHOATE'S EULOGY ON WEBSTER.

We seem to see *his form* and hear *his deep, grave speech everywhere*. By some felicity of his *personal life* ; by some wise, deep, or *beautiful word* spoken or written ; by some service of his *own*, or some commemoration of the services of *others*, it has come to pass that "our *granite hills*, our *inland seas, prairies*, and fresh, unbounded, *magnificent wilderness* ;" our *encircling ocean* ; the *resting-place* of the *Pilgrims* ; our new-born *sister* of

the *Pacific*; our *pópular assèmblies*; our *frée schòols*; all our cherished doctrines of *educàtion*, and of the influence of *relìgion*, and national *pólicy* and *làw*, and the *Constitùtion*, give us back *hís nàme*. What American *làndscape* will you *lòok on*; what subject of American interest will you *stùdy*; what source of *hópe* or of *ànxiety*, as an American, will you *acknówledge*, that it does not *recàll* him?

Rule VI. In commencing a series of emphatic particulars, each particular except the last takes the slight falling inflection of the "third," and in a concluding series, each particular except the last but one takes the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The *àir*, the *èarth*, the *wàter* teem with delighted existence.

2. *Vàlor*, *humànity*, *còurtesy*, *jùstice*, and *hónor*, were the characteristics of chivalry.

3. The ministers of *relìgion*, the priests of *lìterature*, the historians of the *pàst*, the illustrators of the *prèsent*, *càpital*, *scènce*, *àrt*, *invèntion*, *discòveries*, the works of *génius*—*àll thèse* will attend us in our march, and we shall *cònquer*.

BAKER.

4. The characteristics of chivalry were *vàlor*, *humànity*, *còurtesy*, *jùstice*, and *hónor*.

5. A TROPICAL SCENE.

The *mòuntain* wooded to the *pèak*, the *làwns*
And winding *glàdes* high up like ways to *hèaven*,
The slender *còco's* drooping crown of *plùmes*,
The lightning flash of insect and of *bìrd*,
The luster of the long *convòlvuluses*
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Even to the limit of the *lànd*, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the *wòrld*,

All *thèse* he *sàw*; but what he *fain* had seen
 He *còuld* not *sèe*, the kindly human *fàce*,
 Nor ever hear a *kindly vòice*, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling *òcean-fowl*,
 The league-long *ròller* thundering on the *rèef*,
 The moving whisper of *huge trèes* that branched
 And blossomed in the *zènith*, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous *rìvulet* to the *wàve*,
 As down the *shòre* he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing *górgé*,
 A shipwrecked *sáilor*, waiting for a *sàil*;
 No *sàil* from *dáy* to *dày*, but *èvery dáy*
 The *sùnrise* broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and *prècípices*;
 The blaze upon the waters to the *èast*;
 The blaze upon his *ìsland* overhead;
 The blaze upon the *wàters* to the west;
 Then the great *stàrs* that globed themselves in *hèaven*,
 The hollower-bellowing *òcean*, and again
 The scarlet shafts of *sùnrise*,—*but no sàil*.

TENNYSON'S *Enoch Arden*.

ILLUSTRATION.

The contrast in the rendering of a series with the rising inflection and the unemphatic tone of indifference, or with the falling inflection and the emphasis of feeling, is illustrated by the following:

The one with yawning made reply:
 "What have we seen? Not *mùch* have I!
Trées, méadows, móuntains, gróves, and stréams,
Blue ský, and clóuds, and sunny gléams."

The other, smiling, said the same;
 But, with face transfigured and eye of flame:
 "*Trées, méadows, móuntains, gróves, and stréams,*
Bluc ský and clóuds and sunny glèams!"

Rule VII. The cadence, or falling inflection at the end of a sentence, must not be made too abruptly.

The closing descent in tone at the end of a sentence falls lower than the falling inflection at the end of the propositions that make up a compound sentence, and lower than the slide on emphatic words or clauses. The longer the sentence, the more marked is the cadence. The common errors in cadence are: (1) Dropping the tone suddenly on the last word of the sentence. (2) Falling too soon in the sentence. (3) A gradual diminishing in force towards the end of a sentence, so that the last few words are feebly uttered. (4) A monotonous sameness of inflection.

The difference between the partial falling inflection in the body of a sentence and the cadence at the close, must be illustrated by the living voice of the teacher. Take the following sentence from Addison for illustration :

“Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our *senses*. It fills the mind with the largest variety of *ideas*, converses with its objects at the greatest *distance*, and continues the longest in *action* without being tired or satiated with its proper *enjoyments*.”

Here the slide on “*ideas*” and “*distance*” is the partial falling, say the falling third, while the cadence on “*enjoyment*” runs to the falling fifth. It will be noticed, also, that the voice slides upward on “*action*,” to prepare for the cadence at the close of the sentence.

EXAMPLES.

1. I have done my *duty*; I stand acquitted to my conscience and my *country*; I have opposed this measure *throughout*; and I now protest against it, as *harsh*, *oppressive*, *uncalled* for, *unjust*; as establishing an infamous precedent, by retaliating crime against *crime*; as *tyrannous*—*cruelly* and *vindictively* tyrannous:

2. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade —
A breath can make them, as a breath *hàs* made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can *nèver* be *supplèd*.
3. God of the earth's extended plains!
The dark green fields contented lie:
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous *mùsic* in their flow.

RULES FOR CONTRASTED INFLECTIONS.

Rule I. When negation is opposed to affirmation, negation has the rising, and affirmation the falling inflection. Contrasted words are emphatic.

EXAMPLES.

1. He did not call *yóu*, but *mè*.
2. He called *yòu*, not *mé*.
3. He called neither *yóu* nor *mè*.
4. Man never *ís*, but always *tò bè* blest.

5. JOHN HOWARD.

He visited *all* *Èùrope*—*nót* to survey the sumptuousness of *pálaces*, or the stateliness of *témples*; *nót* to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient *grándeur*, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern *árt*, nor to collect *médals*, or collate *mánuscripts*; but to dive into the depths of *dùngeons*, to plunge into the infection of *hòspitals*, to survey the mansions of *sorrow* and *pàin*; to take the gauge and dimensions of *mìsery*, *deprèssion*, and *contèmp*t; to remember the *forgòtten*, to

attend to the *neglected*, to visit the *forsaken*, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is *original*; it is as full of *génius* as of *humànity*. It was a voyage of *discovery*—a circumnavigation of *chàrity*.

BURKE.

Rule II. When the conjunction OR connects contrasted words or phrases, it is preceded by the rising, and followed by the falling inflection. Contrasted words are emphatic.

EXAMPLES.

1. Did he call *Jánc* or *Màrry*?
 2. Is this book *yóurs* or *mìnc*?
 3. *Sínk* or *swím*, *líve* or *díe*, *survívè* or *pèrish*, I give my *hánd* and my *heàrt* to this vote.
 4. Do we mean to *carry ón* or to *give úp* the war?
- Require an additional example from each pupil.*

Rule III. Contrast or antithesis is denoted by opposite inflections on the contrasted words of a sentence, and the contrasted words are emphatic.

Pupils should be cautioned against the common fault of substituting, in examples of contrast, the circumflex inflections for the direct rising and falling inflections. The following example is often incorrectly read thus:

1. In the *óne* we most admire the *mǎn*; in the *óther*, the *wòrk*.

It should be read as follows:

2. In the *óne* we most admire the *mán*; in the *óther*, the *wòrk*.
3. *Incorrect*: As is the *beginning*, so is the *ènd*.
4. *Correct*: As is the *beginning*, so is the *ènd*.
5. *Incorrect*: What we gain in *pówer* is lost in *tíme*.
6. *Correct*: What we gain in *pówer* is lost in *tíme*.

The circumflex inflections are properly applied in cases of very emphatic contrast, or in the expression of irony, sarcasm, wit, and humor.

Selection 3, at the end of this chapter, affords good illustrations of contrasted circumflex, while selections 1, 2, and 5 are examples of the use of the direct rising and falling inflections.

"A fault of local usage, prevailing throughout New England," says Prof. Russell, "is that of giving all emphasis with the tone of the circumflex. It is a tone incompatible with simplicity and dignity of expression, and belongs properly to irony or ridicule, to the peculiar significance of words and phrases embodying logical or grammatical niceties of distinction, or to the studied and peculiar emphasis which belongs to the utterance of a word intended to convey a pun. This fault would be avoided by giving emphasis with the direct inflection, instead of the circumflex."

EXAMPLES OF CONTRAST.

1. I said *gòd*, not *bád* ; *virtuous*, not *vicious* ; *èducated*, not *illiterate*.
2. He spoke *fòr* education, not *agáinst* it.
3. After the *shówer*, the tranquil *sùn* ;
 Silver *stárs* when the *dày* is done.
 After the *snów*, the emerald *lèaves* ;
 After the *hárvest*, golden *shèaves* ;
 After the *clóuds*, the violet *ský* ;
 Quiet *wóods* when the *wínds* go by.
 After the *témpest*, the lull of *wàves* ;
 After the *báttle*, peaceful *gràves*.
 After the *knéll*, the *wèdding*-bells ;
 Joyful *gréetings* from sad *farewèlls*.
 After the *búd*, the radiant *ròse* ;
 After our *wéeping*, sweet *repòse*.

After the *búrden*, the blissful *mèed*;
 After the *fúrrrow*, the waking *sèed*.

After the *flíght*, the downy *nèst*;
 Beyond the shadowy *ríver*—*rèst*.

4. Thus the Puritan was made up of *twò* different *mèn*: the *óne*, all self-abásement, pénitence, grátitude, *pás-sion*; the *óther*, prònd, càlm, inflexible, sagàcious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his *Máker*; but he set his *fòot* on the neck of his *kíng*.

5. ROME AND CARTHAGE.

The catastrophe of this stupendous drama is at hànd. What actors are mèt! *Twó ràces*—that of *mérchants* and *màriners*, that of *láborers* and *sòldiers*; *twó nàtions*—the one dominant by *góld*, the other by *stèel*; *twó repùblics*—the one *théocratic*, the other *àristocratic*. *Róme* and *Càrthage*! *Róme* with her *ármý*, *Càrthage* with her *flèet*; *Càrthage*, *óld*, *rích*, and *cráfty*—*Róme*, *yòung*, *pòor*, and *robùst*; the *pást*, and the *fùture*; the spirit of *dis-cóvery*, and the spirit of *cònquest*; the genius of *cómmerce*, the demon of *wàr*; the East and the South on *óne* side, the West and the North on the *òther*; in short, *twó wòrlds*—the civilization of *África*, and the civilization of *Eùrope*.

VICTOR HUGO.

6. I have always preferred *chèerfulness* to *mírrh*. The *látter* I consider as an *áct*, the *fórmér* as a *hábit* of the mind. *Mírrh* is *shórt* and *tránsient*, *chèerfulness* *fíxed* and *pèrmanent*. *Mírrh* is like a flash of *lightning*, that breaks through a gloom of *clóuds*, and glitters for a *móment*; *chèerfulness* keeps up a kind of *dàylight* in the mind, and fills it with a *stèady* and *pèrpétual* *scrénity*.

7. THE ONE-HOSS SHAY.

For the *whéels* were just as strong as the *thílls*,
 And the *floor* was just as strong as the *sílls*,

And the *páncls* just as strong as the *floor*,
 And the *whipple*-tree neither less nor *more*,
 And the *báck* crossbar as strong as the *fòre*,
 And spríng, and áxle, and húb *èncore*,
 And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be worn out!

HOLMES.

8. DUST TO DUST.

"Eárlh to *éarth*, and *dúst* to *dúst*!"
 Here the *évil* and the *júst*,
 Here the *yóuthful* and the *òld*,
 Here the *féarful* and the *bòld*,
 Here the *mátron* and the *màid*,
 In òne sílent béd áre láid;
 Here the *vással* and the *kíng*
 Side by side lie withering;
 Here the *swórd* and *scèpter* rùst—
 "Eárlh tō *ēarth*, ānd *dūst* tō *dūst*!"

CROLY.

9. HUDIBRAS.

He was in logic a great *crític*,
 Profoundly skilled in *analýtic*,
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt *sóuth* and *sóuth-west* side;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands and *stíll* confute.
 He'd nudertake to prove by force
 Of argument a *mǎn's* no *hórse*;
 He'd prove a *búzzard* is no *fówl*,
 And that a *lórd* may be an *ówl*;
 A *cálf* an *álderman*, a *góose* a *jústice*,
 And *róoks* *commíttee-men* and *trástces*.
 He'd run in debt by *disputátion*,
 And pay with *ratiocinǎtion*.

BUTLER.

10. TACT AND TALENT.

Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth *hěaring*, tact is sure of abundance of *hěarers*;

talent may *obtain* a living, tact will *make* one; talent gets a *good* name, tact a *great* one; talent *convinces*, tact *converts*; talent is an *honor* to the *profession*, tact *gains* honor from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its *weight*, tact finds its *way*; talent *commands*, tact is *obeyed*; talent is honored with *approbation*, and tact is blessed by *preference*.

Rule IV. Direct questions generally require the rising inflection, and their answers, the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Have you studied your *l sson*? Y s.
2. Are you going to New Y rk? N .

3. OUR COUNTRY.

Oh, country, marvel of the  arth!
 Oh, realm to sudden gr atness grown!
 The age that gloried in thy b rth,
 Shall it behold thee *overthrown*?
 Shall *traitors* lay that greatness l w?
 N ! Land of H pe and Bl ssing, N !

BRYANT.

4. THE INQUIRY.

T ll me, my secret s ul,
 Oh, t ll me, H pe and F ith,
 Is there no resting-place
 From s rrow, s n, and d ath?
 Is there no happy sp t
 Where mortals may be bl ssed,
 Where grief may find a b lm,
 And weariness a r st?

F ith, H pe, and L ve—best boons to mortals g ven—
 Waved their bright w ngs, and wh spered “Y s, in h aven!”

MACRAY.

5. FROM "HAMLET."

Hamlet. Hold you the *wá*ch to-níght?

Mar. and Ber. We *dò*, my lord.

Hamlet. *Á*rmed, say yóu?

Mar. and Ber. *Á*rmed, my lórd.

Hamlet. From top to *tóe*?

Mar. and Ber. My lord, from *héad* to *fòot*.

Hamlet. Then you saw not his *fáce*?

Hor. Oh, yés, my lórd; he wore his beaver *ùp*.

Hamlet. Whát, looked he *frówníngly*?

Hor. A countenance more in *sórr*ow than in *á*nger.

Hamlet. *Pá*le or *rèd*?

Hor. Nay, *v*ery *pá*le.

Hamlet. And fixed his *éy*es upon you?

Hor. Most *cò*nstantly.

Hamlet. I would *Í* had been *thére*.

Hor. It would have much *amà*zed you. SHAKESPEARE.

III. INFLECTIONS OF THE PARENTHESIS.

Rule I. The words included in a parenthesis, or between two dashes used as a parenthesis, and any phrase corresponding in effect to a parenthesis, are read with the same inflection as the clause immediately preceding them.

"A lower and less forcible tone, and a more rapid utterance, than in the other parts of a sentence, together with a degree of monotony, are required in the reading of a parenthesis. The form of parenthesis implies something thrown in as an interruption of the main thought in a sentence. Hence its suppressed and hurried tone; the voice seeming to hasten over it slightly, as if impatient to resume the principal object. The same remark applies, with more or less force, to all intervening phrases, whether in the exact form of parenthesis or not."

RUSSELL.

EXAMPLES.

1. Uprightness is a habit, and, like all other habits, gains strength by time and exercise. If then we exercise upright principles (and we cannot have them, unless we exercise them), they must be perpetually on the increase.

2. "And this," said hé—putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—"and this should have been *thý* portion," said hè, "hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me."

3. To my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner bórñ—it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.

SHAKESPEARE.

SUMMARY OF INFLECTION.

1. *The stronger the emphasis, the longer the slides.*

2. *In unimpassioned reading, the emphasis is slight and the slides are short: in bold and dignified composition, the emphasis is stronger and the slides are longer: and in highly impassioned or dramatic reading, the emphasis is strongest and the slides are longest.*

3. *The general principle that underlies all the rules of inflection is as follows: The rising inflection in general denotes incompleteness of statement, comparatively unimportant statement, interrogation, or negation; the falling inflection denotes completed or emphatic statement.*

GENERAL INFLECTION DRILL.

1. Sing the scale, upward and downward.

2. Substitute in place of the note names the long vocals, thus: ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, ā, ē, ō.

3. Sound the third, fifth, and eighth notes of the

scale; then substitute for the note names the following: ē, ä, ö.

4. Give the long vowel sounds, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, (1) with the rising "second;" (2) with the rising "third;" (3) with the rising "fifth;" (4) with the rising "eighth."

5. Give the long vowel sounds, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, with the *falling* "second," "third," "fifth," and "eighth."

6. Give the long vowel sounds, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, with the rising wave of the "third;" of the "fifth;" of the "octave;" the falling wave with the same degrees.

IV. THE CIRCUMFLEX INFLECTION.

The circumflex, or wave, is a combination of the rising and falling inflections on the same word or sound.

The *rising* circumflex ends with the rising inflection, and is denoted thus (˘); the *falling* circumflex ends with the downward slide, and is marked thus (˙).

The circumflex is more emphatic than the direct rising and falling inflections. The circumflex may be divided into the *distinctive* and the *emotional*.

I. THE DISTINCTIVE CIRCUMFLEX OF THE THIRD.

The *distinctive*, or unimpassioned, circumflex occurs when the voice rises or falls through the interval of the third. It is the characteristic inflection of good-natured raillery, of humor, and of wit. It is used in expressing a pun, or a play upon words. It expresses a double meaning, or a double relation. It carries the mind back to something that *has been* said, or forward to something *to be* said. This form of circumflex is a delicate wave of the voice, and is very expressive; but great care should be taken not to overdo it. Carried to excess, it becomes ridiculous.

II. INFLECTION DRILL.

1. Sound the long vocals, *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū*, with the slight rising circumflex of the third; with the slight falling circumflex.

2. Count from one to twenty, with the slight rising circumflex; with the falling wave of the third.

3. It isn't the *sēcret* I care about, Mr. Caudle. It's the *slīght*.

4. Do you hear the *rāin*, Mr. Caudle?

5. When lawyers *tāke* what they would *gīve*,
And doctors *gīve* what they would *tāke*.

6. I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are *hōnorable mēn*.

7. Men, *indēed!* call themselves *lōrds* of *creātion!*
Prētty lōrds, when they can't even take care of an *umbrēlla!*

8. Let any man resolve to do right *nōw*, leaving *thēn* to do as it can; and if he were to live to the age of *Methūselah*, he would never do wrong. But the common error is to resolve to act right *āfter bréakfast*, or *āfter dīnner*, or *to-mōrrow mōrning*, or *nēxt tīme*. But *nōw*, just *nōw*, this *ōnce*, we must go on the *sāme* as *ēver*.

III. EMOTIONAL CIRCUMFLEX.

The *emotional* circumflex occurs when the voice rises or falls through an interval of the fifth or the eighth.

It is the wave of irony, sarcasm, scorn, contempt, hatred, revenge, astonishment, or amazement. It is the inflection of very strong emphasis.

The rising circumflex occurs where, otherwise, the direct rising inflection would be used; and the falling wave where, otherwise, the falling slide would be applied.

IV. INFLECTION DRILL.

1. Sound the long vocals, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, with the rising circumflex of the fifth; with the falling circumflex.

2. Repeat, five times, with surprise, the words, “*āh! indēd!*” with the rising circumflex of the fifth.

3. Gone to be *mārried!* gone to swear a *pěace!*

4. Hath not a Jew *hānds, ōrgans, dimēnsions, sēnses, affēctions, pāssions?*

5. Repeat, with irony and the falling wave of the fifth, the expression, “*I tōld you sō.*”

6. Sound the long vocals, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, with the rising wave of the eighth; the falling wave of the eighth.

7. Repeat, five times, with the greatest possible astonishment, the following: *āh! indēd! is it trūe!*

8. O *nōble* judge! O *ēxcellent* young man!

9. *Nō!* by St. Bride of Bothwell, *nō!*

10. Soars thy presumption then so *hīgh*,
Because a wretched *kěrn* ye slew,
Homage to name to *Roderick Dhū?*

V. EXAMPLES OF THE DISTINCTIVE CIRCUMFLEX.

The distinctive circumflex is the delicate wave of the voice, generally of the rising or falling *third*, indieative of mirth, fun, wit, humor, and good-natured raillery. In the following examples, be careful not to overdo the inflection or the emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

1. THE DEBTOR.

A *dēbtor* is a man of *mārck*. Many *ēyes* are fixed upon him; many have *intērest* in his well-being; his *mōve-ments* are of *concērn*; he can not disappear *unhēeded*;

his name is in many *môuths*; his name is upon many *bóoks*; he is a man of *nôte*—of *prómissory* note; he fills the *speculâtion* of many minds; men *conjecture* about him, *wónder* about him—*wónder* and *conjecture* whether he will *páy*. He is a man of *cónsequence*, for many are *rúnning* after him. His door is thronged with *dúns*. He is *inquired* after every hour of the day. *Júdgés* hear of him and knòw him. Every *méal* he *swállows*, every *cóat* he puts upon his *báck*, every *dóllar* he *bórròws*, appears before the country in some *formal dócument*. Compare *hís* notoriety with the obscure lot of the *créditor*—of the man who has nothing but *cláims* on the world; a *lándlòrd*, or *fúnd*-holder, or some *súch* disagreeable, hard *chàracter*.

2. FALSTAFF'S INSTINCT.

Why, I *knéw* ye as well as he that *mádc* ye. Why, hear me, my masters: was it for *mě* to kill the *hěir-appărent*? Should *I* turn upon the *trúe prínce*? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hércules*; but beware *ínstínt*; the lion will not touch the true prince; *ínstínt* is a great matter; I was a *cóward* on *ínstínt*. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; *I* for a valiant *líon*, and thou for a *trúe prínce*.

3. FALSTAFF'S HONOR.

How *thén*? Can *hóñor* set a *lěg*? *Nô*. Or au *árm*? *Nô*. Or take away the *gríef* of a wóund? *Nô*. Honor hath no skill in *súrgery*, *thén*? *Nô*. What *is* honor? A wórd. What is that word? *Air*. A trim reckoning! Who *háth* it? He that *díed* o' Wednesday. Doth he *fěel* it? *Nô*. Doth he *hěar* it? *Nô*. Is it *ínsensíble*, then? Yea, to the *deáđ*. But will it not live with the *líving*? *Nô*. Why? *Detrăction* will not suffer it; therefore I'll *nónc* of it.—Hóñor is a mere '*scútchcon*—and so ends my catechism.

4. PORTIA, IN THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

If to *dō* were as easy as to know what were *gōod* to do, *chāpels* had been *chūrches*, and poor men's *cōttages* princes' *pālaces*. It is a good divine that follows his own *instrūctions*. I can easier teach *twēnty* what were *gōod* to be done than be *ōne* of the twenty to follow mine own *teāching*. The brain may devise laws for the blōod; but a hot temper leaps over a cold *decrée*; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a *hūsband*. O me! the word *chōose*! I may neither choose whom I *wōūld*, nor refuse whom I *dislīke*; so is the will of a *living dāughter* curbed by the will of a *dead fāther*. Is it not *hārd*, Nerissa, that I can not choose *ōne*, nor refuse *nōne*?

5. ROMEO AND JULIET.

Jul. Oh! swear not by the *mōon*, the inconstant *mōon* That monthly changes in her circled *ōrb*;
Lest that thy love prove *līkewise* variable.

Rom. What *shāll* I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear *at āll*;
Or, if thou *wīlt*, swear by thy gracious *sēlf*,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

6. NELLY GRAY.

O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!

Is *this* your love so wārm?

The love that loves a *scārlet coat*

Should be more *ūniform*!

HOOD.

7. THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

Her *mōther* only killed a *cōw*,

Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;

But *shē*, forsooth, must charm a *mān*. WHITTIER.

8. CONTENTMENT.

Little I ask; my wants are few:
 I only wish a hut of *stone*
 (A *very plain brown* stone will *do*),
 That I may call my *own*;
 And close at hand is such a one,
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.
 I always thought *cold* victual *nice*.
 My *choice* would be *vanilla-ice*.
 I only ask that fortune send
 A *little* more than I can *spend*.

HOLMES.

9. AUNT TABITHA.

Whatever I do, and whatever I say,
 Aunt Tabitha tells me *that* is n't the *way*.
 When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago),
 Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did *so*.

HOLMES.

VI. EXAMPLES OF EMOTIONAL CIRCUMFLEX.

The emotional circumflex runs into the fifth and eighth, and requires strong emphasis. This form of the circumflex is expressive of sarcasm, irony, astonishment, revenge, and hatred.

EXAMPLES.

1. FROM DICKENS'S "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep *your* Christmas by losing your situation. You're quite a powerful *speaker*, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into *Parliament*."

2. KING JOHN.

Thou wear a *lion's* hide? Doff it for *shame*,
 And hang a *calf*-skin on those recreant limbs.

3. CORIOLANUS.

Measureless liar! thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what contains it.
Boy! Cut me to *pieces*, *Volscians*; men and *lads*,
 Stain *all* your edges on me. *Boy!*—
 If you have writ your annals true, 't is *there*
 That, like an eagle in a dovecot, *I*
 Fluttered your *Volscians* in *Corioli*:
Alone I did it. *Boy!*

4. SHYLOCK.

If it will feed nothing *else*, it will feed my *revēge*.
 He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of *half a mīll-*
ion; *lāughed* at my *lōsses*, *mōcked* at my *gāins*, *scōrned*
 my *nātion*, *thwārted* my *bārgains*, *cōoled* my *friēds*,
 heated my *ēnemies*. And what's his *rēason*? *I* am a
Jēw! Hath not a *Jew* *eyes*? Hath not a *Jew* *hānds*,
ōrgans, *dimēnsions*, *sēnses*, *affēctions*, *pāssions*? Is he not
 fed with the same *fōod*, hurt with the same *weāpons*,
 subject to the same *dīsēases*, healed by the same *mēans*,
 warmed and cooled by the same *sūmmer* and *wīnter*, as
 a *Chrīstian* is? If you *stāb* us, do we not *blēed*? If
 you *tickle* us, do we not *lāugh*? If you *pōison* us, do
 we not *dīe*? And if you *wrōng* us, shall we not *revēge*?

5. SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter. Very *wēll*, ma'am, very *wēll*; so a husband
 is to have no *īnfluence*, no *āuthority*?

Lady Teazle. Authōrity! *Nō*, to be *sūre*; if you
 wanted *authōrity* over me, you should have *adōpted* me,
 and not *mārried* me; I'm sure you were *ōld* enough.

Sir Peter. *Old* enough! ay, there it *is*. *Wēll*, *wēll*,
Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by
 your *tēmper*, I'll not be ruined by your *extrāvagance*.

Lady Teazle. *Mỹ* extravagance! *Sir Peter*, am *I* to
 blame because flowers are *dēar* in cold *wēather*? You

should find fault with the *clîmate*, and not with *mě*. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was *sprîng* all the year round, and that rôses grew under our *fêet*.

Sir Peter. Zounds! Madam, you had no *tăste* when you married *mě*.

Lady Teazle. That 's very *trûe*, indeed, Sir Péter; and after having married *yõu*, I should *never pretend* to taste *agăin*, I allôw.

6. OTHELLO.

Iago. My noble lord——

Othello. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady, *knõw* of your love?

Othello. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou *ăsk*?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No *fŭrther* *hărm*.

Othello. Why of thy *thõught*, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

Othello. O yés; and went between us very oft.

Iago. *Inděed*?

Othello. *Inděed*! ày, *inděed*:—Discern'st thou aught in *thăt*? Is he not *hõnest*?

Iago. *Hõnest*, my lórd?

Othello. Ay, *hõnest*.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Othello. What dost thou *thînk*?

Iago. *Thînk*, my lórd?

Othello. *Thînk*, my lórd? By heavens! he echoes me, As if there were some monster in his thought Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost *méan* something.

7. FROM THE "HONEYMOON."

Julia. I will go *hóme*!

Duke. You *ăre* at home *alréady*.

Julia. I'll not *endure* it!—But remember this—
Duke or *nó* duke, I'll be a *dúchess*, sir!

Duke. A *dúchess*! You shall be a *quéen*—to all
Who, by the courtesy, will *cáll* you so.

Julia. And I will have *atténdance*!

Duke. So you *sháll*,
When you have learned to wait upon *yoursélf*.

Julia. To wait upon *mysélf*! Must I bear *this*?

Duke. *Éxcéllent*!

How *wéll* you sum the duties of a *wífe*!
Why, what a *bléssing* I shall *háve* in you!

Julia. A *bléssing*?

Duke. When they talk of *yóu* and *mě*,
Darby and Joan shall no more be remembered:—
We shall be *háppy*!

Julia. *Sháll* we?

Duke. *Wóndrous* happy!
Oh, you will make an *ádmirable* wife!

Julia. I will make a *víxen*.

Duke. *Whát*?

Julia. A *věry víxen*.

Duke. Oh, *nó*! We'll have *nó víxens*.

Julia. I'll not *béar* it!

I'll to my *fáther's*!—

TOBIN.

V. THE MONOTONE.

The *monotone* is one uniform tone, which neither rises nor falls in pitch above or below the general level of the sentence. It is a continuous flow of sound, corresponding, in some degree, to the chanting tone in vocal music. It is generally associated with *low* pitch and slow movement. When the voice is under the influence of awe or horror, the monotone strikes upon the ear like the recurring pulsations of a deep-toned bell.

The monotone is the natural expression of voice when the feelings are under the influence of awe, adoration, reverence, sublimity, grandeur, or horror.

"Grandeur of thought and sublimity of feeling," says Tower, "are always expressed by this movement. The effect produced by it is deep and impressive. When its use is known, and the rule for its application is clearly understood, the reading will be characterized by a solemnity of manner, a grandeur of refinement, and a beauty of execution, which all will acknowledge to be in exact accordance with the dictates of Nature, and strictly within the pale of her laws."

The monotone, one of the most effective tones in elocution, must not be confounded with *monotony*, one of the worst faults in school reading.

There is one form of monotone, prevailing in the poetry of sentiment, that is not combined with low pitch. This may be called *poetic* monotone, as contrasted with the monotone on a low pitch, which may be termed *grave* monotone.

In poetic monotone, the key is not necessarily lower than the middle pitch, though there is always something of the suppressed force of pathos and sentiment. In examples of the poetic monotone, the slight or suspensive rising inflection takes the place of monotone.

I. INFLECTION DRILL ON THE MONOTONE.

1. Repeat, five times, the long vowel sounds, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū.
2. Count, in low pitch combined with monotone, from one to twenty, thus: ōne, twō, thrēe, etc.
3. Rōll ōn, thōu dēep and dārک blūe ōcean, rōll!
Ten thōusand flēets swēep ōver thēe in vāin.
4. An ancient time-piece says to all—
Fōrēvēr—nēvēr!
Nēvēr—fōrēvēr!

II. EXAMPLES OF POETIC MONOTONE.

1. FROM POE'S "RAVEN."

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the
tufted floor.

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light
gloating o'er

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

2. FROM "THE CLOSING SCENE."

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,

Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;

Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone

Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped: her head was bowed;

Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene,—

And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,

While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

READ.

3. PASSING AWAY.

While yet I looked, what a change there came!

Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;

Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,

Yet just as busily swung she on.

The garland beneath her had fallen to dust:

The wheels above her were eaten with rust.

The hands, that over the dial swept,
 Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept;
 And still there came that silver tone
 From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone—

Let me never forget, to my dying day,
 The tone or the burden of that lay—

“Passing away! Passing away!”

PIERPONT.

III. LOW, OR GRAVE, MONOTONE.

The low, or grave, monotone is pitched on the lower notes of the voice. It is indicated by the macrons placed over the vowels:

1. ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

He chose a mōurnful mūse,
 Soft pity to infūse:
 He sung Darius grēat and gōōd,
 By tōō sēvēre a fāte,
 Fāllen, fāllen, fāllen, fāllen,
 Fāllen from his hīgh estāte,
 And wēltering in hīs blood.

DRYDEN.

2. THE SEA.

Breāk, breāk, breāk,
 On thy cōld grāy stōnes, O Sēa!
 And I wōuld that my tōngue cōuld ūtter
 The thōughts thāt arīse in mē.

O wēll for the fishērman's bōy,
 That he shōuts with his sīster at plāy!
 O wēll for the sāīlor lād,
 That he sīngs in his bōat on the bāy!

And the stātely shīps gō ōn
 To their hāven ūnder the hīll;

But O fōr the tōuch of a vānished hānd,
And the sōund of a vōice that is still!

Breāk, breāk, breāk,
At the fōōt of thȳ crāgs, O Sēa!
But the tēnder grāce of a dāy that is dēad
Will nēver cōme bāck to mē. TENNYSON.

3. DEATH.

Lēaves hāve thēir tīme to fāll,
And flōwers to wīther at the nōrth-wind's brēath,
And stārs to sēt—būt āll,
Thōu hāst āll sēasons fōr thīne ōwn, O Déath!
HEMANS.

4. DRIFTING.

Frōm the strōng Will, and the Endeāvor
Thāt fōrever
Wrēstles with the tīdes of Fāte;
Frōm the wrēck of Hōpes fār scāttered,
Tēmpet-shāttered,
Floāting wāste and dēsolate;—

Evēr drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shīfting
Currents of the rēstless hēart;
Till at lēngth in bōōks recōrded,
Thēy, like hoārded
Hōusehold wōrds, nō mōre depārt. LONGFELLOW.

5. THE BATTLE.

Heāvy and sōlemn,
A clōudy colūmn,
Thrōugh the grēen plāin thēy mārching cāme—
Mēasureless sprēad, like a tāble drēad,
For the wīld, grīm dīce of the īron game.

Lōōks are bēnt on the shāking grōund,
 Hēarts bēat lōw with a knēlling sōund;
 Swift by the brēast thāt mūst bēar thē brūnt,
 Gāllops the mājor alōng the frōnt.

“*Hàlt!*”

And fēttered thēy stānd at the stārk cominānd,
 And the wārrriors, sīlent, halt.

SCHILLER.

6. THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

For all was blānk, and blēak, and grāy;
 It was not nīght—it was not dāy;
 It was not even the dūngeoṇ līght,
 So hāteful to my heavy sīght—
 But vācancy absorbing spāce,
 And fixedness—without a plāce;
 There wēre nō stārs—nō ēarth—nō tīme—
 Nō chēck—no chānge—no gōōd—no crīme—
 But sīlence, and a stīrless brēath
 Which neither was of līfe nor dèath:
 A sēa of stāgnant īdleness—
 Blīnd, bōundless, mūte, and mōtionless.

BYRON.

7. What thīs grīm, ungāinly, glhāstly,
 Gāunt, and ōminous bīrd of yōre
 Meant in croaking “Nēvermōre.”

8. To-mōrrōw, and to-mōrrōw, and to-mōrrōw,
 Crēeps in this petty pāce from dāy to dāy,
 To the lāst sýllable of recōrded tīme;
 And āll ōur yēsterdays have līghted fōōls
 The wāy to dūsty dèath. Oūt, oūt, brīēf cāndle!
 Līfe’s but a wālking shādow; a pōōr plāyer,
 That strūts and frēts his hōur upon the stāge,
 And thēn is hēard nō mōre: it is a tāle
 Tōld by an idiot, fūll of sōund and fūry,
 Signīfying nōthing.

9. THE OCEAN.

Thōu glōrious mīrror, whēre the Almīghty's fōrm
 Glāsses itself in tēmpēsts; in āll tīme,
 Cālm or convūlsēd, in brēeze, or gāle, or stōrm,
 Icing the pōle, or in the tōrrid clīme
 Dārk-hēaving—bōundless, ēndless, and sublīme;
 The image of Etèrny—the thrōne
 Of the Invīsible; ēven frōm out thȳ slīme
 The mōnsters of the dēep āre mādē; eāch zōne
 Obèys thee; thōn gōest fōrth, drēad, fāthomless alōne.

BYRON.

10. SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Wōrk—wōrk—wōrk!
 Till the brāin begīns to swīm;
 Wōrk—wōrk—wōrk!
 Till the ēyes āre hēavy and dīm!
 Sēam, and gūsset, and bānd,
 Bānd, and gūsset, and sēam,
 Till over the bŭttōns I fall aslēep,
 And sēw thēm ōn in a dream!

HOOD.

11. THE GHOST IN HAMLET.

Ghost. I am thy fāther's spīrit;
 Dōomed for a cērtain tērm to wālk the nīght;
 And, for the dāy, confīned to fāst in fīres,
 Till the fōul crīmes, dōne in my dāys of nāture,
 Are bŭrnt and pŭrged awāy. Bŭt that I am forbīd
 To tēll the sēcrets of my prīson-hōuse,
 I cōuld a tāle unfōld, whose līghtest wōrd
 Wōuld hārrōw up thy sōul; frēeze thy yōung blōod;
 Māke thy twō ēyes, like stārs, stārt from their sphēres;
 Thy knōtted and combinēd lōcks to pārt,
 And eāch partīcular hāir to stānd on ēnd,
 Like quills upon the frētful pōrcupine.

SHAKESPEARE.

RECAPITULATION OF INFLECTIONS.

1. *The rising inflection is the slide of appeal, of inquiry, of incompleteness, and of negation contrasted with affirmation.*

2. *The falling inflection is the slide of assertion, of command, and of complete statement.*

3. *The circumflex is the wave of wit, humor, raillery, irony, sarcasm, satire, and revenge.*

4. *The monotone is the tone expressive of grandeur, sublimity, reverence, awe, amazement, and horror.*

INFLECTION DRILL REVIEW.

1. Repeat, three times, the long vowel sounds, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū. (1) With the rising second. (2) With the rising third. (3) With the rising fifth. (4) With the rising octave.

2. Repeat, three times, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū. (1) With the falling second. (2) With the falling third. (3) With the falling fifth. (4) With the falling eighth.

3. Repeat, three times, with the same degrees of inflection as above, ē, ā, ä, ō, ȳ.

4. Repeat, three times, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū. (1) With the rising circumflex of the third. (2) Fifth. (3) Octave. (4) Falling circumflex of the third. (5) Falling fifth. (6) Falling octave.

5. The same degrees of the circumflex as above, on ē, ā, ä, ō, ȳ.

6. Repeat, three times, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, with the low monotone.

7. Repeat, three times, ē, ā, ä, ȳ, ō, ȳ, with the low monotone.

INFLECTION DRILL ON VOCALS.

Read, in concert, the words of the following Table :

1. *With the rising inflection.*
2. *With the falling inflection.*
3. *With the rising circumflex.*
4. *With the falling circumflex.*

ā, ē.—āle, māde, brāid, gāuge, veil, plāy, weīght.
 ä.—älms, chārt, heārt, läugh, häunt, äunt, päth.
 a, ô.—all, awe, law, fall, haul, bawl, erawl, ought.
 ă.—ădd, thăt, brăt, hănd, lănd, plăid, băde.
 â.—âir, bâre, dâre, prâyer, thêre, hâir, scârçe.
 â.—âsk, eâsk, tâsk, pâss, grâss, dânce, glânce.
 a, ô.—whät, spôt, wad, wand, was, watch, wau.
 ē.—eat, bēat, beet, thēse, sēize, freeze, lēaves.
 ě.—ěnd, lět, thrěat, gět, gēm, brěad, yět, said.
 ē, ī.—ēarth, hēard, lēarn, ēarn, ěrr, thīrd, gīrd.
 e, ā.—they, weigh, nāy, neigh, sleigh, prey, pray.
 ī.—īce, īsle, aīsle, wīne, heīght, whīle, rhīme.
 ĭ.—ĭll, ĭt, wĭn, thĭn, been, ġin, sĭnce, zĭnc.
 ĭ, ě.—mĭrth, gĭrl, dĭrt, vĕrse, tĕrse, worse, world.
 ĭ, ē.—pĭque, elique, ereek, oblique, ravīne.
 ō.—ōld, thōse, grōan, fōrce, pōur, rōar, mōre.
 ô.—ôdd, ôn, blôt, spôt, gôt, gôd, rôd, phlôx.
 o, ō, u.—move, prōof, loſe, loōse, rōof, chōōse.
 ô, a.—ôr, nôr, war, fôr, lôrd, eôrd, fought, eăught.
 ô, ũ.—dône, dôth, dôst, dûst, blôod, flôod, eôme.
 o, ôo, u.—wolf, wôuld, wôod, côuld, shôuld, gôod.
 ū.—ûse, mûte, mûse, feūd, lieū, view, new, tûbe.
 ũ, ô.—ûp, bût, hût, sôn, blôod, gŭn, dûck, sôme.
 û.—ûrge, pûrge, sûrge, cûrd, ûrn, bûrn, chûrn.
 u, ōo, o.—rule, sehōol, brŭte, rōute, wōund, rŭde.
 u, ôo, o.—put, pull, push, bull, wôol, wolf, wôod.
 oi, oy.—oil, toy, boil, eoil, roil, joy, boy, cloy.
 ou, ow.—out, noun, proud, now, how, gout, pout.

EXAMPLES OF EMPHASIS, PAUSES, AND INFLECTION.

1. JOHN BUNYAN.

Bunyan | is almost the only writer | that ever gave to the *abstract* | the interest of the *concrete*. In the works of many celebrated authors | *mén* are mere *personifications*. We have not an *Othello*, but *jèalousy*; not an *Iágo*, but *pèrfidy*; not a *Brútus*, but *pàtriotism*. The mind of *Búnyan*, on the *cóntrary*, was so *imáginative* | that *personifications*, when *hě* dealt with them, became *mèn*. A dialogue between two *quálities*, in *his drěam*, has more dramatic effect | than a dialogue between two *human bèings* | in most *pláys*.

The *stýle* of *Búnyan* | is delightful to every reader, and invaluable | as a *stúdy* | to every *pérson* | who wishes to obtain a wide *commánd* over the *English lànguage*. The *vocábulary* | is the vocabulary of the *cómmón pèople*. There is not an *exprèssion*, if we except a few technical terms of theólogy, which would puzzle the *rúdest pèasant*. We have observed several *páges* | which do not contain a *single wòrd* | of more than *twó syllables*. Yet *nò* writer | has said more *exáctly* | what he *mèant* to say. For maguíficence, for *páthos*, for vehement exhortátion, for subtile disquísition, for every purpose of the *póet*, the *órator*, and the *divíne*, this homely *díallect*, the dialect of plain *wórkingmen*, was *pérfectly suffícient*. There is no book in our *litrature* | on which we would so readily stake the *fáme* | of the old unpolluted *English lànguage*; no *bóok* | which shows so well | how rich that language *is*, in its own proper *wéalth*, and how little it has been *impróved* | by all that it has *bórrowed*.

Cowper *sáid*, fifty or sixty years *agó*, that he dared not name John *Búnyan* in his verse, for fear of moving a *snèer*. *Wě* | live in *bétter tímes*; and we are not *afràid* | to *sáy*, that though there were many clever men in England | during the latter half of the seventeenth *cén-*

tury, there were only *two* | *gréat* | *créative* | *mìnds*. One of these produced the "*Paradise Lóst*," the *óther* | the "*Pilgrim's Prògress*."

MACAULAY.

2. HYDER ALI.

[*This extract must be read with strongly marked rising and falling inflections.*]

Whilst the authors of all these evils | were idly and stupidly gazing on this *menacing méteor*, which blackened all the *horízon*, it suddenly *bùrst*, and poured down the whole of its contents | upon the plains of the Carnàtic. Then ensued a scene of *wóe*; the like of which | *no éye* | had *sèen*, *no héart* | *concèived*, and which *no tóngue* | can adequately *tèll*. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part | were *slàugh-tered*; óthers, without regard to *séx*, to *áge*, to *ránk*, or sacredness of *fúnction*—*fáthers* | torn from *chíldren*, *hús-bands* | from *wívcs*—enveloped in a whirlwind of *cávalry*, and amidst the goading *spcars* of *drívcrs*, and the trampling of pursuing *hórses*, were swept into *cáptivíty*, in an unknown and *hóstile lànd*. Those who were able to *eváde* this tempest, fled to the walled *cítics*. But, escaping from *fíre*, *swórd*, and *éxile*, they fell into the jaws of *fàmine*.

For *cíghteen mònthcs*, without *íntermíssion*, this destruction | raged | from the gates of *Madrás* | to the gates of *Tanjòre*; and so completely did these masters in their árt, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious sòn, absolve themselves | of their *ímpious vów*, that when the *British ármies* | traversed, as they did, the Carnàtic | for hundreds of miles in all *diréctions*, *through the whòle líne of their màrch* they did not see *óne* | *màn*, not *óne* | *wòman*, not *óne* | *chíld*, not *òne* | *four-fóoted bèast* | of *ány descríp-tion* | *whátèver*. One *déad* | *ùniform* | *sílence* | *rèigned* | *òver the whòle rēgion*.

BURKE.

3. CONTRAST OF TACT AND TALENT.

[*This extract affords a good illustration of distinctive or unimpassioned circumflex.*]

Tálent | is *sõmething*, but *táct* | is *évery* thing. Talent | is sèrious, sòber, gráve, and respectáble: tact | is all *thát*, and *more tðo*. It is not a *sixth sènsè*, but it is the *lífe* of all the *fíve*. It is the open *cýe*, the quick *èar*, the judgíng *tàste*, the keen *sméll*, and the lively *tòuch*; it is the *intèrpreter* of all *ríddles*, the *surmóunter* of all *diffículties*, the *remóver* of all *òbstacles*. It is useful in all *pláces*, and at all *tímes*; it is useful in *sòlitude*, for it shows a man *ínto* the wòrld; it is useful in *sòciety*, for it shows him his way | *thróugh* the wòrld.

Tálent | is *põwer*, *táct* | is *skíll*; *tálent* | is *wéíght*, *táct* | is *moméntum*; *tálent* | knows *what to dõ*, *táct* | knows *how to dõ it*; *tálent* | makes a man *respèctable*, *táct* | will make him *respècted*; *tálent* is *wéalth*, *táct* | is *ready mõney*. For all the *práctical* purposes, *táct* | carries it against *tálent* | *tén to òne*.

Take them to the *thèater*, and put them against each other on the *stáge*, and *tálent* | shall produce you a *trágedy* that shall scarcely live long enough to be *condèmned*, while *táct* | keeps the house in a *ròar*, night after night, with its successful *fàrces*. There is no want of dramatic *tálent*, there is no want of dramatic *táct*; but they are seldom *together*: so we have successful *pièces* | which are not *respèctable*, and *respèctable* *pièces* | which are not *succéssful*.

Take them to the *bàr*, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in *lègal* rivalry; *tálent* | sees its way *clèarly*, but *táct* | is first at its *jóurney's ènd*. *Tálent* | has many a *cõmpliment* from the *bénch*, but *táct* | touches *fées*. *Tálent* makes the world wonder that it gets on no *fàster*, *táct* | arouses astóishment | that it gets on so *fást*. And the *sécret* is, that it has no *wéíght* to carry; it makes no *fàlse stèps*; it hits the right *nàil* on the

head; it loses no *time*; it takes all *hints*; and by keeping its eye on the *weather-cock*, is ready to take advantage of every wind that *blows*.

Take them into the church: *tálent* | has always something worth *hëaring*, *táct* | is sure of abundance of *hëar-crs*; *tálent* | may *obtain* a living, *táct* will *máke* one; *tálent* | gets a *góod* name, *táct* | a *gréat* one; *tálent* | *con-vinces*, *táct* | *convérts*; *tálent* | is an honor to the *pro-fession*, *táct* | gains honor | *fróm* the profession.

Take them to court: *tálent* | feels its *wëight*, *táct* | finds its *wáy*; *tálent* | *commānds*, *táct* | is *obéyed*; *tá-lent* | is honored with *approbātion*, and *táct* | is blessed by *preférment*. Place them in the *sënate*: *tálent* | has the *ëar* of the house, but *táct* | wins its *hëart*, and has its *vótes*; *tálent* | is *fít* for employment, but *táct* | is *fítted* for it. It has a *knack* | of slipping into place with a *swéet sílence* and *glibness* of *móvement*, as a *billiard-ball* *insinuates* itself into the *pòcket*.

It seems to know *ëvery* thing, without learning *ány* thing. It has served an extemporary *apprenticeship*; it wants no *drílling*; it never ranks in the *awkward* squad; it has no *lëft hánd*, no *dëaf éar*, no *blínd síde*. It puts on no look of *wóndrous wísdóm*, it has no air of *profūn-dity*, but plays with the details of place | as dexterously as a well-taught *hánd* | flourishes over the keys of the *piāno-forte*. It has all the air of *cómmónplace*, and all the force and power of *géníus*.

London Atlas.

4. THE PURITANS.

[Marked for emphasis, inflection, and rhetorical pauses. Require the class to give the reasons for the marking. To be read with strongly marked emphasis and inflections.]

We would speak first of the *Pùritans*, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The *ódious* and *ridículous* parts of their character | lie on the *sùrface*. He that *rùns* | may *rèad*

them; nor have there been wanting | attentive and malicious *observers* | to point them out. For many years after the Restorátion, they were the theme | of unmeasured *invective* and *derision*. They were exposed | to the utmost licentiousness of the *préss* | and of the *stáge*, at the time when the press and the *stáge* | were *móst licentious*. They were *nó* *men of létters*; they *wére* | as a body | *unpópular*; they could not *defénd* themselves; and the *públic* | would not take them | under its *protéction*. They were therefore abandoned | without *resèrve* | to the tender *mércies* | of the *sátirists* and *dràmatists*. The ostentatious simplicity of their *dréss*, their *sour aspect*, their *nasal twáng*, their *stiff pósture*, their *long gráces*, their *Hebrew námes*, the scriptural *phráses* which they introduced on *every occásion*, their contempt of *human léarning*, their detestation of *polite amúsements*, were indeed fair *gámé* for the *làughers*. But it is not from the *làughers* alóne | that the *philósophy of hístory* | is to be learned. And he who approaches this súbject | should carefully guard against the influence | of that *potent rídícule* | which has already misled so many excellent writers.

Those who roused the people to *résistance*, who directed their measures through a long series of *eventful yéars*, who fórmed, out of the most unpromising *matérials*, the finest *ármý* | that Europe had ever *sécn*, who trampled down *kíng*, *Chúrch*, and *aristócracy*, who, in the short intervals of domestic *sedition* and *rebéllion*, made the name of England | terrible to every nation on the face of the *éarth*, were no *vúlgar fanátics*. Most of their absurdities | were mere *èxternal bádges*, like the signs of *freemásonry*, or the dresses of friars. We *regrèt* | that these badges | were not more attractive. We *regrèt* | that a bódý | to whose courage and talents | mankind has owed *inestimable obligátions* | had not the *lofty élegance* | which distinguished some of the adherents of

Charles I., or the easy good breeding | for which the court of Charles II. was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets, which contain only the death's head and the fool's head, and fix our choice | on the plain leaden chest | which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans | were men | whose minds | had derived a peculiar character | from the daily contemplation | of superior beings | and eternal interests. Not content | with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event | to the will of the Great Being, for whose power | nothing was too vast, for whose inspection | nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them | the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt | the ceremonious homage | which other sects | substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity | through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full | on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him | face to face. Hence originated | their contempt | for terrestrial distinctions.

The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind | seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval | which separated the whole race | from him | on whom their own eyes | were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority | but his favor ; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments | and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read | in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels | had charge over them. Their palaces | were houses |

not made with *hands*, their *diadems* | crowns of *glóry* | which should *never fáde away*.

On the *rich* and the *éloquent*, on *nóbles* and *prísts*, they looked down with *contèpt* ; for they esteemed themselves | *rich* in a *more précious* treasure, and *éloquent* in a *more sublíme language*, *nóbles* | by the right of an *éarlier création*, and priests | by the imposition | of a *míghtier hánd*. The very *mèanest* of them | was a *béing* | to whose fate | a *mystérious* and *terrible impòrtance* | belònged—on whose *slíghtest àctions* | the spirits of *líght* and *dàrkness* | looked with *ánxious ínterest*—who had been *déstined*, before heaven and earth were *créated*, to enjoy a *fèlícítý* | which should continue | when heaven and éarth | should have passed away. *Evénts* | which short-sighted politicians | ascribed to *càrthly* causes | had been ordained on *hís* account. For *hís* sake | empires had *rísen*, and *flóurished*, and *decáyed*. For *hís* sake | the *Almíghty* | had proclaimed his will | by the pen of the *evángelist* | and the *hárp* of the *pròphet*. He had been rescued by no *cómmon* *delíverer* | from the grasp | of no *cómmon fòe*. He had been ransomed | by the sweat of no *vũlgar* *ágoný*, by the blood of no *éarthy sàcrífice*. It was for *hím* | that the *sùn* | had been darkened, that the *ròcks* | had been rent, and the *dèad* had arisen, that *áll* *nàture* | had shuddered at the sufferings | of her expiring *Gód* !

Thus the *Púrítan* | was made up | of *twò dífferent mèn*, the *óne* | all self-*abáscent*, *pénítence*, *grátítude*, *pássion* ; the *óther* | *pròud*, *càlm*, *ínfèxible*, *sagácíous*. He prostrated himself in the *dúst* before his *Máker* ; but he set his *fòot* | on the neck of his *kíng*. In his *devòtíonal* *retírement*, he prayed with *convùlsions*, and *gróans*, and *tèars*. He was *half-màddened* by *glóríous* | or *tèrrible illùsions*. He heard the lyres of *ángels* | or the tempting whispers of *fiènds*. He caught a gleam of the *Beatífic Víson*, or woke *scréaming* | from dreams of

everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the scepter | of the *millennial year*. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul | that *God* | had hid his *face* from him. But when he took his seat in the *council*, or girt on his sword for *war*, these tempestuous workings of the soul | had left *no perceptible trace* behind them. People who saw nothing of the *godly* | but their uncouth *visages*, and *heard* nothing from them | but their groans | and their *whining hymns*, might *laugh* at them. But those had little *reason* to laugh | who encountered them | in the hall of debate | or in the field of battle.

These *fanatics* | brought to civil and military affairs | a coolness of *judgment* | and an immutability of *purpose* | which some writers have thought | *inconsistent* with their *religious zeal*, but which were, in fact, the necessary *effects* of it. The intensity of their feelings on *one* subject | made them *tranquil* | on every *other*. One *overpowering sentiment* | had subjected to itself | *pity* and *hatred*, *ambition* and *fear*. *Death* | had lost its *terrors*, and *pleasure* | its *charms*.

They had their *smiles* | and their *tears*, their *raptures* | and their *sorrows*, but *not* | for the things of *this* world. Enthusiasm | had made them *stodics*, had cleared their minds from every *vulgar* passion and *prejudice*, and raised them above the influence of *danger* and of *corruption*. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise *ends*, but never to choose unwise *means*.

They went through the world | like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither *part* nor *lot* | in *human infirmities*; insensible to *fatigue*, to *pleasure*, and to *pain*; not to be pierced by any *weapon*, not to be withstood by any *barrier*.

MACAULAY.

5. THE RIGHT TO TAX AMÉRICA.

"But, Mr. Speaker, we have a *right* to tax América." Oh, *inestimable* right! Oh, *wonderful, transcendént* right! the assertion of which has cost this country *thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of mðncy!* Oh, *invaluable* right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among *nations*, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home.

Oh, *right*, more dear to us than our *existence*, which has already cost us so *múch*, and which seems likely to cost us our *áll!* Infatuated *màn!* miserable and undone *còuntry!* not to know that the *cláim* of right, without the power of *enfórcing* it, is *núgatory* and *idle*. We have a *right* to tax America, the noble lord télls us, therefore we *ought* to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole *chàin* of his *rèasoning*.

Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the *wólf*. *Whát—shéar a wólf!* Have you considered the *resístance*, the *dífficulty*, the *dǎnger*, of the attépt?

Nó, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the *right*. Man has a *right of domínion* over the beasts of the fórest; and, therefore, I will shear the *wólf*. How *wónderful* that a nation could be thus *delúded!* But the noble lord *déals* in cheats and *delúsiòns*. They are the daily *trǎffíc* of his *invèntion*; and he will *continue* to play off his cheats on this hóuse, so long as he thinks them necessary to his púrpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they *belièvc* him.

But a black and bitter day of *rèckoning* will surely *còmè*; and *whenéver* that day *cómes*, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary *impéachment*, to bring upon the heads of the *authors* of our *calámities* the punishment they *desèrvc*.

BURKE.

6. FLOWERS.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled *Rhine*,
 When he called the *flowers*, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's *fìrmament* do shine.

Stars they *àre*, wherein we read our history,
 As astrologers and seers of èld;
 Yet not so wrapped about with awful mystery,
 Like the burning stars which *théy* beheld.

Wondrous *trùths*, and *mánifold* as wondrous,
 God hath written in those stars *abòve*;
 But not less | in the bright flowerets *únder* us |
 Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious | is that revelation
 Writ all over this great *wòrld* of ours;
 Making evident our own creation |
 In these *stars* of *éarth*—these *golden flowers*.

And the Póet, faithful and far-séeing,
 Sees, alike in *stàrs* and *flòwers*, a part |
 Of the self-same, universal being,
 Which is throbbing | in his *bráin* and *hèart*.

Gorgeous *flowerets* in the *sùnlight* shining;
Blòssoms | flaunting in the eye of *dày*;
 Tremulous *lèaves*, with soft and silver lining;
Bùds | that ópen | only to *decày*!

Brilliant *hòpes*, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
 Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
 Large *desìres*, with most uncertain issues;
 Tender *wìshes* | blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men | are *mòre* than séeing;
Wòrkings | are they | of the self-same pòwers,

Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in *himself*, and in the *flowers*.

Everywhere about us | are they glòwing—
Some like *stars*, to tell us *Spring* is born;
Others, their blue eyes | with *tèars* o'erflòwing,
Stand like *Rùth* | amid the golden còrn;

Not *alóne* | in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's | green emblazoned *fièld*,
But in arms | of brave old *Autumn's* wearing,
In the center | of his brazen shièld;

Not *alóne* in meadows | and green álleys,
On the moun'tain-top, and by the brink |
Of sequestered pools | in woodland vâlleys,
Where the slaves of nature | stoop to drínk;

Not *alóne* in her vast dome of glóry,
Not on graves of bird and *béast* alone,
But on old *cathèdrams* | high and hòary,
On the tomb of *hèroes*, carved in *stòne*;

In the cottage of the rudest *pèasant*,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling tówers,
Speaking of the *Past* | unto the *Présent*,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flòwers;

In all *plàces*, then, and in all *sèasons*,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive réasons,
How akin they are | to *hùman* things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own *great resurréction*,
Emblems | of the bright | and *better lánd*.

7. THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

All the *wórl'd's* a *stàge*,
 And all the *mén* and *wómen* merely *plàyers*:
 They have their *éxits* and their *èntrances*;
 And *one mán* in his time plays *many pàrts*,
 His *ácts* being *séven àges*. At first, the *Ínfant*,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's *àrms*.
 And then, the whining *Schòol-boy*, with his *sàtchel*,
 And shining morning *fáce*, creeping like *snàil*
 Unwillingly to *schòol*. And then, the *Lòver*,
 Sighing like *fùrnace*, with a woful *bállad*
 Made to his mistress' *èyebrow*. Then a *Sòldier*,
 Full of strange *ðaths*, and bearded like the *pàrd*,
 Jealous in *hònor*, sudden and quick in *quàrrel*,
 Seeking the bubble *reputàtion*
 Even in the *cànnon's* mouth. And then, the *Jùstice*,
 With eyes *severe*, and beard of formal *cùt*,
 Full of wise *sàws* and modern *ìstances*;
 And so he plays *hìs* part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered *Pantalòn*,
 With spectacles on *nóse*, and pouch on *side*;
 His youthful *hóse*, well *sáved*, a world too wide
 For his *shrúnk shànk*; and his big manly *vóice*,
 Turning again toward childish *tréble*, *pípes*
 And *whístles* in his *sòund*. Last scene of *áll*.
 That ends this *strange eventful hístory*,
 Is second *chíldishness* and mere *oblívion*,
 Sans *téeth*, sans *éyes*, sans *táste*, sans *èverything*.

SHAKESPEARE.

8. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a *drùm* | was heard, not a funeral *nòte*,
 As his corse | to the *ràmpart* | we hurried;
 Not a *sòldier* | discharged his farewell *shòt*
 O'er the grave | where our hero | we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of *nìght*,
The sods with our *bàyonets* turning;
By the struggling *mòndbeam's* misty light,
And the *làntern* | dimly burning.

No useless *cóffin* | inclosed his breast,
Not in *shéet* | nor in *shroud* | we wóund him;
But he lay | like a warrior taking his *rèst* |
With his martial *elðak* | around him.

Féw and shòrt | were the *pràyers* we sáid,
And we spoke not a word of sórrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we *bíttérly* thought of the *mòrròw*.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow béd,
And smoothed down his lonely píllow,
That the foe and the stranger | would *tread* o'er his héd,
And *wé* | far *awáy* on the billow!

Líghtly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes | *upbráid* him,—
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on |
In the grave | where a *Brítón* | has laid him.

But *hàlf* | of our heavy task | was done |
When the clock | struck the hour for retíring;
And we heard the distant and random *gún* |
That the fòe | was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly | we laid him down,
From the field of his fame | fresh and góry;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But left him | alone with his glòry.

CHAPTER II.

FORCE AND STRESS.

SECTION I.

FORCE OF VOICE.

1. *Force* of utterance relates to the degree of loudness or intensity of voice.

2. The three main divisions of force are soft, moderate, and loud. These, for convenience, may be subdivided as follows: (1) Very soft (corresponding to *pianissimo* in music). (2) Soft (*piano*). (3) Moderate (*mezzo-forte*). (4) Loud (*forte*). (5) Very loud (*fortissimo*).

3. The general rule of force is, to read with an intensity appropriate to the thoughts or emotion to be expressed, and with a power or strength of voice sufficient to fill the room, so that every person in it may hear distinctly every word that is uttered.

4. Force of voice must be stronger in the school-room than in the parlor, and louder in the lecture-hall than in the school-room. If read to an assemblage of a thousand people, the most didactic and unimpassioned document must be read with considerable force.

5. Pupils should be cautioned against attempting any degree of force beyond the compass of their voices, and also against the conventional school-tone of loudness, which consists in raising the voice to so high a pitch that it grates on the ear like the filing of a saw.

6. "The command of all degrees of force of voice," says Prof. Russell, "must evidently be essential to true

and natural expression, whether in reading or speaking. Appropriate utterance ranges through all stages of vocal sound, from the whisper of fear and the murmur of repose, to the boldest swell of vehement declamation, and the shout of triumphant courage. But to give forth any one of these or the intermediate tones, with just and impressive effect, the organs must be disciplined by appropriate exercise and frequent practice. For every day's observation proves to us, that mere natural instinct and animal health, with all the aids of informing intellect, and inspiring emotion, and exciting circumstances, are not sufficient to produce the effects of eloquence, or even of adequate utterance.

7. "The overwhelming power of undisciplined feeling may not only impede but actually prevent the right action of the instruments of speech; and the novice who has fondly dreamed, in his closet, that nothing more is required for effective expression than a genuine feeling, finds, to his discomfiture, that it is perhaps the very intensity of his feeling that hinders his utterance; and it is not till experience and practice have done their work, that he learns the primary lesson, that force of emotion needs a practiced force of will to balance and regulate it, and a disciplined control over the organs to give it appropriate utterance.

8. "The want of due training for the exercise of public reading or speaking is evinced in the habitual undue loudness of some speakers, and the inadequate force of others—the former subjecting their hearers to unnecessary pain, and the latter to disappointment and uneasiness.

9. "Force of utterance, however, has other claims on the attention of students of elocution, besides those which are involved in correct expression. It is, in its various gradations, the chief means of imparting strength to the vocal organs, and power to the voice itself. The due

practice of exercises in force of utterance, does for the voice what athletic exercise does for the muscles of the body; it imparts the two great conditions of power—vigor and pliancy.”

CAUTION.

10. In drill upon the following exercises, bear in mind the following direction from Prof. Monroe: “Seek to make the sounds always smooth and musical; and never lose sight of the fact that what is wanted in every-day use of the voice, in the school-room or elsewhere, is a pleasant and natural intonation. The practice of loud and sustained tones is an excellent means of improving the voice; but is to be the exception, not the rule, in ordinary reading. Still less should a shouting tone be used in conducting a recitation, or in the ordinary discipline of a class. Yet the softest tone must be elastic and full of life, not dull and leaden.”

CONCERT DRILL ON FORCE.

1. Repeat, three times, the long vocals, *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū*, (1) with soft force; (2) with moderate force; (3) with loud force.

2. Count from one to twenty with very soft force; with soft force; with moderate force; with loud force; with very loud force.

3. Repeat, five times, the word “all,” beginning with very soft force, and increasing the degree of force with each successive repetition of the word.

4. Repeat the following with increased force on each successive repetition: “loud, *louder*, LOUDEST.”

5. Repeat, three times, *ē, ā, ä, a, ō, o*, (1) with soft force; (2) moderate force; (3) loud force.

I. VERY SOFT FORCE.

Very soft force is appropriate to the expression of tenderness, sadness, or peaceful and tranquil feeling.

EXAMPLES.

1. DIRGE.

Softly! She is lying
With her lips apart.

Softly! She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper! She is going
To her final rest.

Whisper! Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

EASTMAN.

2. LULLABY.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!

TENNYSON.

3. ENOCH ARDEN.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

TENNYSON.

II. SOFT OR SUBDUED FORCE.

Soft force differs from very soft only in degree.

EXAMPLES.

1. TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, Time!

BARRY CORNWALL.

2. DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter-snow,
And the wintry winds are wearily sighing,
Toll ye the church-bell, sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you *must* not die.

TENNYSON.

3. THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.
Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

HOOD.

4. THE FAERIE QUEEN.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that might delight a dainty ear.
Such as, at once, might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear

To weet what manner music that might be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

SPENSER.

5. THE ARSENAL.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

LONGFELLOW.

6. THE LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen!

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

III. MODERATE FORCE.

Moderate force is the prevailing tone in the reading of unimpassioned narrative, descriptive, or didactic composition, in a small room, or to a small number of persons. It is the degree of force used in conversation. The characteristic quality of moderate force is "pure tone," and the stress. "unimpassioned radical."

EXAMPLES.

1. There was a sound of revelry by night.
2. What constitutes a state?
3. Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name.
4. The history of England is emphatically the history of progress.
5. The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues.
6. Spake full well in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.
7. The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old.
8. I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That clustered round her head.
9. Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan,
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tune.
10. I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

11. Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;—
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

12. Around I see the powers that be;
I stand by Empire's primal springs;
And princes meet in every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

13. Mrs. Siddons once had a pupil who was practicing for the stage. The lesson was upon the "part" of a young girl whose lover had deserted her. The rendering did not please that Queen of Tragedy, and she said: "Think how you would feel under the circumstances. What would you do if your lover were to run off and leave you?" "I would look out for another one," said that philosophic young lady; and Mrs. Siddons, with a gesture of intense disgust, cried out, "Leave me!" and would never give her another lesson.

14. READING AS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

We had rather have a child return to us from school a first-rate reader, than a first-rate performer on the piano-forte. We should feel that we had a far better pledge for the intelligence and talent of our child. The accomplishment, in its perfection, would give more pleasure. The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence. And there may be eloquent readers, as well as eloquent speakers.

IV. LOUD FORCE.

Loud force is the tone used to express courage, boldness, defiance, anger, grandeur, and sublimity. It is used by the public speaker in addressing a large audience, or when speaking under the sway of strong emotion.

This degree of force requires full and deep breathing, and a vigorous use of the vocal organs.

The middle pitch is the appropriate key of loud force. A high pitch weakens the effect of forcible reading or declamation.

EXAMPLES.

1. Joy! Joy! Shout, shout aloud for joy.
2. Hark to the brazen blare of the bugle!
Hark to the rolling clatter of the drums.
3. Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

4. ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

DRYDEN.

5. REVENGE.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe:
And ever and anon, he beat.
The doubling drum with furious heat.

COLLINS.

6. MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."

Now storming *fury* rose,
 And *clàmor* such as heard in heaven till *nów*
 Was *nèver*; arms on armor clashing, brayed
 Horrible *discord*, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen *chàriots* raged: dire was the noise.
 Of cònflict; overhead the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming *vòlleys* fèw,
 And fýing vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery còpe, together rushed
 Bòth battles màin, with ruinous *assàult*
 And inextinguishable *ràge*. All *hèaven*
 Resòunded; and had *èarth* been then, all *èarth*,
 Had to her cènter shòok. What *wònder*? where
Mìllions of fierce encountering angels fought
 On *èither side*, the *lèast* of whom could wield
 These *éléments*, and arm him with the force
 Of all their *règions*.

7. THE BELLS.

Hear the loud *alarum* bells—

Brazen bells!

What a tale of *terror*, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.

Leaping higher, *higher*, HIGHER,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor,

Now, now to sit or never

By the side of the pale-faced moon!

POE.

V. VERY LOUD OR DECLAMATORY FORCE.

Very loud force prevails in oratorical declamation before large audiences. It is also heard in the tones of anger, of passion, of command, in calling or shouting, and in intensely dramatic reading.

EXAMPLES.

1. Now for the *fight*! now for the *cannon* peal,
Forward! through blood and toil, and cloud, and
 fire!
Glorious the *shout*, the *shock*, the crash of *steel*,
 The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire.
2. To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!
3. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead.
4. Thy threats, thy mercy I *defy*,
 I give thee in thy teeth the *lie*.
5. He raised a shout as he drew on
 Till all the welkin rang again:
 "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
6. From every hill, by every sea,
 In shouts proclaim the great decree,
 "*All chains are burst, all men are free!*"
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

7. SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

[*Radical and vanishing stress, and strongly marked circumflex inflections.*]

Ye stand here now like *giants*, as ye are. The strength of *brass* is in your toughened *sinews*; but *to-morrow* some *Roman Adonis*, breathing sweet perfume from his *curly locks*, shall with his *lily fingers* *pât* your red *bràwn*, and bet his *sesterces* upon your *blòd*. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his *dén*? 'Tis *three dàys* since he tasted *flesh*; but *to-morrow* he shall break his

fast upon *yours*, and a *dainty* meal for him ye will bè. If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat *oxen*, waiting for the *butcher's knife*! If ye are *mèn*, follow *mè*! Strike down yon *guard*, gain the *mountain passes*, and *there* do bloody *work*, as did your *sires* at old *Thermopylæ*! Is *Sparta* *dead*? Is the old Grecian spirit *frozen* in your *veins*, that you do *crouch* and *cower* like a belabored *hound* beneath his master's *lash*? Oh, *comrades*! *warriors*! *Thracians*! if we *must* fight, let us fight for *ourselves*! If we *must* slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors*! If we *must* die, let it be under the clear *sky*, by the bright *waters*, in noble, honorable *battle*.

KELLOGG.

8. CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

Conscript fathers,

I do not rise to waste the night in *words*:Let that *plebeian* talk; 't is not *my* trade;But here I stand for *right*!—Let him show *proofs*!For *Roman* right; though none, it seems, dare standTo take their share with *mè*. Ay, cluster *there*!Cling to your *master*, *judges*, *Romans*, *slaves*!His charge is *false*. I *dare* him to his proofs.

CROLY.

9. RICHELIEU.

Who spake of *life*?I bade thee grasp that treasure as thine *honor*—A *jewel* worth whole *hecatombs* of lives!*Begone*! *redeem* thine *honor*! *Back* to *Marion*—Or *Baradas*—or *Orleans*—track the *robber*—*Regain* the *packet*—or crawl on to *age*—*Age* and gray *hairs* like *mine*—and know thou 'st lostThat which had made thee *great* and saved thy *country*.See me *not* till thou 'st bought the *right* to seek me.*Away*! ' Nay, *cheer* thee! thou hast not fail'd *yét*—There's no such *word* as *fail*.

BULWER.

10. FREEDOM.

8. If I could stand for a moment upon one of your high mountain tóps, far above all the kingdoms of the civilized wórld, and there might sée, coming úp, one after anóther, the brávest and wísest of the ancient wárrriors, and státesmen, and kings, and monárchs, and priésts; and if, as they came úp, I might be permitted to ask from them an expression of opinion upon such a case as *this*, with a *common vóice* and in *thunder tðnes*, reverberating through a thousand vállays, and echoing down the áges, they would crý: "*Liberty, Frèedom, the Universal Brotherhood of Mán!*" I join that shòut; I swell that ànthem; I echo that práise *forever*, and for *evermòre*.

11. THE WAR INEVITABLE.

They tell us, sir, that we are *wèak*—unable to *còpe* with so formidable an *adversary*. But when shall we be *strðnger*? Will it be the next *wèek*, or the next *yéar*? Will it be when we are totally *disármed*, and when a *British guárd* shall be stationed in *every hóuse*? Shall we gather strength by *irresolútion* and *inácction*? Shall we acquire the means of effectual | *resístance* by lying supinely on our *bácks*, and hugging the delusive phantom of *hópe*, until our enemies shall have bound us *hánd* and *fóot*? Sir, we are *nòt* weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our *pòwer*. It is in vain, sir, to *extènuate* the matter. Gentlemen may cry *péace, péace!*—but there is *nó* peace. The war is actually *begðn*! The next gale that sweeps from the *nóρθ* will bring to our ears the clash of *resounding árms*! Our *bréthren* are *alréady* in the *fièld*! *Whý* stand we here *ídle*? What is it that gentlemen *wish*? What would they *hàve*? Is life so *dèar*, or peace so *swèet*, as to be purchased at the price of *cháins* and *slávèry*? *Forbíd* it, Almighty

Gôd! I know not what course *ôthers* may take; but as for *mé*, give me *liberty*, or give me *déath*!

PATRICK HENRY.

VI. RECAPITULATION OF FORCE.

1. *Force must be regulated by the thought or feeling to be expressed.*

2. *Soft force prevails in the expression of peaceful thought, of sentiment, of tranquillity, and of suppressed emotion.*

3. *Moderate force is the natural tone of conversation and of narrative, descriptive, and didactic composition.*

4. *Loud force prevails in the expression of anger, passion, sublimity, command, and strong feeling.*

5. *Very loud force prevails in calling and shouting; in cries of alarm, fear, and terror; and in intense dramatic expression.*

EXAMPLES OF FORCE.

VERY SOFT.

Low, low, breathe and blow, wind of the western sea.

SOFT.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.

MODERATE.

Marley was dead, to begin with.

LOUD.

Hear the loud alarum bells—brazen bells!

How they clang, and clash, and roar.

VERY LOUD.

Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead.

Require each pupil to select, write out, and read in the class, a similar set of quoted illustrations.

SECTION II.

STRESS OF VOICE.

Stress denotes the manner of applying volume of voice to single words or sounds. The elocutionary divisions of stress are :

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. Radical > | 4. Thorough = |
| 2. Median <> | 5. Compound × |
| 3. Vanishing > | 6. Intermittent ≈ |

The radical and the median stress are the most important and the most used of these divisions; and to these the attention of school readers should be chiefly directed. The other forms of stress mainly concern the special elocutionist or the actor; and may, therefore, be treated very briefly.

I. RADICAL STRESS.

1. In *radical* stress, the force strikes abruptly upon the *radix*, or beginning of a word or a sound. It corresponds to the *diminuendo* in music.

2. It may be illustrated by exploding the full force of the voice upon the initial vowel in the following words: (1) āle, ārni, all, ōld, ōoze. (2) āt, ěnd, ĩn, ōn, ūp.

3. Of this stress, Dr. Rush says: "There are so few speakers able to give a radical stress with this momentary burst, and therefore so few who may comprehend the mere description of it, that I must draw an illustration from the effort of coughing. A single impulse of coughing is not in all points exactly like the abrupt voice on syllables, for that single impulse is a forcing out of almost all the breath, which is not the case in syllabic utterance; yet if the tonic element be employed as the vocality of coughing, its abrupt opening will truly represent the function of radical stress, when used in discourse.

4. "It is this stress which draws the cutting edge of words across the ear, and startles even stupor into attention; this, which lessens the fatigue of listening, and out-voices the murmur and unruly stir of an assembly; and a sensibility to this, through a general instinct of the animal ear, which gives authority to the groom, and makes the horse submissive to his angry accent.

5. "Besides the fullness, loudness, and abruptness of the radical stress, when employed for distinct articulation, the tonic sound itself should be a pure vocality. When mixed with aspiration, it loses the brilliancy that serves to increase the impressive effect of the explosive force."

DISTINCTIONS OF RADICAL STRESS.

1. Radical stress may be distinguished as *unimpassioned* and *impassioned*.

2. The *unimpassioned* radical is used in narrative, descriptive, and didactic reading, to give a clear, distinct, energetic style of expression. The *impassioned* radical is the strong, full, abrupt utterance which characterizes the voice when under the influence of strong passions, such as anger, hatred, etc. It is the stress of authoritative command, of strength, and of power.

I. THE UNIMPASSIONED RADICAL.

This form of the radical stress is generally combined with moderate force and middle pitch. In the unimpassioned radical the vowel and liquid sounds are cut short as in the *staccato* movement in music.

This stress is characteristic of vivacity, gayety, humor, and of clear, distinct, and definite statement.

UNIMPASSIONED RADICAL DRILL.

1. Repeat rapidly four times, with the falling inflec-

tion, the short vowel sounds, ä, ě, ĭ, ō, ŭ; the long vocals, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū.

2. Count from one to twenty with moderate force and falling inflection, cutting short the words as in *staccato* movement.

3. Is this a time to be gloomy and sad,
 When our mother nature laughs around?
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?
4. Hear the sledges, with the bells—silver bells,
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells;
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!

EXAMPLES OF UNIMPASSIONED RADICAL.

1. Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Chee! chee! chee!
2. Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebees sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the checkered shade.

3. HUDIBRAS.

In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by algebra.

4. RHYME OF THE RAIL.

Singing through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges;
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o'er the vale—
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on the rail!

5. SUMMER.

There's a dance of *leaves* in that aspen *bower*,
 There's a titter of *winds* in that beechen *tree*,
 There's a smile on the *fruit*, and a smile on the *flower*,
 And a *laugh* from the *brook* that runs to the *sea*!

BRYANT.

6. SUMMER.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays;
 Whether we look or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

LOWELL.

7. SEA-WEED.

When descends on the Atlantic
 The gigantic
 Storm-wind of the equinox,
 Landward in his wrath he scourges
 The toiling surges,
 Laden with sea-weed from the rocks:

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shining
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

LONGFELLOW.

8. THE DRUM.

At a distance, down the street, making music with their
feet,
Came the soldiers from the wars, all embellished with
their scars,
To the tapping of a drum, of a drum;
To the pounding and the sounding of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!

9. COMPENSATION.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

EMERSON.

II. THE IMPASSIONED RADICAL.

1. The impassioned radical stress falls on the ear with abrupt, explosive force, like the beat of a bass drum. A good illustration of extreme radical stress is afforded by loud, explosive laughter.

2. The impassioned radical marks positive assertion, strong determination, and authoritative command. It is the abrupt stress of courage, boldness, anger, and hatred.

3. The absence of radical stress, so common in untrained readers and speakers, indicates feebleness, indecision, and confusion or timidity. A lack of radical stress may kill the most impressive sentiments, or may transform a gay, joyous, lively piece of composition into dull, joyless, or even melancholy expression.

4. Carried to excess, however, the radical stress becomes the mark of egotism, dogmatism, and undue self-assertion. It often characterizes the rant of the stump speaker who "tears a passion into tatters."

5. There is little tendency in school to excess of radical stress: on the contrary, there is generally a lack of it.

IMPASSIONED RADICAL STRESS DRILL.

1. Repeat, three times, with abrupt, explosive force, the long vocals, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū.

2. Repeat, in the same manner, the following: ale, arm, all, ooze.

3. Repeat, four times, with explosive laughter: ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! haw! haw! haw!

4. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.

5. *Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!*

6. Up, *drawbridge*, groom, what, warder, *hò!*
Let the *portcullis* fall.

7. To *àrms!* to *àrms!* to *àrms!* they cry.
8. Shoulder *àrms!* forward *màrch!* *hàlt!* Right about *fàce, màrch!*
9. Hold! hold! for your lives!
10. Back to thy punishment, false fugitive.
11. He was *struck*, struck like a *dog*.
12. Up! comrades, up! in Rokeby's halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.
13. Send out more horses! skirr the country round.
Awake! Awake!
14. Ring the alarum bell! Murder and treason!
Malcolm! awake! Malcolm! Banquo!

15. THE CLANSMAN TO HIS CHIEF.

"*Macldine!* you've scourged me like a *hùnd*;—
You should have *strùck* me to the *gròund*.
You should have played a *chìeftain's* part;—
You should have *stàbbed* me to the *heàrt*.

"You should have *crùshed* me unto *dèath*;
But here I *sweár* with living *bréath*,
That for this *wróng* which you have *dóne*,
I'll wreak my vengeance on your *sòn*.

"I *scórn* forgiveness, haughty *màn!*
You've *injured* me before the *clàn*;
And naught but *blòod* shall wipe away
The *shàme* I have *endùred* to-day."

MACKAY.

16. ALEXANDRA.

Wèlcome her, thunders of fort and of fìet!
Wèlcome her, thundering cheer of the strèet!
Wèlcome her, all things useful and swèet;
Scatter the *blòssoms* under her fèet!
Brèak, happy lánd, into earlier flòwers!
Make mùsic, O bìrd, in the new budded bòwers!

Blazon your mottoes | of blessing and prayer!
*Wel*come her, *wél*come her, all that is oûrs!
 Wárble, O bûgle; and trúmpet, blàre!
*Flà*gs, flutter out | upon túrrets and tòwers!
*Flà*mes, on the windy headland flàre!
 Utter your *jù*bilee, stèeple and *spì*re!
*Clá*sh, ye bèlls, in the merry March àir!
*Flá*sh, ye *cì*tics, in rivers of fire!
 Rush to the ròof, sudden ròcket, and higher |
 Melt into the stàrs for the land's *desì*re!

TENNYSON.

17. THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

And *grum*mer, *grum*mer, *grum*mer,
 Rolled the roll of the drummer,
 Through the morn!
 And *lou*der, *lou*der, LOUDER,
 Cracked the loud gunpowder,
 Cracked amain!
 Then *high*er, *high*er, HIGHER,
 Burned the old-fashioned fire
 Through the ranks!
 And *rou*nder, ROUNDER, ROUNDER,
 Roared the iron six-póunder,
 Hurling death!

18. THE BRAZEN BELLS.

Hear the loud *alarum* bells,—
Brazen bells!
 What a tale of *terror*, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,

In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, *higher*, HIGHER,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—*now* to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-face moon.
 O the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!

How they *clang* and *clash* and *roar*!
 What a *horror* they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—

In the clamor and clangor of the bells!

POE.

19. INDEPENDENCE.

Read this Declaration | at the head of the *àrmy*:
 every *swòrd* | will be drawn from its *scàbbard*, and the
 solemn vow | uttered, to *maintáin* it, or to *pèrish* | on
 the bed of *hònor*. Publish it from the *pùlpit*; *relìgion* |
 will *appróve* it, and the love of *religious líberty* | will
 cling *round* it, resolved † to *stánd* with it, or *fàll* with
 it. *Send* it to the *public hàlls*; *proclàim* it *thère*; let
thèem | hear it, who heard the first roar | of the enemy's

cannon; let *thēm* | see it, who saw their *brōthers* and their *sōns* | fall on the field of *Bunker Hill*, and in the streets of *Lēxington* and *Cōncord*, and the *very wālls* | will cry out | in its *suppōrt*.

WEBSTER.

20. FREEDOM.

Many years long gone, I took my stand by *Frēedom*, and *wherc* | in my earliest youth | my *fēt* | were plānted, *thēre* | my *mānhood* |—and my *àge* shall march. And for *ōne*, I am not *ashāmed* of *Frēedom*. I know her *pōwer*. I *rejōice* | in her *mājesty*. I *wālk* | beneath her *bānner*. I *glōry* | in her *strēngth*. I have seen *Frēedom* | in history, *agāin* and *agāin*; with mine own *ēys* | I have watched her | *agāin* and *agāin* | *struck dōwn* | on a hundred chosen *fiēlds* of *bāttle*.

I have seen her *frīends* | fly *frōm* her; I have seen *fōes* | gather *rōund* her; I have seen them | *bind* her to the *stāke*; I have seen them give her *āshes* to the *wīnds*—*regāthering* them *agāin* | that they might scatter them | yet *morc wīdely*; but when her *fōes* | turned to *cūlt*, I have seen her *agāin* | meet them | *fāce* to *fāce*, *resplēdent* in *complēte stēel*, and brandishing | in her strong right *hānd* | a *flāming swōrd*, *rēd* with *insūfferable līght*.

And I *take cōurage*. The *pēoplē* | gather *rōund* her. The *Genius of America* | will at last | lead her *sōns* to *Frēedom*.

BAKER.

21. PERORATION OF BUZFUZ :—BARDELL vs. PICKWICK.

[*The following is an example of the bombastic style of ranting oratory, which is a burlesque of true art.*]

Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and *Ī*, gentlemen, am not the *mān*, nor are *yōu*, gentlemen, the *mēn*, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of *systematic villany*. I say *systemātic* villany, gentlemen; and when

I say *systematic* villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he *is*, that it would have been more *décent* in him, more becoming, if he had stopped *away*. Let me tell him, *further*, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor *put down*; and that any attempt to do either the *one* or the *other* will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he *plaintiff* or be he *defendant*, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stóakes, or Stiles, or Brówn, or Thómpson.

But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street,—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sword,—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato-sauce and warming-pans,—Pickwick, still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a *sigh* on the *ruin* he has made! *Dámages*, gentlemen, *heavy* damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him,—the only *récompense* you can award to my client! And for *those* *dámages* she now appeals to an *enlightened*, a *high-minded*, a *right-feeling*, a *conscientious*, a *dispassionate*, a *sympathizing*, a *contemplative* jury of her civilized countrymen!

DICKENS.

II. MEDIAN STRESS.

1. The *median stress* corresponds to the “swell” in music. It is strongest in the middle of a sound or a word. It is adapted to the expression of harmonious and poetic ideas.

2. “It is,” says Russell, “the natural utterance of those emotions which allow the intermingling of reflection and sentiment with expression, and which purposely dwell on sound, as a means of enhancing their effect.

3. “This mode of *stress* is one of the most important

in its effect on language, whether in the form of speaking or of reading. Destitute of its ennobling and expansive sound, the recitation of poetry sinks into the style of dry prose, the language of devotion loses its sacredness, the tones of oratory lose their power over the heart.

4. "There is great danger, however, of this natural beauty of vocal expression being converted into a fault by being overdone. The habit recognized under the name of *mouthng* has an excessively increased and prolonged median swell for one of its chief characteristics. In this shape, it becomes a great deformity in utterance,—particularly when combined with what is no infrequent concomitant, the faulty mode of voice known as chanting or singing. Like sweetness among savors, this truly agreeable quality of sound becomes distasteful or disgusting when in the least degree excessive.

5. "The practice of median stress, therefore, requires very close attention. The spirit of poetry and the language of eloquence,—the highest effects of human utterance,—render it indispensable as an accomplishment in elocution. But a chaste and discriminating ear is requisite to decide the just degree of its extent.

6. "Median stress has the form of *effusive* utterance in *sublime*, *solemn*, and *pathetic* emotions: it becomes *expulsive*, in those which combine *force* with *grandeur*, as in *admiration*, *courage*, *authoritative command*, *indignation*, and *similar feelings*. But its effect is utterly incompatible with the abruptness of *explosion*. Its comparatively musical character adapts it, with special felicity of effect, to the melody of *verse*, and the natural *swell* of poetic expression."

7. Median stress requires a prolongation of vowel and liquid sounds; it is a contrast to the abruptness of the radical stress. It prevails in combination with "pure tone" and the "orotund."

MEDIAN STRESS DRILL.

1. Repeat, three times, the long vocals, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū:
 (1) With moderate force and effusive median stress.
 (2) With expulsive median stress. (3) With increased force and expulsive median stress.

2. In the same manner repeat, four times, the vocals, ē, ā, ä, a, ō, o.

3. Count from one to twenty, with soft force and effusive median stress; with loud force and expulsive median stress.

4. Repeat, three times, the following words with expulsive median stress: all, call, ball, tall, hall, pall.

5. Repeat four times, in monotone, with full swell on the prolonged l, the following: bēlls, bēlls, bēlls, bēlls, bēlls.

EXAMPLES OF MEDIAN STRESS.

1. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

2. Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
 Softly ye played a few brief hours ago.

3. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

4. Hail! holy light, offspring of heaven, first-born.

5. The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still.

6. Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.

7. Was it the chime of a tiny bell

That came so sweet to my dreaming ear?

Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell

That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear.

8. Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring, happy bells, across the snow.

9. O Lord, thou art clothed with honor and majesty.

10. And where her sweetest theme she chose,

A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope, enchanted, smiled and waved her golden hair.

11. These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame.

12. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to
the heaven of heavens, saying : "End is there none to
the universe of God. Lo ! also, there is no beginning."

13. Peal out evermore,
Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day.

14. I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet,
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

15. Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !

16. These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

BRYANT.

17. From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire :
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

LONGFELLOW.

18. So shall our voice of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one !

WHITTIER.

19. Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak
December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought
to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the
lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

POE.

20. O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes—
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.

ALDRICH.

21. The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

22. By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

EMERSON.

23. Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise. LONGFELLOW.

24. Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers—

Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past;
 Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
 That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.
 But O my gentle sisters! O my brothers!
 These thick-sown snow-flakes hint of toil's release;
 These feebler pulses bid me leave to others
 The tasks once welcome—evening asks for peace.
 Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;
 Let me not vex the too long-suffering lyre;
 Though to your love untiring still beholden,
 The curfew tells me—*cover up the fire*. HOLMES.

25. O, a wonderful stream is the river Time,
 As it runs through the realm of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
 And a boundless sweep and surge sublime,
 As it blends with the Ocean of Years. TAYLOR.

26. THE WEDDING BELLS.

[*Read this stanza with pure tone, middle pitch, slow movement, and orotund quality.*]

Hear the mellow *wèdding*-bells—*gòlden* bells!
 What a world of *hàppiness* their harmony foretèlls!
 Through the balmy air of night, how they *ring out* their
 delight!

From the molten-golden nótes,
 All in túne,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she glóats
 On the mòon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of *euphony* voluminously wells!

How it swells, how it dwells
On the Future! How it tells of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

POE.

27. INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

[*Read the following selection with orotund quality, slow movement, and strong force.*]

Hail! holy Light—offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or of the Eternal, co-eternal beam;
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachéd light,
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright Essence increate!
Or hear'st thou, rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell?—Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and, at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

MILTON.

28. LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

1. The liberty of the press is the highest safeguard to all free government. Ours could not exist without it. It is like a great, exulting, and abounding river. It is fed by the dews of heaven, which distill their sweetest drops to form it. It gushes from the rill, as it breaks from the deep caverns of the earth. It is augmented by a thousand affluents, that dash from the mountain top, to separate again into a thousand bounteous and irrigating streams around.

2. On its broad bosom it bears a thousand barks. There genius spreads its purpling sail. There poetry dips its silver oar. There art, invention, discovery,

science, morality, religion, may safely and securely float. It wanders through every land. It is a genial, cordial source of thought and inspiration, whatever it touches, whatever it surrounds. Upon its borders there grows every flower of grace, and every fruit of truth. BAKER.

29. FROM THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honor and majesty: who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds His chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

30. OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course?

III. VANISHING STRESS.

1. The *vanishing* or terminal stress is used when the force of voice hangs upon the final part of a word. It corresponds to the *crescendo* in music. It is a form of stress expressive of very strong emphasis, and is often combined with the rising or falling circumflex.

2. Used with a moderate degree of force, this stress is applied in the expression of petulance, of peevishness, of impatience, of willfulness, and of querulous complaint; combined with strong force, it is applied to express persistent determination, astonishment, amazement, and horror.

3. Concerning the use of this stress, Prof. Russell remarks: "Like all other forms of impassioned utterance which are strongly marked in the usages of natural habit, this property of voice is indispensable to appropriate elocution, whether in speaking or reading. Without 'vanishing stress,' declamation will sometimes lose its manly energy of determined will, and become feeble song to the ear. High-wrought resolution can never be expressed without it. Even the language of protest, though respectful in form, needs the aid of the right degree of vanishing stress, to intimate its sincerity and its firmness of determination, as well as its depth of conviction.

4. "But when we extend our views to the demands of lyric and dramatic poetry, in which high-wrought emotion is so abundant an element of effect, the full command of this property of voice, as the natural utterance of extreme passion, becomes indispensable to true, natural, and appropriate style."

EXAMPLES.

[*The italicized words have the vanishing stress, and are marked with the circumflex inflection.*]

1. I know we do *nô*t mean to submit. We never *shâ*ll submit.

2. Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consûme us,
But they *shâ*ll not to *slâ*very doom us.

3. I'll have my *bô*nd; I *will* not hear thee spêak:
I'll have my *bô*nd: and therefore speak no *mô*re.

4. But they *shâ*ll go to school. Don't tell me they *shô*uld *n't*. (You are so *â*ggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an *â*ngel!) They *shâ*ll go to school: mark *thât*! and if they get their *dé*aths of cold, it's not *mý* fault; *I* *did* *n't* lend the *umbrê*lla.

5. "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or *f*iend," I shrieked, upstarting;

"Get thee *back* into the tempest, and the night's
Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that *lie* thy
soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness *unbroken*! *quit* the bust above
my *door*!

Take thy *beak* from out my *heart*, and take thy form
from off my *door*!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nēvērmōre."

6. FROM GRATTAN'S SPEECH.

Here I stand for impeachment or trial. I *dare* accusation! I *defy* the honorable gentleman! I defy the *government*! I defy their *whole phalanx*! *Let them come forth*!

7. FROM WEBSTER.

On such occasions, I will place myself on the *extreme boundary* of my right, and bid *defiance* to the arm that would push me from it.

8. THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

I *loathe* ye in my bosom,
I *scorn* ye with mine eye,
I'll taunt ye with my latest *breath*,
And *fight* ye till I *die*.

PATTEN.

9. RIENZI.

I come not here to *talk*. Ye know too well
The story of our *thralldom*. We are *slaves*!
The bright sun rises to his course and lights
A *race* of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave.

MITFORD.

10. BRUTUS TO CASSIUS.

Frèt, till your proud heart *break*;
Go, show your *slaves* how cholerick you are,
And make your bondsmen tremble. Must *I* budge?

Must *I* observe *yóu*? Must *I* stand and *croŭch*
 Under your testy *hŭmor*? By the *góds*,
 You shall *digést* the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do *splít* you; for, from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my *mŭrth*, yea, for my *láughter*,
 When you are *wáspish*.

SHAKESPEARE.

IV. THOROUGH STRESS.

Thorough or *through* stress corresponds to the organ tone in music. The force is powerful enough to pervade an entire word or sound—the beginning, the middle, and the end. It is indicated thus: (=).

Thorough stress prevails in vehement declamation and impassioned oratory when the speaker is under the sway of intense excitement. It is also used in calling or shouting, when the voice is rolled out in a full and steady stream.

Carried to excess, this stress is characteristic of rant, bombast, and the worst faults of untrained speakers.

EXAMPLES.

1. Vanguard! to right and left the front unfold.
2. Peal! peal! peal!
 Bells of brass and bells of steel.
3. "To all the truth we tell! we tell!"
 Shouted in ecstasies a bell.
4. And like a silver clarion rung,
 "Excelsior."
5. Advance your standards! draw your willing swords.
6. Forward the light brigade!
7. Clang! clang! clang! the massive anvils rang.
8. "Ship *ahoy*! ship *ahoy*!" shouted the captain.
9. Shoulder—*arms*! Forward march! Halt!

10. *Charge for the guns! Charge! Charge!*
11. Then rose the awful cry, "*Fire! fire! fire!*"
12. *Halloo! ho-o-o-o! come here! Halloo!*
13. *Hurrah! hurrah!* for the fiery fort is ours;
Victory! Victory! Victory!
14. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead;
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets!
15. Rejoice, ye men of Angiers! ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach.
Open your gates, and give the victors way!
16. "O, spare my child, my joy, my pride!
O, give me back my child!" she cried;
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears,
She shrieked upon his callous ears.
17. "Nine," by the cathedral clock!
Chill the air with rising damps;
Drearily from block to block
In the gloom the bell-man tramps—
"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress—child lost!"
18. Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt,
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

19. FITZ-JAMES'S DEFIANCE.

Come *one*, come *all* ! this *rock* shall fly
From its firm base as soon as *I*.

SCOTT.

20. THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Flag of the free heart's *hópe* and *hòme* !
By angel hands | to *vàlor* given ;
Thy stars | have lit the welkin *dóme*,
And all thy *húes* | were born in *hèaven*.
Forèver float | that standard *shèet* !
Where breathes the *fóe* | but falls *befòre* us,
With *Frèedom's* soil | beneath our *féet*,
And Freedom's *bánnèr* | streaming *d'er* us !

DRAKE.

21. MOLOCH.

He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.

" *Príncces ! Pótentates !*

Wàrrriors ! the flower of *héaven*, once *yóurs*, now *lòst*,
If such astonishment as *this* can seize |
Etérnal spírits ; or have ye chosen this place
To rest your wearied virtue, for the *éase* | ye find |
To slumber here, as in the vales of *hèaven* ?
Or | in this *abject pósture* | have you sworn |
To *adòre* the *Cònqueror*, who now beholds |
Cherub and seraph | rolling in the flood,
With scattered *árms* and *ènsigns* ; till, anon,
His swift pursuers, from heaven's gates | discern |
The *advántage*, and descending, *trèad* us *dòwn* |
Thus *dròping* ; or with linked *thúnderbolts* |
Transfìx us to | the bottom of this gulf ?
Awàke ! aríse ! or be *forèver fàllen !*"

MILTON.

22. PERORATION OF WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

The scene in the Senate Chamber of the United States, as Webster delivered this peroration, is thus described by C. W. March :
The exulting rush of feeling with which he went through the

peroration threw a glow over his countenance, like inspiration—eye, brow, each feature, every line of his face seemed touched as with a celestial fire. The swell and roll of his voice struck upon the ears of the spell-bound audience, in deep and melodious cadence, as waves upon the shore of the far-sounding sea. The Miltonic grandeur of his words was the fit expression of his thought and raised his hearers up to his theme. His voice, exerted to its utmost power, penetrated every recess and corner of the Senate—penetrated even the ante-rooms and stair-ways, as he pronounced in the deepest tones of pathos these words of solemn significance:

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look *beyond* the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess *behind*. I have not coolly weighed the chances of *preserving liberty* when the bonds that unite us *together* shall be *broken asunder*. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the *precipice of disunion*, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the *abyss below*; nor could I regard him as a safe *counselor* in the affairs of *this government* whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, *not* how the Union may be *best preserved*, but how *tolerable* might be the condition of the people when it shall be *broken up* and *destroyed*. While the *Union* lasts, we have high, exciting, *gratifying* prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond *that* I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, *that curtain may not rise*! God grant that on *my vision* never may be opened *what lies behind*! When my eyes shall be turned to *behold*, for the last time, the sun in *heaven*, may I *not* see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once *glorious Union*! on States dissévered, discordant, *belligerent*; on a land rent with civil *feuds*, or drenched, it may be, in *fraternal blood*! Let their last feeble and lingering *glance*, rather, behold the gorgeous *ensign* of the *républie*, now known and honored throughout the *earth*, still full high *advanced*, its arms and trophies streaming in their *original luster*, not a

stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

23. PERORATION OF BURKE'S SPEECH ON THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

Of this famous speech Macaulay says: "The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from all; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and some were even carried out in fits. At length, the orator concluded. Raising his voice, till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, he said:

"I impeach him in the name of the *Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled*, whose parliamentary trust he has *abused*.

"I impeach him in the name of the *Commons of Great Britain*, whose *national character* he has *dishonored*.

"I impeach him in the name of the *people of India*, whose *laws, rights, and liberties* he has *subverted*.

"I impeach him in the name of the *people of India*, whose *property* he has *destroyed*, whose *country* he has *laid waste and desolate*.

"I impeach him in the name of *human nature itself*, which he has *cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed*, in both *sexes*. And I impeach him *in the name and by the*

virtue of those *eternal laws of justice*, which ought equally to pervade every *age, condition, rank, and situation*, in the *world*."

V. COMPOUND STRESS.

Compound stress is a combination of the *radical* and the vanishing stress upon the same word. Indeed, it may be considered as a very emphatic form of the emotional circumflex inflection. It is applied, like the circumflex, to express extreme astonishment, irony, sarcasm, mockery, and contempt. It is the stress of extreme emotion.

In the following examples, the words upon which the compound stress falls are marked with the circumflex inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Repeat, three times, with extreme astonishment:
ah ! indēd !

2. Repeat, three times, with strong emphasis and the falling circumflex : *ēve, âle, ârm, âll, ôld, ôoze.*

3. Repeat, with strong force and the rising circumflex :
ā, ē, ī, ō, ū ; the same with the falling circumflex.

4. *Bānished* from *Rōme* ! What's banished but set free
From daily contact of the things I *lōathe* ?
He *dāres* not touch a *hāir* of Catiline.

5. KING JOHN.

Gōne to be *mārried* ! *gōne* to swear a *pēace* !
Fālse blood to false blood *jōined* ! *gōne* to be *frīends* !
Shall Louis have *Blānche*, and *Blanche* these *prōvinces* ?
SHAKESPEARE.

6. SPARTACUS.

Is Sparta *dēad* ? Is the old Grecian spirit *frōzen* that
you do *croūch* and *cōwer* like a belabored *hoūnd* beneath
his master's *lāsh* ?

7. JULIUS CÆSAR.

Must I *budge*?

Must I observe *you*? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy *humor*? By the *gods*,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen
Though it do *split* you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my *mirth*, yea, for my *laughter*.
When you are *waspish*!

SHAKESPEARE.

8. FROM CICERO'S ACCUSATION OF VERRES.

Is it come to *this*? Shall an inferior *magistrate*, a
governor, who holds his whole power from the Roman
people, in a Roman *province*, within sight of Italy, *bind*,
scourge, *torture* with *fire* and red-hot plates of *iron*,
and at last put to the infamous death of the *cross*, a
Roman citizen?

VI. INTERMITTENT STRESS, OR THE TREMOR.

1. *Intermittent* stress, or the tremor, is the tremulous force of voice upon a sound or a word. The tremor is characteristic of the tottering feebleness of old age, of the weakness of sickness, or of the tones of a person shivering and trembling with cold, or with fear.

2. It naturally occurs in the utterance of fear, grief, joy, sobbing, and laughter, when the emotions are so strong as to enfeeble the flow of breath. In extreme pathos, the voice often trembles or quickens with emotion.

3. This form of stress must be very delicately applied, for, in excess, it becomes ridiculous.

4. Concerning the appropriate application of this form of stress, Prof. Russell remarks: "In the reading or the recitation of lyric and dramatic poetry, this function of voice is often required for full, vivid, and touching expression. Without its appeals to sympathy, and its peculiar power over the heart, many of the most beau-

tiful and touching passages of Shakespeare and Milton become dry and cold. Like the *tremolo* of the accomplished vocalist in operatic music, it has a charm, for the absence of which nothing can atone—since nature suggests it as the genuine utterance of the most delicate and thrilling emotion.

5. "The perfect command of tremor requires often-repeated practice on elements, syllables, and words, as well as on appropriate passages of impassioned language."

DRILL ON TREMOR.

1. Inhale; give the tremulous sound of long *a*, thus: *ā—ā—ā—ā*, etc., prolonged until the breath is exhausted.

2. In a similar manner, take each of the remaining long vowel sounds, *ē*, *ī*, *ō*, *ū*.

3. Take a similar drill on *ä*; on *ä*; on *o*.

EXAMPLES OF TREMOR.

1. OLD AGE.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;—

Oh! give relief; and Heaven will bless your store!

2. GAFFER GRAY.

"Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?"

"'Tis the weather that's cold,

'Tis I'm grown very old,

And my doublet is not very new; Well-a-day!"

WORDSWORTH.

3. OLD AGE.

And still there came that silver tone,

From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone—

Let me never forget to my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay—

"Passing away! passing away!"

PIERPONT.

4. LAUGHING UTTERANCE.

1. A fool, a fool, I met a fool in the forest;
A motley fool, a miserable varlet.
2. Oh! then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

5. SOBBING.

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
*"I have been to blame—to blame! I have killed my son!
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son!
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children!"*

TENNYSON'S *Dora*.

6. GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
*"God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"*
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray:
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth may chatter, chatter still:
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

WORDSWORTH.

7. RIP VAN WINKLE.

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "*I am your father!*" cried he, "*young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?*"

IRVING.

8. ENOCH ARDEN.

"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost."
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering, "*Cast away and lost;*"
Again in deeper inward whispers, "*Lost!*"

TENNYSON.

9. LITTLE GRETCHEN.

They lifted her up tearfully, they shuddered as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen dead."
The angels sang their greeting for one more redeemed from sin.
Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one let her in?"

RECAPITULATION OF STRESS.

1. *The radical is the stress of animation, of earnestness, of assertion, of command, and of passion.*

2. *The median is the stress of sentiment, of pathos and tenderness, of awe, reverence, sublimity, and enthusiasm.*

3. *Vanishing stress is the stress of very strong emphasis, of contempt and disdain, of willfulness, petulance, and impatience.*

4. *Thorough stress is the stress of impassioned oratory, and intense dramatic expression.*

5. *The compound is the stress of the circumflex inflection, of irony, sarcasm, contempt, and astonishment.*

6. *The tremor is the stress of feebleness, of childishness, and of grief.*

STRESS DRILL.

1. *Radical.* Attention, *all*.
2. *Median.* *All* in one mighty sepulcher.
3. *Vanishing.* *All, all* is lost! *All* lost!
4. *Thorough.* Come *one*, come *all*!
5. *Compound.* What *all*, are they *all* lost?
6. *Intermittent.* All my sons are *dead, all, all* dead!

EXAMPLES OF STRESS.

RADICAL.

Hear the loud alarum bells—*brāzen* bells!

MEDIAN.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—*gōlden* bells!

VANISHING.

I'll have my *bōnd*, and therefore speak no more.

THOROUGH.

Awake! *Arise!* or be *foréver* *fāllen*.

COMPOUND.

Gōne to be *mārried!* *gōne* to *sweār* a *peāce!*

INTERMITTENT.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door.

CHAPTER III.

MOVEMENT.

INTRODUCTORY.

1. The three leading divisions of movement, rate, or time, in reading, are slow, moderate, and fast. These distinctions are, for convenience, subdivided as follows: 1. Moderate (corresponding, in music, to *andante*). 2. Fast (*allegro*). 3. Very fast (*presto*). 4. Slow (*adagio*). 5. Very slow (*largo*).

2. Different kinds of prose and verse require different rates of movement, but the general principle that governs all reading or speaking may be stated as follows: *Read slowly enough for your hearers to comprehend, fully and easily, what is read.*

3. *Good extemporaneous speakers generally have a slow and deliberate utterance, because they take time to think what to say. They, also, give their hearers time to think of what is said by the speaker.*

4. The habit of slow reading may be acquired, not by a drawling, hesitating utterance, but by observing rhetorical and grammatical pauses; by prolonging vocal and liquid sounds; and by taking time to think of the meaning of what is read.

5. The general principles governing movement are well expressed in the following extract from Russell's "American School Reader:" "Everything tender, or solemn, plaintive, or grave, should be read with great moderation. Everything humorous or sprightly, every-

thing witty or amusing, should be read in a brisk and lively manner.

6. "Narration should be generally equable and flowing; vehemence, firm and accelerated; anger and joy, rapid; whereas dignity, authority, sublimity, reverence, and awe should, along with deeper tone, assume a slower movement.

7. "The movement should, in every instance, be adapted to the sense, and free from all hurry on the one hand, or drawling on the other.

8. "The pausing, too, should be carefully proportioned to the movement or rate of the voice; and no change of movement from slow to fast, or the reverse, should take place in any clause, unless a change of emotion is implied in the language of the piece."

MOVEMENT DRILL.

1. Repeat, three times, the long vocals, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū:
(1) With low pitch and very slow movement. (2) With middle pitch and slow movement. (3) With moderate movement. (4) With fast movement. (5) With very fast movement.

2. Count from one to twenty: (1) With slow movement. (2) With moderate movement. (3) With fast movement.

3. Repeat, with moderate movement—

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night
As a feather is wafted downwards
From an eagle in his flight.

I. MODERATE MOVEMENT.

Moderate movement is the characteristic rate in the reading of didactic, descriptive, or narrative composition, and of the poetry of sentiment.

EXAMPLES.

1. ENGLISH SCENERY.

The great charm, however, of English scenery, is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of *order*, of *quiet*, of sober, well-established *principles*, of hoary *usage*, and reverend *custom*. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The neighboring *village*, with its venerable *cottages*, its public *green*, sheltered by *trees*, under which the forefathers of the present race have *sported*; the antique family *mansion*, standing apart in some little rural *domain*, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding *scene*; all these common features of English *landscape* evince a calm and settled *security*, a hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local *attachments*, that speak *deeply* and *touchingly* for the moral *character* of the *nation*.

IRVING.

2. THE SEASONS IN SWEDEN.

I must not forget the suddenly changing *seasons* of the northern clime. There is no long and lingering *spring* unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering *autumn*, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian *summers*. But *winter* and *summer* are *wonderful*, and pass into *each other*. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the *corn*, when *winter*, from the folds of trailing *clouds*, sows broadcast over the land, *snow*, *icicles*, and *rattling hail*.

The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and *wan*, and in the southern sky a red, fiery *glow*, as of *sunset*, burns along the *horizon*, and then *goes out*. And pleasantly, under the silver *moon*, and under the silent, solemn *stars*, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen *sea*, and *voices*, and the sound of *bells*.

LONGFELLOW.

II. FAST MOVEMENT.

Fast; or quick, movement, is the characteristic rate in the expression of mirth, fun, humor, gladness, joy, and haste.

EXAMPLES.

1. PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

A hurry of *hóofs* in a village stréet,
 A shape in the *móonlight*, a bulk in the *dárk*,
 And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a *spárk*
 Struck out by a *stéed* that flies fearless and *fléet* :
 That was *áll* ! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
 The fate of a *nàtion* was *rìding* that nìght ;
 And the *spárk* struck out by that steed, in his *flìght*,
 Kindled the land into *flàme* with its hèat. LONGFELLOW.

2. L'ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jést and youthful *Jòllity*,
Qùips, and *crànks*, and wanton *wìles*,
Nòds, and *bècks*, and wreathéd *smìles*
 Such as hang on *Hèbè's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple slèek ;
Spòrt that wrinkled Care *derìdes*,
 And *Làughter* holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastic tòe ;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain *nỳmph*, sweet *Lìberty*. MILTON.

3. ONCE MORE.

"Will I còmè?" That *ìs* pleasant! I beg to inquire
 If the gnn that I carry has *éver* missed fire?
 And which was the muster-roll—mention but *òne*—
 That missed your old comrade who carries the gùn!
 You see me as always, my hand on the lock,
 The cap on the nipple, the hammer full cock.

It is *rusty*, some tell me; I heed not the *scôff*;
 It is battered and *bruised*, but it always *goes ôff*!
 "Is it *lôaded*?" I'll *bét* you! What *dôes n't* it hold?
 Rammed full to the muzzle with *mémories* untold;
 Why, it scares me to *fire*, lest the pieces should fly
 Like the *cànnons* that burst on the Fourth of July!

HOLMES.

4. RHYME OF THE RAIL.

Singing through the *fórests*,
 Rattling over *rídges*,
 Shooting under *árches*,
 Rumbling over *bridges*;
 Whizzing through the *móuntains*,
 Buzzing o'er the *vále*,
 Blèss me! this is *pléasant*,
 Ríding on the *ráil*!

SAXE.

5. THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
 dear;
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New
 Year;
 Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest
 day;
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
 Queen o' the May.

TENNYSON.

6. THE MESSAGE.

The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, *speed!*
 The summons dread brooks no delay.
Stretch to the race—away! away!

SCOTT.

7. THE SUMMONS.

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;
 Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded.
 Faster come, faster come, faster and faster:
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom, tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come; see how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume, blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set;
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset!

SCOTT.

8. THE SMILING LISTENER.

Precisely. I see it. You all want to say
 That a tear is too sad and a smile is too gay;
 You could stand a faint smile, you could manage a sigh,
 But you value your ribs, and you don't want to cry.

It's awful to think of—how year after year
 With his piece in his pocket he waits for you here;
 No matter who's missing, there always is one
 To lug out his manuscript, sure as a gun.

III. VERY FAST MOVEMENT.

Very fast movement is expressive of hurry, alarm, confusion, flight, ecstatic joy, and ungovernable rage and fury.

EXAMPLES.

1. MAZEPPA.

Awáy!—*awáy!*—and on we *dàsh!*—
 Torrents less rapid and less ràsh.

Awáy, awáy, my steed and I,
 Upon the pinions of the *wìnd*,
 All *húman* dwellings left behind;

We sped like *métcòrs* through the *ský*,
 When with its crackling sound the night
 Is chequered with the northern light.

BYRON.

2. HURRY.

Sisters! *hènce*, with spurs of *spècd!*

Each her thundering *fàlchion* wield;
 Each bestride her sable *stècd*;
Hùrry! *hurry* to the *fièld*.

3. FLIGHT.

Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The *àrchery* appear;
For life! for life! their flight they ply;
 While shriék, and shóut, and báttle-cry,
 And pláids and bônnetts waving high,
 And bróadswords flashing to the ský,
 Are maddening in the réar.

SCOTT.

4. GOOD NEWS.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and hè;
 Í galloped, Díreck galloped, we galloped all thèe;
 “*Good spècd!*” cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrèw;
 “*Spècd!*” echoed the wall to us galloping through.
 Behind shut the pòstern; the lights sank to rèst,
 And into the midnight we galloped abréast.

Not a word to each óther; we kept the great páce,
 Néck by néck, stríde by stríde, never changing our plàce;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tíght,
 Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique ríght,
 Rebuckled the chéck-strap, chained slacker the bít,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whít.

BROWNING.

5. HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

“*Bring forth the horse!*” Alas! he showed
 Not like the one Mazeppa rode;
 Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
 The wreck of what was once a steed;
 Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints,
 Yet not without his knowing points.
 “*Gò!*”—Through his ear the summons stung,
 As if a battle-trump had rung;
 The slumbering instincts long unstirred
 Start at the old familiar word;
 It thrills like flame through every limb—
 What mean his twenty years to him?

The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein—
He steps a five-year-old again!
Before the quarter-pole was passed,
Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shoe—away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun;
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold—he sways and reels—
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And "Stop him! stop him!" is the cry,
Stand back! he's only just begun—
He's having out three heats in one!
Now for the finish! At the turn,
The old horse—all the rest astern—
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!

IV. SLOW MOVEMENT.

Slow movement prevails in the utterance of praise and adoration, and in all expression when the mind is under the influence of meditation, grief, melancholy, grandeur, sublimity, vastness, or power. It is the characteristic rate of thoughtful and powerful oratory. In slow movement, the rhetorical pauses are long, and the voice dwells on the liquid and the long vowel sounds.

EXAMPLES.

1. ASTRONOMY.

Generation after generation has *rolled away*, age after age has swept *silently by*; but each has swelled, by its contributions, the stream of discovery. Mysterious *movements* have been unraveled; *mighty laws* have been revealed; *ponderous orbs* have been weighed; *one* barrier after *another* has given way to the force of intellect; until the mind, majestic in its strength, has mounted, step by step, up the rocky height of its self-built pyramid, from whose star-crowned summit it looks out upon the grandeur of the universe self-clothed with the *prescience of a God*.

MITCHELL.

2. THE RAVEN.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor:

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to
borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

POE.

3. THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea;
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.
The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie!
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on—and so did I.
I closed my lids and kept them close,
Till the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

COLERIDGE.

4. THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

5. TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?
Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

BRYANT.

V. VERY SLOW MOVEMENT.

Very slow movement prevails in the expression of deep emotions, such as awe, reverence, horror, melancholy, and grief.

In this movement the rhetorical and grammatical pauses are very long, and the vowel and liquid sounds are dwelt upon and prolonged.

The prevailing inflection in this movement is the monotone.

EXAMPLES.

1. Air, earth, and sea resound his praise abroad.
2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.
3. Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.
4. Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe.
5. It thunders! Sons of dust, in reverence bow.
6. Unto Thee I lift up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens.
7. Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
8. Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleeper.
Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it.

9. CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness.
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory—

But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

SHAKESPEARE.

10. DREAM OF DARKNESS.

The crowd was famished by degrees. But two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies. They met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage. They raked up,
And, shivering, scraped with their cold, skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes; and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame,
Which was a mockery. Then they lifted
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died;
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend.

BYRON

11. HIAWATHA.

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

LONGFELLOW.

EXAMPLES OF MOVEMENT.

VERY SLOW.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.

SLOW.

Alone, alone, all, all alone.

MODERATE.

There was a sound of revelry by night.

FAST.

Come and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe.

VERY FAST.

Hurry! hurry to the field!

Require each pupil to make out and read in the class a similar set of quoted illustrations.

CHAPTER IV.

PITCH OF VOICE.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

1. *Pitch*, or key, denotes the highness or lowness of the voice in tone. The range of the voice from the lowest to the highest tone is called its *compass*.

2. The compass of the voice among readers corresponds, in some degree, to the tenor, soprano, contralto, and bass, among singers; but every voice has its own relatively low, middle, and high tones.

3. For every one, the middle pitch is that tone to which the voice inclines in conversation, or in unimpassioned reading.

4. The three main divisions of pitch are the low, the middle, and the high; but these, for convenience, are subdivided into very low, low, middle, high, and very high.

5. The general key in which a selection should be read is determined by the general sentiment or character of the piece.

6. In order to avoid monotony, there should be some slight variation of pitch at the beginning of each successive paragraph that marks a new topic of discourse, or a change of idea.

7. *Low* pitch is the tone expressive of serious thought, of awe, of reverence, of adoration, of horror, and of despair.

8. *Middle* pitch is the tone of conversation, and of unimpassioned narrative or descriptive reading.

9. *High* pitch is the tone of gayety, joy, and gladness; of courage and exultation; and of shouting and calling.

10. Of the importance of drill exercises in pitch, Prof. Monroe says: "One of the commonest faults in school reading, and in the delivery of many public speakers, is a dull monotony of tone. This sameness is still more disagreeable to the ear when the voice is kept strained upon a high key. Not less unpleasant is an incessant repetition of the same cant or sing-song. Elocutionary rules will do little or nothing toward removing these faults. Faithful drill is needed, under the guidance of good taste and a correct musical ear. To this must be added an appreciation of the sentiment of the piece at the moment of utterance.

11. "When the organs have been trained to freedom and facility in all degrees of the musical scale, the pupil will find it easy to modulate his voice in reading. Vowels, words, and sentences should be practiced with high, middle, and low pitch. Having these tones at his command, the expressive reader will vary the pitch with every shade of thought or emotion, so that a foreigner who did not understand a word might listen with pleasure to the play of intonation. Next to sweetness of voice, a proper melody of delivery has the greatest charm to the hearer."

II. CONCERT DRILL ON PITCH.

1. Sing the scale, up and down: dō, re, mī, fā, sōl, lā, sī, dō.

2. Sing the scale with the long vowel sounds, instead of note names: ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, ā, ē, ī.

3. Sound, not sing, the long vowels, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, on the key of dō; of mī; of sōl; of dō.

4. Sound the long vowels, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū: (1) With low

pitch. (2) With middle pitch. (3) With high pitch.
(4) With very high pitch.

5. Count from one to twenty: (1) In middle pitch.
(2) With low pitch. (3) With high pitch.

6. Repeat, five times, the word "all," beginning with very low pitch, and rising higher with each successive repetition.

III. FAULTS IN PITCH.

1. The most common fault in school reading is the high pitch known as the conventional "school tone," which grates on the ear like the filing of a saw. It arises from an effort to read in a loud tone, and from a habit of reading without any regard to thought or feeling. This fault must be corrected by vocal drill on a low key.

2. A common fault, particularly of girls, is that of reading with feeble force and low pitch.

3. The failure to adapt the pitch to the sentiment or emotion of what is read.

IV. EXAMPLES OF THE MIDDLE PITCH.

The middle pitch is the natural tone of ordinary conversation. It is the appropriate key for the reading of unimpassioned narrative, descriptive, and didactic composition.

1. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes.

2. Wisdom is better than riches.

3. Good morning, Mr. Brown. How do you do this morning?

4. For all a rhetorician's rules

Teach nothing but to name his tools.

5. Marley was dead, to begin with ; there is no doubt whatever about that. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

6. CONCORD RIVER.

We stand now on the river's brink. It may well be called the Concord—the river of peace and quietness,—for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered imperceptibly towards its eternity, the sea. Positively, I had lived three weeks beside it, before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed. It never has a vivacious aspect, except when a north-western breeze is vexing its surface, on a sunshiny day.

From the incurable indolence of its nature, the stream is happily incapable of becoming the slave of human ingenuity, as is the fate of so many a wild, free, mountain torrent. While all things else are compelled to subserve some useful purpose, it idles its sluggish life away in lazy liberty, without turning a solitary spindle, or affording even water-power enough to grind the corn that grows upon its banks.

HAWTHORNE.

7. WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables ; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff,

he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well, I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

IRVING.

V. EXAMPLES OF HIGH PITCH.

Joy, mirth, and gayety incline the voice to pure tone and high pitch. Calling to persons at a distance inclines the voice to high pitch and pure tone. Anger, courage, boldness, and exultation incline the voice to high pitch and loud force.

1. Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully.

2. Ring joyous chords! ring out again
A swifter still and a wilder strain.

3. And dar'st thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

4. But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?

5. ANGER.

Call me their *traitor*!—Thou *injurious* tribune!
Within thine eyes sat *twenty thousand deaths*,
In thine hands clutched as many *millions*, in
Thy lying tongue *both* numbers, I would say
Thou *liest*, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

From Coriolanus.

6. VICTORY.

They strike! hurrah! the foe has surrendered!
Shout! shout! my warrior boy,
And wave your cap, and clap your hands for joy.
Cheer answer cheer, and bear the cheer about.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the fiery fort is ours.
Victory! victory! victory!

7. CALLING.

I'm with you once again!—I *call* to you :
 With all my *voice*, I hold my *hands* to you,
 To show they still are *frèe*. I *rùsh* to you
 As though I could *embràce* you.

Tell's Address to the Mountains.

8. CALLING THE COWS.

When over the hill the farm-boy goes,

Cheerily calling,

“Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!”

Farther, farther, over the hill,

Faintly calling, calling still,

“Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!”

TROWBRIDGE.

9. THE WATCHMAN'S CALL.

Ho! watchman, ho!

Twelve is the clock!

God keep our town

From fire and brand

And hostile hand!

Twelve is the clock!

10. THE SILVER BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seemed to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

POE.

11. EXULTATION.

Joy! joy forever! my task is done;
The gates are passed, and heaven is won. MOORE.

12. COMMAND AND SHOUTING.

Advance your *standards*, draw your willing *swords*!
Sound *drums* and *trumpets*, boldly and cheerfully!
God, and *Saint George*! *Richmond* and *victory*!

13. THE CHARCOAL MAN.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon-seat;
His somber face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries:—

“*Charco’! charco’!*”

While echo faint and far replies:—

“*Hark, O! hark, O!*”

“*Charco’!*”—“*Hark, O!*”—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds. TROWBRIDGE.

14. THE LOST HEIR.

One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood;

“O Lord! oh, dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick
stark staring wild!

Has ever a one seen anything about the streets like a
crying, lost-looking child?

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with
my own blessed motherly eyes,

Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a-playing at
making little dirt pies.

Billy—where are you, Billy?—I’m as hoarse as a crow,
with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!

And sha'n't have half a voice, no more I sha'n't, for
crying fresh herrings to-morrow.
Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come Billy, come
home to your best of mothers!
I'm scared when I think of them cabroleys, they drive
so, they'd run over their own sisters and brothers.
Or may be he's stole by some chimbly-sweeping wretch,
to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,
And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when
the soot has ketched, and the chimbly's red hot.
Oh, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was
mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face;
For he's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he don't soon come
back, you'll see me drop stone-dead on the place.
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two motherly
arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!
Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was—but a
child don't feel like a child till you miss him.
Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young
wretch; it's that Billy as sartin as sin!
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair,
and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his
skin!"

HOOD.

15. EXTRACTS FROM HOOD'S "TALE OF A TRUMPET."

Of all old women hard of hearing,
The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!
On her head, it is true,
Two flaps there grew,
That served for a pair of gold rings to go through;
But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
They heard no more than ears of barley.

However, in the peddler came,
And the moment he met the eyes of the dame,
Popped a trumpet into her ear:—

"There, ma'am! *try it!*

You need n't *buy it*—

The last new patent—and nothing comes nigh it,
For affording the deaf, at little expense,
The sense of *hearing*, and hearing of *sense!*
A real blessing—and no mistake,
Invented for poor *humanity's* sake;
I wouldn't tell a *lie*, I *would n't*,
But *my* trumpets have heard what *Solomon's* could n't;
Only a *guinea*—and can't take *less*."
("That's *very déar*," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"There was Mrs. F.,

So very *déaf*,

That she might have worn a percussion-*cap*,
And been knocked on the *head* without hearing it *snáp*.
Well, I sold her a *horn*, and the very *next day*
She heard from her husband at *Botany Bay!*
Come—speak your mind—it's '*Nó* or *Yês*.'"
("I've *half a mind*," said Dame Eleanor S.)

"*Try it—buy it!*

Buy it—try it!

The last new patent, and nothing comes *nigh it*."
In short, the peddler so beset her—
Lord *Bacon* could n't have gammoned her *bétter*—
With flatteries plump and indirect,
And plied his tongue with such effect—
A tongue that could almost have buttered a *crúmpet*—
The deaf old woman bought the trumpet.

16. CONVERSATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

[Each supposes the other to be very deaf, the pitch at times running into screaming.]

Jones. (*Speaking shrill and loud.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers? I plucked them from their slumber on the hill.

Prü. (*In an equally high voice.*) Really sir, I—I—

Jones. (Aside.) She hesitates. It must be that she does not hear me. (*Increasing his tone.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers—FLOWERS? I plucked them sleeping on the hill—HILL.

Pru. (Also increasing her tone.) Certainly, Mr. Jones. They are beautiful—BEAU-U-TIFUL.

Jones. (Aside.) How she screams in my ear. (*Aloud.*) Yes, I plucked them from their slumber—SLUMBER, on the hill—HILL.

Pru. (Aside.) Poor man, what an effort it seems for him to speak. (*Aloud.*) I perceive you are poetical. Are you fond of poetry? (*Aside.*) He hesitates. I must speak louder. (*In a scream.*) Poetry—POETRY—POETRY!

Jones. (Aside.) Bless me, the woman would wake the dead! (*Aloud.*) Yes, Miss, I ad-o-r-e it.

Snob. Glorious! glorious! I wonder how loud they can scream. Oh, vengeance, thou art sweet!

Pru. Can you repeat some poetry—POETRY?

Jones. I only know one poem. It is this—

You'd scarce expect one of my age—AGE,
To speak in public on the stage—STAGE.

Pru. Bravo—bravo!

Jones. Thank you! THANK——

Pru. Mercy on us! Do you think I'm DEAF, sir?

Jones. And do you fancy me deaf, Miss? (*Natural tone.*)

Pru. Are you not, sir? You surprise me!

Jones. No, Miss. I was led to believe that you were deaf. Snobbleton told me so.

Pru. Snobbleton! Why, he told me that you were deaf.

Jones. Confound the fellow! he has been making game of us.

VI. EXAMPLES OF LOW PITCH.

Low pitch is the characteristic key of the voice when the mind is under the influence of serious, grave, and impressive thoughts; and *very low* pitch is the appropriate key for the expression of reverence, adoration, horror, and despair.

1. FROM THE "RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER."

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high;
 But oh! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
 Seven days, seven nights I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

2. FROM THE "RAVEN."

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
 wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
 dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave
 no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered
 word "Lenore!"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
 word "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

3. LAUS DEO.

Let us knèel;
 God's own voice is in that pèal,
 And this spot is hòly ground.
 Lord, forgive us! What are wè,
 That our eyes this giòry see,
 That our ears have heard the sòund!

WHITTIER.

4. FROM THE PSALMS.

He bowed the heavens, also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet; and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; and he was seen upon the wings of the wind; and he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.

5. THE CHANDOS PICTURE.

The bell far off beats midnight; in the dark

The sounds have lost their way, and wander slowly
Through the dead air; beside me things cry, "Hark!"

And whisper words unholy.

EDWARD POLLOCK.

6. THE IRON BELLS.

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone!

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone;

They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human—

They are ghouls;

And their king it is who tolls—

And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,

A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells!
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the tolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

POE.

VII. EXAMPLES OF VERY LOW PITCH.

1. Concerning the application of very low pitch in reading and speaking, Prof. Russell remarks: "This lowest form of pitch is one of the most impressive means of powerful natural effect, in the utterance of all deep and impressive emotions. The pervading and absorbing effect of *awe*, *amazement*, *horror*, or any similar feeling, can never be produced without low pitch and deep successive notes; and the depth and reality of such emotions are always in proportion to the depth of voice with which they are uttered. The grandest descriptions in the 'Paradise Lost,' and the profoundest meditations in the 'Night Thoughts,' become trivial in their effect on the

ear, when read with the ineffectual expression inseparable from the pitch of ordinary conversation or discourse.

2. "The vocal deficiency which limits the range of expression to the middle and higher notes of the scale is not, by any means, the unavoidable and necessary fault of organization, as it is so generally supposed to be. Habit is in this, as in so many other things, the cause of defect. There is truth, no doubt, in the remark so often made in defense of a high and feeble voice, that it is natural to the individual, or that it is difficult for some readers to attain to depth of voice without incurring a false and forced style of utterance. But in most cases it is habit, not organization, that has made certain notes natural or unnatural—in other words, familiar to the ear or the reverse.

3. "The neglect of the lower notes of the scale, and, consequently, of the organic action by which they are produced, may render a deep-toned utterance less easy than it would otherwise be. But most teachers of elocution are, from day to day, witnesses to the fact that students, from the neglect of muscular action, and from all the other enfeebling causes involved in sedentary habits and intellectual application, sometimes commence a course of practice with a high-pitched, thin, and feminine voice, which seems at first incapable of expressing a grave or manly sentiment, and, in some instances, appears to forbid the individual from ever attempting the utterance of a solemn thought, lest his treble tone should make the effect ridiculous; but that a few weeks' practice of vocal exercise on bass notes and deep emotions, as embodied in rightly selected exercises, often enables such readers to acquire a round and deep-toned utterance, adequate to the fullest effects of impressive eloquence.

4. "The exercise of singing bass, if cultivated as an habitual practice, has a great effect in imparting com-

mand of deep-toned expression in reading and speaking. Reading and reciting passages from Milton and from Young, and particularly from the Book of Psalms, or from hymns of a deeply solemn character, are exercises of great value for securing the command of the lower notes of the voice."

5. In the following exercises the movement is very slow, the pauses are very long, and the prevailing inflection the grave monotone.

1. THE GRAVE.

Hōw frīghtful the *grave*! how desērted and *drèar*!
With the hōwls of the stōrm-wind, the crēaks of the līer,
And the whīte bōnes āll clāttering tōgèther!

2. THE BELL OF THE ATLANTIC.

Tōll, tōll, tōll, thōn bēll bȳ billows swūng;
And, nīght and dāy, thy wārning wōrds repēat wīth
mōurnful tōngue;
Tōll for the quēenly bōat, wrēcked on yōn rōcky shòre!
Sēa-wēed is in her pālāce wālls; she rīdes the sūrge nō
mòre.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

3. THE GHOST IN HAMLET.

I cōuld a tāle unfōld, whōse līghtest wōrd
Would hārrōw up thy sōul, frēeze thy yōung blōod,
Māke thy twō ēyes like stārs stārt from their sphēres,
Thy knōtted and combinēd lōcks to pārt,
And ēach partīcular hāir to stānd on ēnd,
Like quills upon the frētful porcupīne.

SHAKESPEARE.

4. DARKNESS.

The world was vōid:
The pōpulous | and the pōwerful | was a lūmp,
Sēasonless, hērbless, trēeless, mānless, līfeless;
A lūmp of dēath, a chāos of hārd clāy.
The rīvers, lākes, and ōcean, āll | stōod | still,

And nōthing | stirred | withīn thēir sīlent dēpths.
 Shīps, sāilorless, lāy rōtting ōn the sēa,
 And their mās̄ts | fēll dōwn | pīecemēal; as they drōpped |
 They slēpt on the ab̄yss, withōut a sūrge—
 The wāves | wēre dēad; the tīdes | wēre in thēir grāve; |
 The mōon, their mīstress, had expīred befōre;
 The wīnds | wēre wīthered | in the stāgnant āir;
 And the clōuds | pērished: Dārknēss | had nō nēed |
 Of āid | from thēm—shē | was the ùnīverse. BYRON.

VIII. RECAPITULATION OF PITCH.

1. *Very low is the pitch of awe, of reverence, of solemnity, of melancholy, horror, and despair.*

2. *Low is the pitch of serious, grave, solemn, and impressive thoughts and feelings.*

3. *Middle is the pitch of ordinary conversation, and of unimpassioned narrative, descriptive, or didactic composition.*

4. *High pitch is the pitch of courage, boldness, exultation, wonder, and anger, and of shouting or calling.*

5. *Very high is the pitch of rapturous emotion, of uncontrollable passion, of terror, and pain.*

CHAPTER V.

QUALITY OF VOICE.

INTRODUCTORY.

1. *Quality* of voice relates to the kind of tone used in reading or speaking in order to express varied thoughts and emotions.

2. The ever-varying intonations of a rich and cultivated voice constitute one of the greatest charms of a good reader or speaker.

3. "In poetical and impassioned language," says Prof. Russell, "tones are often the most prominent and the most important qualities of voice; and to give these with propriety, force, and vividness, is the chief excellence of good reading or recitation.

4. "The language of prose, being generally less imaginative and exciting, does not require the extent and power of tone used in poetry. But as true feeling is, in both cases, the same in kind, though not in degree, and as no sentiment can be uttered naturally without the tone of its appropriate emotion, and no thought, indeed, can arise in the mind without a degree of emotion, a great importance is attached, even in the reading or speaking of prose composition, to those qualities of voice comprehended under the name of tones.

5. "Without these, utterance would degenerate into a merely mechanical process of articulation. It is these that give impulse and vitality to thought, and which constitute the chief instruments of eloquence."

KINDS OF TONE.

The different qualities of tone may be classed as follows :

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. Pure tone. | 4. The Guttural. |
| 2. The Orotund. | 5. The Falsetto. |
| 3. The Aspirated. | 6. The Semitone. |

Of these divisions, the *pure tone* and the *orotund* are the most important, because they are most used in reading.

FAULTS IN QUALITY.

1. Perhaps the most common fault in school reading consists in using one uniform tone for all kinds of selections.

2. This hard, thin, high, grating quality is appropriately termed the "school tone."

3. The faulty habits of pupils in this respect are best corrected by requiring pupils to repeat in concert, after the teacher, short extracts which include great variations of quality. Many timid pupils are, at first, frightened at the sound of their own voices in any other tone than the conventional school tone.

4. Another fault is the tendency to the *nasal tone*. This high, thin, sharp, disagreeable tone is produced by forcing the breath into the nose before it leaves the mouth, and this fault in reading is the result of not opening the mouth sufficiently in reading. It may be broken up by persistent drill on the open vowel sounds, and by exercises that keep the voice down to a low pitch.

I. PURE TONE.

1. *Pure tone*, or head tone, is a clear, smooth sound, so formed as to have a slight resonance in the head or through the nasal passages. A good illustration of this quality is afforded by giving the sound of *oo* as in *mōon*,

prolonged for ten seconds, in a thin, clear, gentle vocal sound, on a moderately high pitch.

2. Pure tone is used in all quiet, gentle, subdued forms of utterance; in the expression of pathos and tenderness; in ordinary conversation; in unimpassioned reading; and in the prolonged tones of shouting or calling, when the voice, raised to a high pitch, flows in a thin, clear, penetrating volume.

3. "The production of pure and full tone," says Prof. William Russell, "is the common ground on which elocution and vocal music unite, in elementary discipline. Both arts demand attention to appropriate healthful attitude, and to free, expansive, energetic action in the organs.

4. "Both require erect posture, free opening of the chest, full and regular breathing, power of producing and sustaining any degree of volume of voice, and, along with these, the habit of vivid, distinct articulation.

5. "Both equally forbid that imperfect and laborious breathing which mars the voice, exhausts the organs, and produces disease. Both tend to secure that healthy vigor of organ which makes vocal exercise, at once, a source of pleasure and a source of health."

EXAMPLES.

1. Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures.
2. O that this lovely vale were mine!
3. O then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!
4. Rejoice, ye men of Angiers; ring your bells;
Open your gates to give the victors way.
5. Joy! joy forever! my task is done!
6. Ring, joyous chords! ring out again!
7. Hear the sledges with the bells—*silver* bells!

8. Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that.

9. Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability.

10. Has there any *old* fellow got mixed with the *boys*?

11. Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.

12. BUGLE SONG.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow; let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

13. THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells;
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells. POE.

14. SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

15. DRIFTING.

The day so mild is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail my hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense—the cooling sense—
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

READ.

16. TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit—
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest;
Like a 'cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

SHELLEY.

17. PASSING AWAY.

Was it the chime of a tiny *béll*
That came so sweet to my dreaming *éar*,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's *shéll*,
That he winds, on the beach, so mellow and *cléar*,

When the winds and the waves lie together *asléep*,
 And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the *déep*,
 She dispensing her silvery *light*,
 And he his notes as *silvery quite*,
 While the boatman listens and ships his *oar*,
 To catch the music that comes from the *shóre*?
Hàrk! the notes on my ear that *pláy*,
 Are set to *wòrds*: as they *flóat*, they *sáy*,
"Pássing awáy! pássing awáy!"

PIERPONT.

18. EVE OF ELECTION.

From gold to gray, our mild, sweet day
 Of Indian summer fades too soon;
 But tenderly, above the sea,
 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire the village spire
 Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
 The painted walls, whereon it falls,
 Transfigured stand in marble trance!

WHITTIER.

CONCERT DRILL ON PURE TONE.

1. Repeat, four times, the long vowels, *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū*:
 (1) With moderate force, pure tone, and rising inflection.
 (2) With soft or gentle force. (3) With high pitch, pure tone, and sustained force.

2. Count from one to fifty: (1) With quiet conversational tone and rising inflection. (2) Falling inflection. (3) Circumflex inflection. (4) The monotone.

3. Give the sound of long *o*, prolonged for ten seconds; of *ä*; of *ē*.

4. In high pitch, and thin, clear, pure tone, call as to persons at a distance: *ho! ho! ho!*

II. THE OROTUND.

1. The *orotund* is a round, deep, full, clear, resonant

chest-tone of voice. It has the flow and fullness of an organ-peal. It is the tone of emotion, excitement, and passion.

2. The orotund has the smoothness of pure tone, but combines it with a much heavier volume of sound. The swelling tones of the orotund are the appropriate means of expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, grandeur, and strong feeling or passion. It prevails in oratorical declamation and in the reading of lyric or dramatic poetry.

3. The prevailing stress of the orotund is the median, changing, however, under excitement, into the radical.

4. In the orotund utterance, the breathing must be full and deep, to insure a good supply of breath; the mouth must be well opened; all the vocal organs must be called into full play; and then, in harmony with strong emotions, the voice swells out like the blast of a bugle or the resonant swell of an organ.

5. The three degrees of the orotund may be distinguished as the effusive, the expulsive, and the explosive.

OROTUND DRILL.

1. Repeat, four times, in monotone, the long vocals, \bar{a} , \bar{e} , \bar{i} , \bar{o} , \bar{u} .

2. Inhale to the utmost capacity of the lungs and then give, with strong swell and round tone, the sound of long *o*, prolonged as long as the breath will allow.

3. Repeat four times the following vocals : \bar{e} , \bar{a} , $\bar{ä}$, \bar{a} , \bar{o} , $\bar{ö}$.

4. Lo ! the mighty sun looks forth !

Arm ! thou leader of the north.

5. Awake ! Arise ! or be forever fallen !

6. Air, earth, and sea, resound his praise abroad.

7. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

8. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.
9. Hail! holy light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
10. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!
11. It thunders! sons of dust, in reverence bow!
12. Hear the mellow wedding bells—*golden* bells.
13. Hear the loud alarum bells—*brazen* bells.
14. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!

EXAMPLES OF EFFUSIVE OROTUND.

1. THE ARSENAL.

This is the *Arsenal*. From floor to céiling,
Like a huge *organ*, rise the burnished àrms;
But from their silent pípes no anthem péaling,
Startles the villages | with strange alàrms.
Ah! what a *sòund* will rise—how wild and dreary—
When the death-angel touches those swift *kèys*!
What loud lament | and dismal *Miserére*
Will mingle | with their awful *symphonies*!
I hear even *nòw* | the infinite fierce *chòrus*,
The cries of *àgony*, the endless *gròan*,
Which, through the *àges* | that have gone befóre us,
In long *reverberátions* | reach our *òwn*. LONGFELLOW.

2. THE OCEAN.

The *àrmaments* | which thunderstrike the walls |
Of rock-built citíes, bidding *nátions* quake,
And *mónarchs* | tremble in their *capítals*;
The oak *levíathans*, whose *huge ribs* make |
Their clay creator | the vain title take |

Of lord of thee, and arbiter of *wár*—

Thése | are thy *tòys*, and, as the snowy *flàke*,
They melt into thy yeast of *wàyes*, which mar |
Alike | the *Armada's* *pride*, or spoils of *Trafalgàr*.

BYRON.

3. HYMN TO MONT BLANC.

Ye *ìce-falls*! ye that from the mountain's brow |
Adown *enormous ràvines* slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty vóice,
And stopped at ònce amid their maddest plùnge!
Mòtionless tòrrents! *sìlent càtaracts*!
Who made you *glòrious* as the gates of *hèaven* |
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sùn |
Clothe you with *ràinbows*? Who, with living *flòwers*
Of loveliest *blúe*, spread *gàrlands* at your feet?—
Gód! let the torrents like a shout of *nàtions* |
Answer! and let the *ìce-plains* echo: *Gód!*
Gód! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsonie vóice!
Ye *pìne-groves*, with your soft and soul-like sòunds!
And *thèy* too have a *vóice*, yon piles of snòw,
And in their perilous fall | shall thúnder: *Gód!*

COLERIDGE.

4. THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

Build thee more *stàtely* mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons ròll!
Lèave thy low-vaulted *pàst*!
Let each new *tèmples*, nobler than the lást,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vást,
Till thou at length art *frèe*,
Leaving thine outgrown *shéll* by life's unresting sèa!

HOLMES.

5. FROM THE PSALMS.

Praise ye the *Lòrd*. Praise ye the Lord from the
hèavens; praise him in the *hèights*. Praise ye him, all
his *àngels*: praise ye him, all his *hòsts*. Praise ye him,
sùn and *mòon*: praise him, all ye *stàrs* of *lìght*. Praise

him, ye heavens of *hèavens*, and ye *wàters* that be *abòve* the heavens. Let them *práisc* the name of the *Lòrd*: for he *commánded*, and they were created. He hath also established them for *éver* and *èver*: he hath made a decree which shall not pass. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye *dràgons*, and all *dèeps*: *fire*, and *hàil*; *snów*, and *vàpors*; stormy *wínd* fulfilling his *wòrd*: *mòuntains*, and all *hills*; fruitful *trèes*, and all *cèdars*: *béasts*, and all *càttle*; *créeping* things, and *flying fowl*: *kings* of the earth, and all *pèople*: *prínces*, and all *jùdges* of the earth: both *young mén* and *màidens*; *old mén* and *chìldren*. Let them *praise the name of the Lòrd*: for *hís* name alone is *excellènt*; *hís glory* is above the earth and *hèaven*.

6. EVE OF ELECTION.

Our hearts grow cold, we lightly hold

A right which brave men died to gain;

The stake, the cord, the ax, the sword,

Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend, and o'er us bend,

O martyrs, with your crowns and palms!

Breathe through these throngs, your battle-songs,

Your scaffold prayers and dungeon psalms!

WHITTIER.

EXAMPLES OF EXPULSIVE ORÓTUND.

These examples are to be rendered with a stronger swell than those under the head of effusive orotund.

1. LAUS DEO.

It is *dòne*!

Clang of *bell* and roar of *gun*

Send the tidings *úp* and *dòwn*.

How the belfries *ròck* and *rèel*,

How the great *gúns*, peal on *péal*,

Fling the joy from *tòwn* to *tòwn*!

WHITTIER.

2. CHRISTMAS.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !

Once bless our *human* ears,

If ye have power to touch our *senses* so ;

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time,

And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;

And with your ninefold harmony

Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

MILTON.

3. THE OCEAN.

Röll on, thōu dēep and dārک blūe Ocean—röll !

Tēn thousand flēets | sweep over thee in vain ;

Mān | marks the *ēarth* with *rūin*,—his contról |

Stóps with the *shòre* ; upon the watery plain |

The *wrécks* are all *thý* deed, nor doth remain |

A *shàdow* of man's ravage, save his ówn,

When for a móment, like a drop of ráin,

Hē sīnks into thý dēpths | with búbbling grōan,

Without a grāve, unknēlled, uncōffined, and unknōwn.

BYRON.

4. THE ORGAN.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring *organ* burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it wére, huge billows of sound. How *wèll* do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building ! With what pòmپ do they swell through its vast vāults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sēpulcher vócal ! And now they rise in triumph and acclamàtion, heaving *hígher* and *hígher* their accordant nótes, and piling *sòund* on *sòund*. And now they *pàuse*, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of mèlody ; they soar *alóft*, and warble along the *róof*, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of *hèaven*. Again the pealing organ heaves

its thrilling *thunders*, compressing *air* into *music*, and rolling it forth upon the *soul*. What long-drawn *cadences* ! What solemn, *swEEPing* *conCORDS* ! It grows more and more *dense* and *powerful* ; it fills the *vast* *pile*, and seems to jar the *véry* *walls* ; the ear is *stunned*, the senses are *overwhelmed*. And now it is winding up in *full jubilee* ; it is rising from the *éarth* to *hèaven* ; the *véry* *soul* seems rapt away and *floatèd upwards* on this swelling tide of *hàrmony*.

IRVING.

5. PERORATION OF WEBSTER'S PLYMOUTH ROCK ORATION.

Advance, then, ye *future generations* ! We would *hàil* you, as you rise in your long *succéssion*, to fill the places which *wè* now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where *we are passing*, and soon shall have passed, our own human *duràtion*. We bid you *wèlcome* to this pleasant land of the *fàthers*. We bid you *wèlcome* to the healthful *skies* and the verdant *fièlds* of New England. We greet your accession to the *great inhéritance* which *wè* have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of *good gòvernment* and *religious liberty*. We welcome you to the treasures of *sciènce*, and the delights of *lèarning*. We welcome you to the *transeéndent swéets* of *domestic life*, to the happiness of *kìndred*, and *pàrents*, and *chìldren*. We welcome you to the *imméasurable blessings* of *rational existence*, the *immortal hópe* of *Christiànity*, and the light of *everlasting Trùth* !

6. GOD IN NATURE.

"God," sing ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice !
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
 Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements !
 Utter forth "God," and fill the hills with praise !

FROM COLERIDGE'S *Hymn to Mont Blanc*

7. A NEW YEAR'S CHIME.

Ho! ye wardens of the bells,

Ring! ring! ring!

Ring for winter's bracing hours,

Ring for birth of spring and flowers,

Ring for summer's fruitful treasure,

Ring for autumn's boundless measure,

Ring for hands of generous giving,

Ring for vows of nobler living,

Ring for truths of tongue or pen,

Ring, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

Ring! ring! ring!

Ring, that this glad year may see

Earth's accomplished jubilee!

Ring! ring! ring!

8. REVERENCE.

O Lord, my God, Thou art very great! Thou art clothed with honor and majesty; who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

The Bible.

EXAMPLES OF EXPLOSIVE OROTUND.

1. THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now *glòry* to the Lord of Hosts, from whom *àll* glories are!

And glory to our *Sovereign Liège, King Henry* of Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of *mùsic* and the *dànce*,

Through thy cornfields grèen, and sunny vales, *O pleas-ant land of Fràncè!*

And *thòu*, Rochèlle, our *òwn* Rochelle, proud city of the
wàters,

Again let *ràpture* light the eyes of all thy mourning
dàughters;

As thou wert constant in our *ills*, be *jòyous* in our *jòy*,
For còld and stiff and stìll are they who wrought thy
walls annòy.

Hurràh! *hurràh!* a single field hath turned the chance
of wàr.

Hurràh! hurràh! for Ivry and King *Hénry* of *Navàrrre!*

MACAULAY.

2. RICHMOND TO HIS TROOPS.

Fìght, gentlemen of *Èngland!* *fight*, bold *yèomen!*

Dràw, archers, draw your arrows to the *hèad*:

Spur your proud horses *hàrd*, and ride in *blòd*;

Amaze the *wèlkin* with your broken stàves.

A *thòusand* hearts are great within my bòsom:

Advance our *stàndards*, set upon our *fòes!*

Our ancient word of *còurage*, fair St. George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dràgons!

Upon them! *Vìctory* sits on our *hèlms*. SHAKESPEARE.

3. INDEPENDENCE.

The great bell swung as ne'er before:

It seemed as it would never cease;

And every word its ardor flung

From off its jubilant iron tongue

Was, "War! WAR! WAR!"

READ.

4. INDEPENDENCE.

Sìr, before *Gòd*, I believe the hour is *còme!* My *júdg-*
ment *appròves* this measure, and my whole *hèart* is *in*
it. All that I *hàve*, and all that I *ám*, and all that I
hòpe, in *this* life, I am now ready here to *stàke* upon it;
and I *leave óff*, as I *begàn*, that, *lìve* or *dìe*, *survìve* or

perish, I am for the *declarâtion* ! It is my *living* sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying* sentiment—*Independence now*, and *independence forever* !

WEBSTER.

EXPLOSIVE AND EXPULSIVE OROTUND.

These two forms of the orotund are often combined in the same piece, and it is not easy to draw a marked line of division. In impassioned declamation the utterance changes from one to the other, according to the degree of feeling or passion. The following extract affords an illustration :

1. WEBSTER'S TRIBUTE TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Président, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusétts; she *needs* none. There she *is*; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her *history*; the *world* knows it by heart. The *past*, at least, is *secure*. There is Bòston, and Còncord, and Lèxington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain *forever*. The bones of her sòns, fallen in the great struggle for Indépèndence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New Éngland to Geòrgia; and *there* they will lie *forever*.

And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first vóice, and where its youth was nurtured and *sustained*, there it *still lives*, in the strength of its *mánhood*, and full of its *original spirit*. If discord and disunion shall *wound* it; if party strife and blind ambition shall *hawk at* and *téar* it; if folly and *mádnness*, if uneasiness under salutary and *necessary restráint*, shall succeed in separating it from *that Union* by which *alóne* its existence is *made sùre*—it will stand, in the end, by the side of *that crádle* in which its *infancy was ròcked*; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retáin, over the *fríends* who *gather ròund* it; and it will fall *at làst*, if

fall it *mūst*, amid the *proudest* monuments of its own *glōry*, and on the very *spot* of its *ōrigin*.

III. ASPIRATED QUALITY.

Aspirated quality means, in general, a combination of tone with whisper, causing the huskiness and harshness produced by a superabundance of breath under the influence of powerful emotions, such as anger, rage, terror, and horror. The whisper represents the extreme of aspirated quality.

THE WHISPER.

The pure whisper lies half way between breathing and vocality. The half-whisper is a combination of tone and whisper. The forcible whisper is a most valuable vocal exercise. It requires full, deep, and frequent breathing, and the vigorous use of the lips, tongue, and other vocal organs. The degrees of force in the whisper are indicated by the terms effusive, expulsive, and explosive.

The pure whisper is rarely used in reading, the effect being generally *suggested* by the half-whisper, or by aspirated quality. The following exercises and examples are given for the purposes of vocal training.

TABLE OF ASPIRATES.

[*First whisper the words, then the aspirates, and then give the phonic spelling of each word in a forcible whisper.*]

p	p-i-pe,	li-p	t	t-en-t,	t-as-te
wh	wh-en,	wh-y	ch	ch-ur-ch,	bir-ch
f	f-i-fe,	lea-f	sh	sh-all,	la-sh
th	th-ick,	my-th	h	h-ow,	h-ail
s	s-ale,	le-ss	k	ea-ke,	la-ke

WHISPER DRILL.

Practice each exercise with three degrees of force: (1) Effusive, or soft. (2) Expulsive, or forcible. (3) Explosive, or intense.

1. With effusive force, repeat as many times as possible without taking breath: ā-ē-ī-ō-ū.

2. To ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, join *f*, and repeat as above; join *t*; join *h*.

3. Count, in a whisper, from one to ten, with one breath; from one to twenty; one to thirty, or more.

EXAMPLES OF EFFUSIVE WHISPER.

1. Step softly, and speak low.

2. Whisper! she is going to her final rest.

Whisper! life is growing dim within her breast.

3. Hark! hist! around I list.

The bounds of space all trace efface
Of sound.

4. And his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand:

"Is n't God upon the water,
Just the same as on the land?"

5. And again to the child I whispered:

"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

6. And the bridemaids whispered: "'Twere better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

7. The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"

And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"

The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"

And the lily whispers, "I wait."

EXAMPLES OF EXPULSIVE WHISPER.

1. Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come! they come!"
2. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.
Come, come, come, give me your hand.
3. Soldiers! You are now within a few steps of the enemy's outposts. Let every man keep the strictest silence, under pain of instant death.

EXAMPLES OF EXPLOSIVE WHISPER.

1. Hark! I hear the bugles of the enemy. *For the boats! Forward! Forward!*
2. *Hamlet.* *Saw! who?*
Horatio. The king, your father.
Hamlet. *The king, my father?*
3. Art thou some *gód*, some *ángel*, or some *dévil*,
That mak'st my blood run cold and my hair to stand!

WHISPER AND TONE.

In some of the following illustrations of aspirated quality, the *whisper* predominates over *tone*; in others, the aspiration only affects the tone with a marked roughness, huskiness, or aspirated harshness. The extent to which aspirated quality may be applied is often a matter of taste on the part of the reader.

EXAMPLES.

1. But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

2. THE CURFEW BELL.

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark, and damp, and cold—

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night
 to die,
 At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
 Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew
 strangely white,
 As she spoke in husky whispers, "*Curfew must not ring
 to-night.*"

3. MACBETH TO THE GHOST.

Avàunt! and quit my *sìght!* Let the *èarth hìde* thee!
 Thy bones are *màrrowless*, thy blood is *còld*:
 Thou hast no *speculàtion* in those eyes
 Which thou dost *glàre* with!
Hènce, horrible shàdow!
 Unreal *móckery*, *hènce!*

4. HAMLET TO THE GHOST.

[*Aspirated quality and occasional half-whisper.*]

Àngels and ministers of gràce defènd ùs!
 Be thou a spirit of héalth, or gòblin dàmned—
 Bring with thee airs from héaven, or blasts from hèll—
 Be thy intents wícked, or chàritable—
 Thou com'st in such a questionable *shǎpe*
 That I *wíll* speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hámlet,
 King, fàther, royal Dàne: Oh, ànswer me:
 Let me not *bùrst* in ígnorance! but tell
Whỳ thy canonized bones, héarséd in death,
 Have burst their cèrements! *whỳ* the sepulcher,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
 Hath oped his poudèrous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in còmpete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous: and we fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, *whỳ* is this? *whèrefore?* what should we *dó?*

5. FROM "EUGENE ARAM."

[*Horror and remorse. Aspirated pectoral and guttural quality.*]

And, lo! the universal air
 Seemed lit with ghastly flame;—
 Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
 Were looking down in blame:
 I took the dead man by his hand,
 And called upon his name!

O God! it made me quake to see
 Such sense within the slain!
 But when I touched the lifeless clay,
 The blood gushed out amain!
 For every clot, a burning spot
 Was scorching in my brain!

And now, from forth the frowning sky,
 From the heaven's topmost height,
 I heard a voice—the awful voice
 Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
 "Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
 And hide it from my sight!"

HOOD.

6. MACBETH.

[*Horror and fear. Intense suppressed force; prevailing monotone; very slow movement; strong aspirated quality.*]

Nōw ō'er the ōne hālf wōrld
 Nāture sēems dēad; and wīcked drēams abūse
 The cūrtained slēep; nōw wīchcraft cēlebrates
 Pale Hēcate's ófferings; and wīthēred murder,
 Alārumed by his sēntinel, the wōlf,
 Whōse hōwl's his wātch, thūs wīth his stēalthy pāce,
 Tōwards his dēsign
Moves like a ghòst.—Thōu sūre and fīrm-sēt ēarth!
 Hēar nōt mý stēps, wīch wāy thēy wālk; fōr fēar
 The very stōnes prāte of my whereabouts,
 And tāke the prēsent hōrror frōm the tīme
 Wīch nōw sūits wīth it.

7. DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE.

[*Secrecy. Forceible whisper and half-whisper.*]

And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.

And there they hid;

And Reuben slid

The fastenings back, and the door undid.

“Keep dark!” said he,

“While I squint an’ see what the’ is to see.”

“Hush!” Reuben said,

“He’s up in the shed!

He’s opened the winder—I see his head!

He stretches it out, an’ pokes it about,

Lookin’ to see ’f the coast is clear,

An’ nobody near;—

Guess he don’ o’ who’s hid in here!

He’s riggin’ a spring-board over the sill!

Stop laffin’, Solomon! Burke, keep still!

He’s a-climbing out now—Of all the things!

What’s he got on? I van, it’s wings!

An’ that ’t other thing? I vum, it’s a tail!

An’ there he sets like a hawk on a rail!

Steppin’ careful, he travels the length

Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.

Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;

Peeks over his shoulder, this way an’ that,

Fer to see ’f there’s any one passin’ by;

But there’s on’y a ca’f an’ a goslin’ nigh.

Flop—flop—an’ plump

To the ground with a thump,

Flutterin’ and flounderin’ all in a lump.”

TROWBRIDGE.

SPECIAL ASPIRATE DRILL.

[In pronouncing the following words having the combination **hw**, the aspiration is often very feebly given or not given at all. Sound the **hw** with marked force.]

way	<i>whey</i>	wet	<i>whet</i>
wear	<i>where</i>	wit	<i>whit</i>
weal	<i>wheel</i>	wot	<i>what</i>
wen	<i>when</i>	wig	<i>whig</i>
were	<i>whir</i>	wield	<i>wheeled</i>
wine	<i>whine</i>	witch	<i>which</i>
wight	<i>white</i>	wist	<i>whist</i>
wile	<i>while</i>	weather	<i>whether</i>

PRONUNCIATION DRILL.

[Keep the lungs well filled with air and exhaust the breath upon each word.]

whale	whalebone	whatever
whap	whapper	whatsoever
wharf	wharfage	wheelbarrow
wheat	what-not	wheel-horse
wheeze	wheezing	wheelwright
whelp	whereas	whensoever
whelm	wherever	wheresoever
whence	whenever	whereabout
whew	whereby	whereunto
whiff	wherefore	wherewithal
whim	whiffle	whimper
whip	whinny	whipsaw
whir	whirlwind	whirligig
whirl	whistle	whisper
whisk	whittle	whizzing
white	whither	whoa

IV. GUTTURAL QUALITY.

The *guttural*, or throat, quality is the harsh, grating, rasping utterance to which the voice tends in the expression of hatred, contempt, revenge, and loathing. It is often combined with aspirated quality in the expression of extreme impatience or disgust, intense rage, and extreme contempt.

EXAMPLES.

1. OTHELLO.

Oh, that the slave had *forty thousand lives*,
My great revenge had stomach for them all.

2. THE SPY.

You shall *die*, base *dog*! and that before
Yon *cloud* has passed over the *sun*!

3. SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.

Signior Antonio, *màny* a time and óft,
On the Ríalto you have *ràted* me
About my *móneys* and my *úsances*;
Still have I *bórne* it with a patient *shrúg*,
For *súfferance* is the badge of *all our trèbe*:
You call me—misbelièver, cút-throat, *dôg*,
And *spít* upon my Jewish gàberdine,
And all for use of that which is *míne òwn*.
Well, *thén*, it now appears, you *need mý hèlp*.
Go to, *thén*; you *cóme* to me, and you *sáy*,
“Shýlock, we would have *móneys*;” *yóu* say *sò*;
Yóu, that did void your rheum upon my *bèard*,
And *fòot* me as you spurn a stranger *cúr*
Over your *thrèshold*; *móneys* is your *sùit*.
What should I *sáy* to you? Should I not *sáy*,
“Hath a *dôg mőney*? is it possible
A *cúr* can lend *thréé thóusand dúcats*?” or
Shall I bend *lów*, and in a *bóndman’s* key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

Say this:—

“Fair sîr, you *spât* on me on Wednesday lăst;
You *spûrned* me such a dăy; another time
You called me—*dóg*; and for *these cōurtesies*
I’ll *lënd* you—*thus much—mōneys*.”

V. THE FALSETTO.

The falsetto is the thin, sharp, high-pitched tone produced when the voice *breaks*, or gets above its natural compass. It is used by men when they imitate the voices of women and children. It is the tone suitable for the expression of old age, sickness, feebleness, pain, and helpless terror.

1. “*My child! my child!*” with sobs and tears,
She shrieked upon his callous ears.
2. “Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? Come, Billy, come home to your best of mothers!”
3. And even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, “*Hurrah!*”
4. Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so*;
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice;
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator’s surely enough!
“Oh! save!” he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
“Help me out! help me out! I have broken my bones!”
“Help you out!” said a stranger, who passed, “what
a bother!
Why, there’s two of you there; can’t you help one
another?”
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator’s surely enough!

5. And in a coaxing tone he cries,
 "Charco'! charco'!"
 And baby with a laugh replies,
 "Ah, go! Ah, go!"
 "Charco'!"—"Ah, go!"

VI. THE SEMITONE.

When the voice slides through the interval of a semitone only, it gives the plaintive tones expressive of sadness, grief, or pathetic entreaty. If the inflection runs through the interval of a tone and a half—a minor third in music—it becomes more plaintive, and marks a stronger degree of pathos or sadness; and when the inflection extends into the minor fifth, it denotes still stronger pathetic feeling.

The semitone, then, is the plaintive tone in reading, corresponding to the minor key in music. It should be used delicately, for, in excess, it runs into the whine, or becomes the affectation of cant.

SEMITONE DRILL.

1. Sound the vocals, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, three times, on the interval between C and C sharp; then on the minor third; then on the minor fifth.

2. Count from one to twenty on the same notes as above.

EXAMPLES OF SEMITONE.

1. O come in life, or come in death,
 O lost! my love, Elizabeth.
2. For I am poor and miserably old.
3. How many hired servants of my father's have
 bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!
 I will arise and go to my father and will say to him,

“Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee,
and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make
me as one of thy hired servants!”

4. MY CHILD.

I can not make him *déad*!
His fair sunshiny *héad*
Is ever bounding round my study *chàir*;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision *vánishes*, he is *not thère*!

I walk my parlor *floor*,
And, through the open *dóor*,
I hear a *fóotfall* on the chamber *stàir*;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a *cáll*;
And then bethink me that he is *not thère*!

PIERPONT.

5. HIAWATHA.

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,

And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

"Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation;
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"*Minnehaha! Minnehaha!*"

LONGFELLOW.

6. BABIE BELL.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our thoughts ran into tears,
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"*Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!*
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours;
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell.

ALDRICH.

7. MACBETH.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

SHAKESPEARE.

8. NEW YEAR'S EVE.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn
shade;
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am
lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when
you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant
grass.

Good-night, good-night! When I have said good-night
for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the
door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing
green—
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

TENNYSON'S *May Queen*.

9. FROM "BERTHA IN THE LANE."

[*This extract should be read with subdued force, slow movement,
and prevailing poetic monotone and semitone.*]

Colder grow my hands and feet;—
When I wear the shroud I made,
Let the folds lie straight and neat,
And the rosemary be spread;—
That if any friend should come
(To see thee, sweet!), all the room
May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On my hand this little ring—
Which at nights, when others sleep,
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave—where it will light
All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave drop not a tear!
 Else, though fathom-deep the place,
 Through the woolen shroud I wear
 I shall feel it on my face.
 Rather smile there, blessed one,
 Thinking of me in the sun;
 Or forget me—smiling on!

E. B. BROWNING.

VII. RECAPITULATION OF QUALITY.

1. *Pure tone is the tone of ordinary conversation, and of unimpassioned didactic, narrative, or descriptive reading.*

2. *The orotund is the tone expressive of deep feeling, of reverence, of sublimity, and of grandeur. It prevails in oratorical declamation, and in the reading or recitation of lyric or dramatic poetry.*

3. *Aspirated quality is expressive of secrecy, feebleness, terror, horror, and amazement.*

4. *Guttural quality is expressive of disgust, impatience, hatred, and revenge.*

5. *The semitone is the plaintive expression, in the minor key, of pathos, pity, grief, or entreaty.*

EXAMPLES OF QUALITY.

PURE TONE.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell
 That came so sweet to my dreaming ear?

OROTUND.

1. Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
2. And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow.

WHISPER.

To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.
 Come, come, come, give me your hand.

ASPIRATED.

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us.

GUTTURAL.

How like a fawning *públican* he looks!

SEMITONE.

For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.

VIII. GENERAL REVIEW DRILL.

1. Repeat, three times, the long vowel sounds, *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū*: (1) With moderate rising inflection. (2) Moderate falling inflection. (3) High rising inflection. (4) Emphatic falling inflection. (5) High rising circumflex. (6) Emotional falling circumflex. (7) Low monotone.

2. Repeat, three times, *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū*: (1) With very soft force. (2) With soft force. (3) With moderate force. (4) Loud force. (5) Very loud force.

3. Repeat, three times, *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū*: (1) With the median stress. (2) With the radical stress. (3) With compound stress. (4) With vanishing stress. (5) Thorough stress. (6) With intermittent stress.

4. Repeat, three times, *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū*: (1) With slow movement. (2) With moderate movement. (3) With fast movement.

5. Repeat, three times, *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū*: (1) With very high pitch. (2) With high pitch. (3) With middle pitch. (4) With low pitch. (5) With very low pitch.

6. Repeat, three times, *ā, ē, ī, ō, ū*: (1) With the whisper. (2) With pure tone. (3) With the orotund.

CHAPTER VI.

MODULATION AND STYLE OF EXPRESSION.

SECTION I.

MODULATION.

1. *Modulation* is the variation in the tones of the voice in order to express the ever-varying thought, feeling, emotion, or passion to be expressed.

2. These changes depend largely upon the perception, taste, and judgment of readers; upon the extent to which readers are capable of entering into the spirit of what they read; and upon the flexibility of the voice in expressing different shades of emotion by appropriate tones.

3. There are certain general principles that control modulation, but there are no fixed rules of detail which can be applied in the exercise of "good taste."

4. "The importance of this principle of adaptation of voice," says Prof. William Russell, "may be perceived by adverting to the fact, that nothing so impairs the effect of address, as the want of spirit and expression in elocution.

5. "No gravity of tone, or intensity of utterance, or precision of enunciation, can atone for the absence of that natural change of voice, by which the ear is enabled to receive and recognize the tones of the various emotions accompanying the train of thought which the speaker is expressing. These, and these only, can indi-

cate his own sense of what he utters, or communicate it by sympathy to his audience.

6. "The adaptation of the voice to the expression of sentiment is not less important, when considered in reference to meaning, as dependent on distinctions strictly intellectual, or not necessarily implying a vivid or varied succession of emotions.

7. "The correct and adequate representation of continuous or successive thought, requires its appropriate intonation; as may be observed in those tones of voice which naturally accompany discussion and argument, even in their most moderate forms.

8. "The modulation or varying of tone is important, also, as a matter of cultivated taste. It is the appropriate grace of vocal expression; it has a charm founded in the constitution of our nature; it touches the finest and deepest sensibilities of the soul; it constitutes the spirit and eloquence of the human voice, whether regarded as the noblest instrument of music, or the appointed channel of thought and feeling."

I. GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

1. A *low key* is the natural expression of awe, reverence, solemnity, sadness, and melancholy; a *high key*, of violent passions, such as anger and rage, joy and exultation. The *middle key* is the natural pitch of conversation, and of unimpassioned narrative, descriptive, or didactic writing.

2. *Soft* or *gentle force* is expressive of subdued feeling, pathos, and tenderness; *loud force*, of strong passions and oratorical declamation; *moderate force*, of unimpassioned thought.

3. *Slow movement* is appropriate to the expression of deep thought, power, grandeur, sublimity, solemnity; *fast movement* is characteristic of vivacity, joy, and uncon-

trolled passion; *moderate movement*, of unimpassioned narrative, descriptive, or didactic pieces.

4. The *whisper* is expressive of secrecy, silence, or extreme fear; *guttural quality*, of revenge, hatred, despair, horror, or loathing; the *orotund*, of power, grandeur, vastness, sublimity; the *falsetto*, of puerility or weakness; the *semitone*, of sadness and pathetic entreaty.

5. The *radical stress* is expressive of command, assertion, force, power, and excited feelings; the *median stress*, of peace, tranquillity, solemnity, grandeur, sublimity, reverence, and awe.

6. Then there is the variety that arises from imitative reading, or the suiting of the sound to the word, phrase, or sentence; and that of *personation*, or the changes of expression to denote the different characters in a dialogue or play.

II. STYLE OF READING.

1. The following analysis of a good style of reading is taken from Russell's "American School Reader": "If we observe attentively the voice of a good reader or speaker, we shall find his style of utterance marked by the following traits. His voice pleases the ear by its very sound. It is wholly free from affected suavity; yet, while perfectly natural, it is round, smooth, and agreeable. It is equally free from the faults of feebleness and of undue loudness.

2. "It is perfectly distinct, in the execution of every sound, in every word. It is free from errors of negligent usage and corrupted style in pronunciation. It avoids a measured, rhythmical chant, on the one hand, and a broken, irregular movement, on the other.

3. "It renders expression clear, by an attentive observance of appropriate pauses, and gives weight and effect to sentiment, by occasional impressive cessations of voice. It sheds light on the meaning of sentences,

by the emphatic force which it gives to significant and expressive words.

4. "It avoids the 'school' tone of uniform inflections, and varies the voice upward or downward, as the successive clauses of a sentence demand. It marks the character of every emotion, by its peculiar traits of tone; and hence its effect upon the ear, in the utterance of connected sentences and paragraphs, is like that of a varied melody, in music, played or sung with ever-varying feeling and expression."

SECTION II.

THE READING OF POETRY.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

1. Pupils are sometimes told to read verse as if it were prose. Such a direction may be given to counteract the tendency to sing-song, or it may be applied in the reading of doggerel rhymes; but it cannot be applied to the reading of *poetry*.

2. Poetry, being the language of imagination, sentiment, or passion, requires, as compared with prose, a greater variety of expression. Moreover, poetry is rhythmical and melodious, and, in reading it, attention must be given to movement and harmony.

3. "The modulation of the voice," says Prof. Russell, "in adaptation to *different species of metrical composition*, is indispensable to the appropriate or effective reading of verse. The purest forms of poetry become, when deprived of this aid, nothing but awkward prose. A just and delicate observance of the effect of meter, on the other hand, is one of the surest means of imparting that inspiration of feeling which it is the design of poetry to produce."

4. In the reading of poetry, the pupil should bear in mind the following hints: (1) The movement, or time, in verse, is generally slower than in prose, the vowel and liquid sounds being slightly prolonged. (2) In poetry, as compared with prose, the *force* is somewhat softened for the sake of melody. (3) The existence of meter in poetry requires a rendering of verse different from the reading of prose. The meter should not be made prominent, but should be delicately indicated. As in prose, attention must be given to the sense, to emphasis, and to inflection.

II. CÆSURAL PAUSES.

The cæsural pause is a slight rest occurring somewhere near the middle of the line in certain kinds of verse. In heroic and blank verse, it commonly falls at the end of the fourth syllable. In smoothly written verse, the grammatical pause marking a phrase or a clause is often made to coincide with the cæsural pause.

EXAMPLES.

1. This is the place, | the centre of the grove :
Here stands the oak, | the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn | is this midnight scene !
The silver moon, | unclouded, holds her way
Through skies where I | could count each little star ;
The fanning west wind | scarcely stirs the leaves.
2. A man he was | to all the country dear,
And passing rich | with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns | he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, | nor wished to change, his place ;
Unpracticed he | to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned | to the varying hour ;
Far other aims | his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise | the wretched than to rise.

III. METER, OR RHYTHMICAL ACCENT.

1. *Meter* is the measure of rhythm, or metrical feet, in poetry. One difference between the reading of prose and of poetry consists in the distinctive marking of the rhythm in verse. If read without regard to rhythm, the sonorous harmony of the higher forms of poetry is lost.

2. As some knowledge of prosody is generally obtained from the school text-books on rhetoric, only an allusion to the subject is necessary in a manual of elocution.

3. In reading poetry, the measure should be delicately indicated, but not made so prominent as to run into sing-song, or to break the grammatical relation of words.

4. The melody of verse often depends on making some word, or successive words, slightly emphatic, as in the following line from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life:"

"And things | are not | what they | seem."

If "not" is emphasized, the rhythm is broken. So in the successive stanzas of Bryant's "Planting of the Apple-tree," the emphasis in the last line of the successive stanzas falls as follows:

1. "So *plant* we | the *apple-tree*."

2. "When *we* plant | the *apple-tree*," etc.

IV. KINDS OF VERSE.

1. The following summary from Prof. Russell's "American Elocutionist" may be of interest to the critical student: "The influence of the various kinds of verse on the voice may be considered as affecting generally the *rate*, or *movement*, and the *time*, of utterance.

2. "Thus, *blank verse* is remarkably *slow* and *stately* in the character of its tone; and the timing of the pauses requires attention chiefly to *length*. *Heroic verse* is commonly in the *same prevailing strain*, but not to such an extent as the preceding.

3. "The *octo-syllabic meter* is generally more *quick* and *lively* in its movement, and the pauses are comparatively brief. But, under the influence of *slow time*, it gives intensity to grief, and tenderness to the pathetic tone.

4. "The *quatrain*, or four-lined stanza, in the common form (called sometimes *common meter*), has a comparatively musical arrangement of the lines, and a peculiar character in its cadence, which admits of its expressing the *extremes of emotion whether grave or gay*. It prevails, accordingly, in *hymns* and in *ballads* alike, whether the latter are *pathetic* or *humorous*. It derives the former character from the observance of *slow rate*, and the latter from *quick rate*.

5. "*Trochaic* verse has a peculiar energy, from the abruptness of its character—the foot commencing either with a long or an accented syllable. In *gay pieces*, and with *quick time* in utterance, it produces a *dancing* strain of voice, peculiarly adapted to the expression of *joy*; while in *grave* and *vehement* strains, with *slow time*, it produces the utmost *force* and *severity* of tone. These two extremes are strikingly exemplified in Milton's 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso.'

6. "*Anapæstic meter* has a peculiar *fullness* and *sweetness* of melody. *Slow time* accordingly renders it deeply *pathetic*, and *quick time* renders it the most graceful expression of *joy*. This, as well as iambic and trochaic verse, becomes well fitted to express the mood of *calmness* and tranquillity, when the *rate* is rendered *moderate*."

V. ACCENT OF WORDS.

The accent of a word is sometimes changed to prevent breaking the measure, as in the following examples:

1. Ye icefalls! ye that from your dizzy heights
Adown enormous rav'ines slope amain.

2. That thou, dead corse, arrayed in com'plete steel.

3. And these few precepts in thy memory, see thou charac'ter.

4. Then lend the eye a terrible *aspect'*.

5. I must be patient till the heavens look with an *aspect'* more favorable.

VI. FINAL -ED.

The final *-ed* is often sounded as a separate syllable, to prevent a break in the meter.

EXAMPLES.

1. To live with her and live with thee
In unprovéd pleasures free.
2. Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out.
3. Rode arméd men adown the glen.
4. Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed.
5. And as he plucked his curséd steel away.
6. To wear an undeservéd dignity.
7. That orbéd maiden with white fire laden.
8. Whereat she smiléð with so sweet a cheer.
9. While that the arméd hand doth fight abroad,
The adviséd head defends itself at home.

VII. RHYME.

In reading poetry, the words that rhyme must sometimes be specially emphasized. Sometimes, also, the pronunciation of a word may be changed to make it rhyme with another word, as *wind* for *wînd*.

In reading the following couplet from *Hudibras*,

“And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,

He beat with drum instead of *a* stick,”

it becomes necessary to emphasize the *a*, or rather to

sound the two words "a stick" like a word of two syllables accented on the first, thus—*a'stick*.

In reading the following lines from the same poem, the word "coloneling" is pronounced exactly as it is spelled, *col'o nel ing*, in four syllables:

"Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode *a-coloneling*."

Also, in the following,

"And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by *algebrā*,"

the long sound is given to final *a* in *algebra*, to make the word rhyme with *day*.

In the following couplets from Holmes, the rhyming words are italicized for emphasis:

"It is a pity and a shame—alas! alas! I *know* it is,
To tread the trodden grapes again, but so it *has* been,
so it is."

In this example the three words, "know it is," are pronounced like a word of three syllables, accented on the first, thus—*know'-it-is*; so, also, *so'-it-is*.

VIII. EXAMPLES OF RHYME.

1. AT THE ATLANTIC DINNER.

I suppose it's myself that you're making allusion to,
And bringing the sense of dismay and confusion to.
Of course *some* must speak—they are always selected to,
But pray what's the reason that I am expected to?
I'm not fond of wasting my breath as those fellows do
That want to be blowing forever as bellows do;
Their legs are uneasy, but why will you jog any
That long to stay quiet beneath the mahogany?

HOLMES.

2. CLASS MEETING, 1875.

It is a pity and a shame—alas! alas! I know it is,
To tread the trodden grapes again, but so it has been,
so it is;

The purple vintage long is past, with ripened clusters
bursting so

They filled the wine-vats to the brim—'t is strange you
will be thirsting so!

For who can tell by what he likes what other people's
fancies are?

How all men think the best of wives their own par-
ticular Nancies are!

If what I sing you brings a smile, you will not stop
to catechise,

Nor read Bæotia's lumbering line with nicely scanning
Attic eyes.

Though on the once unfurrowed brows the harrow-teeth
of Time may show,

Though all the strain of crippling years the halting
feet of rhyme may show,

We look and hear with melting hearts, for what we all
remember is

The morn of Spring, nor heed how chill the sky of
gray November is.

Thanks to the gracious powers above from all mankind
that singled us,

And dropped the pearl of friendship in the cup they
kindly mingled us,

And bound us in a wreath of flowers with hoops of
steel knit under it;—

Nor time, nor space, nor chance, nor change, nor death
himself shall sunder it!

HOLMES.

SECTION III.

IMITATIVE READING.

The extent to which imitative reading, or the suiting of sound to sense, may properly be carried, in certain classes of selections, is a matter in regard to which there is a diversity of opinion among elocutionists. It is one of those questions of taste that cannot be regulated by definite directions applicable to all cases. Some general principles, however, may be laid down, from which there is no intelligent dissent.

The style of reading should be imitative in the sense of making it conform to the spirit and meaning of the piece.

In the utterance of words in which the sound seems to approximate to the sense, such as *buzz*, *hiss*, *thunder*, *groan*, *sigh*, *scream*, etc., the tone may be suggestive of the idea. Thus, in reading such passages as,

“From his lips escaped a *groan*,”

though an actual groan would be ridiculous, the word “groan” may be uttered so as to *suggest* a groan.

EXAMPLES.

1. Hear the loud *alàrum* bells—*bràzen bells*.
2. *Clang! clang!* the massive anvils *ring*.
3. *Blow*, bugle; answer echoes, *dying, dying, dying*.
4. Oh! the *bells!* what a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they *clang*, and *clash*, and *roar*,
What a *horror* they *outpour*
On the bosom of the *palpitating air!*

Wherever the author distinctly suggests an imitation, it should be given so far as is consistent with good taste. Thus, when Longfellow writes,

“And loud that *clarion* voice replied,”

it is evident that the refrain, "Excelsior!" should be given in a loud, clear, resonant manner.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

1. A voice replied far up the height, "*Excelsior!*"
2. She seemed in the same silver tones to say,
"Passing away, passing away!"
3. What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore
Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."
4. An ancient time-piece says to all,
"*Forever—never! Never—forever!*"
5. "To all the truth we tell, we tell,"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell.

6. BUNKER HILL.

How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we *looked
far down and listened*
To the *trampling* and the *drum-beat* of the belted gren-
adiers.
Over heaps all torn and gory—shall I tell the fearful
story,
How they *surged above the breastwork* as a *sea breaks
o'er a deck*;
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men
retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers
from a wreck!

HOLMES.

Imitation should not be too literal. The attempt is sometimes made in reading Tennyson's "Bugle Song," to give a realistic imitation of the notes of a bugle. While the professional reader may attempt such a feat of vocal gymnastics, it is certainly outside of the limits of good taste in school reading. The words, "Blow,

bugle, blow," may be given with a prolonged swell, and in a thin, clear, pure tone, so as to *suggest* the bugle note.

So in reciting Poe's "Bells," the imitative rendering is often carried to a ridiculous extreme. In these and similar cases it is not a literal reproduction of the sound that should be attempted, but an artistic and idealized suggestion of it.

EXAMPLES.

1. And grummer, grummer, grummer,
Rolled the drum of the drummer,
Through the morn.

And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death.
2. I hear them marching o'er the hill;
I hear them fainter, fainter still.

3. CHURCH BELLS.

"In deeds of love, excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell.
"O heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In *solemn* tones exclaimed a bell.
"Ye purifying waters swell!"
In *mellow* tones rung out a bell.
"To all the truth we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell.

4. WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

When kingle, klangle, kingle,
Far down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,

Or patterings of an April shower
 That makes the daisies grow.
 Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
 Far down the darkening dingle,
 The cows are coming home.

5. CHARCOAL.

And thus from morn to eve he cried,
 "Charco'! charco'!"
 While echo faint and far replied,
 "Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"
 And in a *coaxing* tone he cries,
 "Charco'! charco'!"
 And baby with a *laugh* replies,
 "Ah, go!"—"Ah, go!"
 "Charco'!"—"Ah, go!"

TROWBRIDGE.

6. FIRE.

Fire! fire! fire!
 See the red flames leaping higher.
Peal! peal! peal!
 Bells of brass and bells of steel.
Crash! crash! crash!
 See the fiery surges lash!
Fire! fire! fire!
 Bristles every throbbing wire.

7. EXCELSIOR.

And like a *silver clarion* rung—"Excelsior!"
 And from his lips escaped a *groan*—"Excelsior!"
 But still he answered with a *sigh*—"Excelsior!"
 A voice replied far up the height—"Excelsior!"

8. THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the *bells*—*silver* bells!
 What a world of *merriment* their melody foretells!

Hear the mellow *wèdding* bells—*gòlden* bells!
 What a world of *hàppiness* their harmony foretells!
 Hear the loud *alàrum* bells—*bràzen* bells!
 What a tale of *tèrror* now their turbulency tells!
 Hear the *tòlling* of the bells—*ìron* bells!
 What a world of solemn *thdught* their **monody** compels!

POE.

SECTION IV.

EXERCISES IN MODULATION.

Modulation is the variation of voice according to the sentiment, thought, or emotion to be expressed. In impassioned reading, tones are the most prominent qualities of voice.

Thorough drill on the following examples will break up the tendency of pupils to read all kinds of selections in one formal "school-tone." It is left for teachers and pupils to exercise their own judgment and taste in the rendering of these extracts, which embrace a wide range of expression.

EXAMPLES.

1. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.
2. The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low.
3. There is a silence where no sound may be.
4. I hear them marching o'er the hill,
 I hear them fainter, fainter still.
5. "Cusha, cusha, cusha," calling.
6. *To arms! to arms! to arms!* they cry.
7. *Arm! arm!*—it is—it is the cannon's opening roar.
8. Advance your standards, draw your willing swords!

9. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.
10. Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again!
11. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.
12. Come and trip it, as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe.
13. But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.
14. Away! away! and on we dash.
15. *Forward the light brigade!*
16. All's hushed as midnight yet.
17. Hail! holy light, offspring of Heaven, first born.
18. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
19. Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
20. Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come, they come!"
21. Joy! joy! Shout, shout aloud for joy!
22. Strike! till the last armed foe expires!
23. How like a fawning publican he looks!
24. Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
25. Ring the alarm-bell! Murder! and treason!
26. Ride softly! ride slowly! the onset is near!
Move slowly! move softly! the sentry may hear.
27. No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
28. On a sudden open fly
The infernal gates, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder!
29. Heaven opened wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges turning.

30. But gentler now the small waves glide,
Like playful lambs on a mountain side.
31. With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.
32. When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow.
33. Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows.
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
34. Clang! clang! the massive anvils ring,
Clang! clang! a hundred hammers swing;
Like the thunder rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply.

35. SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Work! work! work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work! work! work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream! Hood.

36. THE TWO VOICES FROM THE GRAVE.

First Voice.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind, the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together!

Second Voice.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flow'rets perfume it with ether.

37. MILITARY COMMAND.

“Forward the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!” he said.
 Shoulder arms! Forward march! Halt!
 Charge! Chester, charge! On! Stanley, on!

38. THE HERALD'S CALL.

Rejoice, ye men of Angiers, ring your bells,
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach.
 Open your gates and give the victor way.

SECTION V.

DIALECT READING AND PERSONATION.

In dialect reading, the peculiarities of speech should be reproduced with fidelity, but should not be exaggerated. In the reading of dialogues there is, of necessity, a marked change of tone and manner when the reader personates two or more characters.

EXAMPLES OF DIALECT READING.

1. SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
 Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
*“Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'cad!”* WHITTIER.

2. THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

But the Deacon swore, as deacons do,
 With an “*I dew vum,*” or an “*I tell yeou,*”
 He would build one shay to beat the *taown*,
 'n' the *kaounty* 'n' all the *kentry raoun'*;
 It should be so built that it *couldn'* break *daown*.

"Fur," said the Deacon, "t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest

T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

HOLMES.

3. SPRING.

O little city-gals, do n't never go it
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet!
They're apt to puff, an' May-day seldom looks
Up in the country ez it doos in books;
They're no more like than hornets'-nests an' hives,
Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.
I, with my trouses perched on cow-hide boots,
Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,
Hev seen ye come to fling on April's hearse
Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's—
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to choose,
An' dance your throats sore in morocker shoes;
I've seen ye an' felt proud, thet, come wut would,
Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood.
Pleasure does make us Yankees kind o' winch,
Ez though 'twuz sumthin' paid for by the inch;
But yit we du contrive to worry thru—
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to du—
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a redoubt.

LOWELL.

4. THE GRIDIRON.

Patrick. I beg pardon, sir; but maybe I'm under a mistake, but I thought I was in France, sir. An't you all furriners here? Parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur.

Patrick. Then; would you lind me the loan of a grid-iron, if you plase? I know it's a liberty I take, sir; but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir, parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur, oui.

Patrick. Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, sir, and you'll obleege me?

Frenchman. Monsieur, pardon, monsieur—

Patrick. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, I say.

Frenchman. Oui, oui, monsieur.

Patrick. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, and howld your prate. Well, I'll give you one chance more, you owld thafe! Are you a Christian, at all, at all? Are you a furriner that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you! do you understand your mother tongue? Parley voo frongsay? (*Very loud.*) Parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur, oui, oui.

Patrick. (*Screaming.*) *Thin lind me the loan of a gridiron!*

5. AFTER-DINNER SPEECH BY A FRENCHMAN.

"Milors and Gentlemans—You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have say to me, 'Make de toast.' Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, wid your kind permission, I vill make de toast. 'De brevete is de sole of de feet,' as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionnaire; and, derefore, I vill not say ver moch to de point.

"Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to suppose, a haltermau and de chief of you common scoundrel. Milors and

gentlemans, I feel dat I can perspire to no greatare honneur dan to be von common scoundrelman myself; but, hélas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not free-man of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast.

“Milors and Gentlemans! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, ‘De ting of beanty are de joy for never-more.’ It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, de vinking eye of de beautiful lady! It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate, and, derefore, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, ‘De Ladies! God bless dem all!’”

6. DUNDREARY IN THE COUNTRY.

1. Diwectly after the season is over in town, I always go into the countwy. To tell you the twuth, I hate the countwy—it’s so awful dull—there’s such a howid noise of nothing all day; and there is nothing to see but gween twees, and cows, and buttercups, and wabbits, and all that sort of cattle—I don’t mean exactly cattle either, but animals, you know.

2. And then the earwigs get into your hair-bwushes if you leave the bed-woom window open; and if you lie down on the gwass, those howid gwasshoppers, all legs, play at leap-frog over your nose, which is howible torture, and makes you weady to faint, you know, if it is not too far to call for assistance.

3. And the howid sky is always blue, and everything bores you; and they talk about the sunshine, as if there was more sunshine in the countwy than in the city—which is abthurd, you know—only the countwy sun is hotter, and bwings you all out in those howid fweckles,

and turns you to a fwiteful bwicky color, which the wetches call healthy.

4. As if a healthy man must lose his complexion, and become of a bwicky wed color—ha, ha!—bwicky—howid—bwicky wed color—cawoty wed color!

7. THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

Which I wish to remark—

And my language is plain—

That for ways that are dark,

And for tricks that are vain,

The heathen Chinee is peculiar,

Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;

And I shall not deny,

In regard to the same,

What that name might imply;

But his smile it was pensive and child-like,

As I frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,

And quite soft was the skies—

Which it might be inferred

That Ah Sin was likewise;

Yet he played it that day upon William

And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,

And Ah Sin took a hand;

It was Euchre. The same

He did not understand;

But he smiled as he sat by the table,

With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked

In a way that I grieve,

And my feelings were shocked

At the state of Nye's sleeve.

Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see;
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

8. MARK TWAIN AND THE REPORTER.

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you. I am connected with *The Daily Thunderstorm*."

"Come to what?"

"*Interview* you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes."

"Are you ready to begin?"

"Ready."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen in June."

"Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?"

"In Missouri?"

"When did you begin to write?"

"In 1836."

"Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?"

"I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow."

"It does indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?"

"Aaron Burr."

"But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years—"

"Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?"

"Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?"

"Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day; and he asked me to make less noise, and—"

"But, good heavens! If you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and, if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?"

"I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way."

"Still, I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead?"

"I didn't say he was dead."

"But wasn't he dead?"

"Well, some said he was, some said he was n't."

"What do *you* think?"

"Oh, it was none of my business. It wasn't any of my funeral."

"Did you— However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?"

"Monday, October 31, 1693."

"What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?"

"I don't account for it at all."

"But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy."

"Why, have you noticed that? (*Shaking hands.*) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but some how I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!"

"Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?"

"Eh! I—I—I think so—yes—but I don't remember."

"Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard."

"Why, what makes you think that?"

"How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it, that *was* a brother of mine. That's William, *Bill* we called him. Poor old Bill!"

"Why, is he dead, then?"

"Ah, well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it."

"That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?"

"Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him."

"*Buried* him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?"

"Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough."

"Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead—"

"No, no! We only thought he was."

"Oh, I see! He came to life again?"

"I bet he didn't."

"Well, I never heard anything like this. *Somebody* was dead. *Somebody* was buried. Now, where was the mystery?"

"Ah, that's just it! That's it exactly! You see we were twins—defunct and I; and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill; some think it was me."

"Well, that *is* remarkable. What do *you* think?"

"Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole on the back of his left hand; that was *me*. *That child was the one that was drowned.*"

"Very well, then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all."

"You don't? Well, *I* do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wroug child. But, 'sh! Don't mention it where the family can hear of it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this."

"Well, I believe I have got material enough for the

present; and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?"

"Oh, it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the procession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery; and so he *got up, and rode with the driver.*"

9. PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF.

Falstaff. I call thee cōward? I'll see thee *hānged* ere I call thee coward: but I would give a *thōusand pōund* I could run as fast as *thōu* canst. You are straight enough in the *shōlders*, you care not who sees your *bāck*. Call you *thāt* backing your *friēds*? A *plāgue* upon such backing! give me them that will *fāce* me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O *vīllain*! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A *plāgue* on all cowards, still say I!

P. Henry. What's the *mātter*?

Fal. *What's the mātter?* here be four of us have taken a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where *is* it? taken *frōm* us, it is; a *hūndred* upon poor *fōur* of us.

P. Henry. What! a *hūndred*, mān?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them, for two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the

doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs; how wàs it?

Gadshill. We four, set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew, else—an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest; and then come in the other.

P. Henry. What! fought ye with them *all*?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call *all*; but if I fought not with *fifty* of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; for I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, and call me a horse. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry. What! *four*? Thou saidst but *two* even now.

Fal. *Four*, Hal; I told thee *four*.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said *four*.

Fal. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points on my target thus.

P. Henry. *Sēven!* why, there were but *fōur*, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

P. Henry. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. *Sēven*, by these hilts, or I am a *villain* else. Dost thou *hēar* me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and *mārk* thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth listening to. These *nine* in buckram that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, *seven* of the *eleven* I paid.

P. Henry. *O mōnstrous!* *elēven* buckram men grown out of *twō!*

Fal. But, as ill luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou knotty-pated fool; thou greasy tallow-tub.

Fal. What, art thou *mād?* art thou *mād?* is not the truth the *trūth?*

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your *rēason*; what sayest thou to *this?* Come, your *rēason*, Jack, your *rēason*.

Fal. What, upon *compūlsion?* *Nō.* Were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on *compūlsion*. Give you a *rēason* upon *compūlsion!* If reasons were as plenty as *blāckberries*, I would give no man a reason upon *compūlsion*.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Awây, you stârveling, you êel-skin, you dried *néat's*-tongue, you *stôck*-fish! O for *bréath* to utter what is *like* thee! you *tâilòr's* yard, you *shéath*, you *bôw*-case, you vile standing tuck—

SHAKESPEARE.

HINTS ABOUT ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS.

Dialogues, dialect pieces, and humorous selections are useful in school for the purpose of breaking up the tendency to stiffness, formality, and monotony in reading. There are times when the ripple of laughter is music in the school-room, and when the sunlight of humor is needed to dispel the mists of a gloomy day. There seems to be no good reason why the flashes of wit and humor that delight a whole nation should be altogether shut out from the school-room, because they do not form a part of "classic literature." Though such humorous and dialect selections might not seem appropriate for a drill-book like this volume, the wise and cheerful teacher will make good use of them, taking care, of course, to exclude objectionable selections. Teachers will do well to bear in mind that the taste of boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age is not so critical as that of men and women of middle age.

These extracts should be read *at sight*, the book being passed from hand to hand, and one book serving for the whole class.

Many excellent selections can be found in such books as Lowell's "Biglow Papers," Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," Bret Harte's "Poems," Saxe's "Poems," Hood's "Poems," Mark Twain's books, Monroe's "Humorous Readings," Garrett's "Speaker's Garland," Shoemaker's "Elocutionist's Annual," and many other books of "Selections."

PART III.

PART III.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

SECTION I.

PROSE SELECTIONS.

1. ELOCUTIONARY TRAINING.

1. Elocutionary training should be begun in early life, because then the vocal organs are flexible. It is a serious defect in our school methods of instruction, that the expressive faculties, comprising feeling, affection, emotion, passion, imagination, fancy, association, imitation, and description, are called so little into action. Elocution, when properly taught, calls into active exercise the expressive faculties, and tends to educate the child as a social being.

2. In most ungraded schools in the country, and in many city schools, an hour of the closing afternoon of each week may be usefully devoted to declamation, dialogue, and select readings. It is not advisable to compel every child in school to take part in these exercises, for there are some who never can become good readers, and others who are so awkward and diffident that it is cruel to force them upon the school stage with a declamation.

3. Appropriate selections should at first be made by

the teacher; for the uncultivated taste of pupils will lead them to choose pieces altogether too difficult, or utterly worthless when committed to memory. Select at times, for the boys, short prose declamations, which, when learned, remain in the memory as models of pure prose and patriotic feeling. If they learn a poem, let it not be one made up of doggerel rhymes, or of painful attempts at a low order of wit.

4. A careful selection of pieces will be the surest safeguard against the ranting, tearing, overstrained, theatrical style of florid oratory which so painfully mars many school exhibitions. The teacher can take odd moments at the intermission, or recess, or before and after school, for the purpose of hearing rehearsals, and giving special instructions.

5. Teachers should instruct pupils in the elements of gesture. Gestures spring naturally from the close sympathy of mind and body. A look of the eye, an expression of the countenance, a movement of the hand, often convey more than words can express. The principles of gesture may be easily learned from any one of several excellent works on elocution.

6. The reading and recitation of poetry by girls is an indispensable part of the education of woman, as one of the most efficient modes of discipline for the taste and imagination. Many of the most exquisite passages of the poets can never be fully appreciated until repeated by the voice of woman.

7. It requires no close observer to perceive the effects of poetry on the youthful mind. Childhood delights in the melody of verse, and is pleased with its flowing harmony of sound. In poetry are embodied some of the most beautiful lessons of morality; and they are presented in a manner which arrests the attention and impresses the character. What teacher has not seen the dull eye kindle, the vacant countenance take expression,

the face glow with emotion, and the whole boy become lost in the sentiment of his declamation?

8. Introduce elocution into school to cultivate a taste for reading, to exercise and strengthen memory, to awaken feeling, to excite imagination, and to train those who are to enter the professions, to become graceful and pleasing speakers. Introduce it as a relief from study, a pleasing recreation, and a source of intellectual enjoyment. Introduce it as a part of the æsthetic education so peculiarly appropriate for woman. Make it as a part of the education of man as an expressive being.

2. GOOD READING.

1. There is *one* accomplishment, in particular, which I would earnestly *recommènd* to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to *read* well. I stop to *particularize* this, because it is a thing so very much *neglected*, and because it is such an elegant and charming *accomplishment*. Where *one* person is really interested by *músic*, *twenty* are pleased by *good rëading*. Where *one* person is capable of becoming a skillful *musician*, *twenty* may become *good rëaders*. Where there is *one* occasion suitable for the exercise of *múscal* talent, there are *twenty* for that of *good rëading*.

2. The culture of the voice necessary for *rëading* well, gives a delightful charm to the same voice in *conversation*. Good *rëading* is the natural exponent and vehicle of *all good things*. It seems to bring *dead authors* to *life* again, and makes us sit down familiarly with the *gréat* and *góod* of *all áges*.

3. What a *fascination* there is in really *good rëading*! What a *pðwer* it gives one! In the *hòspital*, in the chamber of the *invalid*, in the *nùrse*ry, in the *doméstic* and in the *sòcial* circle, among *chòsen fríends* and *companions*, how it enables you to minister to the *amùse-*

ment, the *còmfort*, the *plèasure* of *déar* ones as no *öther* art or accomplishment *càn*. No instrument of *man's* *devìsing* can reach the *héart* as does that *most wónderful* instrument, the *húman vóice*.

4. If you would double the value of all your *öther* acquisitions, if you would add immeasurably to your *öwn* enjoyment and to your power of promoting the enjoyment of *öthers*, cultivate, with incessant care, this *divíne gift*. No music below the *skýes* is equal to that of pure, silvery *spéech* from the lips of a man or woman of high *cúlture*.

JOHN S. HART.

3. THE MUSIC OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

1. Willis, in his essay on "unwritten music," has placed the appropriate sound of the female voice among the most beautiful of its forms; and there is, unquestionably, a fine analogy between the sound of the running brook, the note of the wood-bird, the voice of a happy child, the low breathing of a flute, and the clear, soft tone of a woman's voice, when it utters the natural music of home—the accents of gentleness and love.

2. To a well-tuned ear, there is a rich, deep melody in the distinctive bass of the male voice, in its subdued tones. But the key-note of poetry seems to have been lent to woman. On the ear of infancy and childhood, her voice was meant to fall as a winning prelude to all the other melodies of nature; the human nerves are attuned, accordingly, to the breath of her voice; and, through life, the chords of the heart respond most readily to her touch.

3. Yet how often is this result impeded by the processes of artificial culture; by the over-excitement of mind and nerve, attending excessive application; by that unwise neglect of health and healthful action, which dims the eye and deadens the ear to beauty, and robs

life of the joyous and sympathetic spirit which is native to childhood; and which, otherwise, would ever be gushing forth in notes of gladness and endearment; the physical not less than the moral charm of human utterance!

4. There are beautiful exceptions, undoubtedly, to this general fact of ungainly habit. But the ground of just complaint is, that there is no provision made in our systems of education for the cultivation of one of woman's peculiar endowments—an attractive voice. Our girls do not come home to us, after their period of school life, qualified to read with effect in their own language. There is wanting in their voices that adaptation of tone to feeling, which is the music of the heart in reading; there is wanting that clear, impressive style which belongs to the utterance of cultivated taste and judgment, and which enhances every sentiment by appropriate emphasis and pause; there is even a want of that distinct articulation which alone can make sound the intelligible medium of thought. PROF. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

4. THE ART OF READING.

1. The art of reading well is an accomplishment that all desire to possess, many think they have already, and that a few set about to acquire. These, believing their power is altogether in their genius, are, after a few lessons from an elocutionist, disappointed at not becoming themselves at once masters of the art; and with the restless vanity of their belief, abandon the study for some new subject of trial and failure. Such cases of infirmity result in part from the wavering character of the human tribe; but they chiefly arise from defects in the usual course of instruction.

2. Go to some of our colleges and universities, and observe how the art of speaking *is not* taught there.

See a boy of but fifteen years, with no want of youthful diffidence, and not without a craving desire to learn, sent upon a stage, pale and choking with apprehension; being forced into an attempt to do that, without instruction, which he came purposely to learn; and furnishing amusement to his classmates, by a pardonable awkwardness, that should be punished, in the person of his pretending but neglectful preceptor, with little less than scourging.

3. Then visit a conservatorio of music; observe there the elementary outset, the orderly task, the masterly discipline, the unwearied superintendence, and the incessant toil to reach the utmost accomplishment in the Singing-Voice; and afterwards do not be surprised that the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the chair of medical professorship, are filled with such abominable drawlers, mouthers, mumblers, clutterers, squeakers, chanters, and mongers in monotony; nor that the Schools of Singing are constantly sending abroad those great instances of vocal wonder who triumph along the crowded resorts of the world; who contribute to the halls of fashion and wealth their most refined source of gratification; who sometimes quell the pride of rank by a momentary sensation of envy; and who draw forth the admiration and receive the crowning applause of the prince and sage.

4. The high accomplishments in elocution are supposed to be universally the unacquired gifts of genius, and to consist of powers and graces beyond the reach of art. So seem the plainest services of arithmetic to a savage; and so, to the slave, seem all the ways of music which modern art has so accurately penned, as to time, and tune, and momentary grace. Ignorance knows not what *has* been done; indolence thinks nothing *can* be done; and both uniting, borrow from the abused eloquence of poetry an aphorism to justify supineness of inquiry.

5. ON LEARNING BY HEART.

1. Till he has fairly tried it, I suspect a reader does not know how much he would gain from committing to memory passages of real excellence; precisely because he does not know how much he overlooks when merely reading. Learn one true poem by heart, and see if you do not find it so. Beauty after beauty will reveal itself, in chosen phrase, or happy music, or noble suggestion, otherwise undreamed of. It is like looking at one of Nature's wonders through a microscope.

2. Again: how much in such a poem that you really did feel admirable and lovely on a first reading, passes away, if you do not give it a further and much better reading!—passes away utterly, like a sweet sound, or an image on the lake, which the first breath of wind dispels. If you could only fix that image, as the photographers do theirs, so beautifully, so perfectly! And you can do so! Learn it by heart, and it is yours for ever!

3. I have said, a true poem; for naturally men will choose to learn poetry—from the beginning of time they have done so. To immortal verse the memory gives a willing, a joyous, and a lasting home. Some prose, however, is poetical, is poetry, and altogether worthy to be learned by heart; and the learning is not so very difficult. It is not difficult or toilsome to learn that which pleases us; and the labor, once given, is forgotten, while the result remains.

4. Poems, and noble extracts, whether of verse or of prose, once so reduced into possession and rendered truly our own, may be to us a daily pleasure;—better far than a whole library *unused*. They may come to us in our dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish castle-building, self-gratulations,

and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the workshop, in the crowded street, by the fireside; sometimes, perhaps, on pleasant hill-sides, or by sounding shores;—noble friends and companions—our own! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call.

5. For those, in particular, whose leisure time is short, I believe there could not be a better expenditure of time than deliberately giving an occasional hour—it requires no more—to committing to memory chosen passages from great authors. If the mind were thus daily nourished with a few choice words of the best English poets and writers; if the habit of learning by heart were to become so general, that, as a matter of course, any person presuming to be educated might be expected to be equipped with a few good pieces,—I believe that it would lead, much more than the mere sound of it suggests, to the diffusion of the best kind of literature and to the right appreciation of it; and that men would not long rest satisfied with knowing a few stock pieces.

6. The only objection I can conceive to what I have been saying is, that a relish for higher literature may be said to be the result of cultivation, and to belong only to the few. But I do not admit that even the higher literature must belong only to the few. Poetry is, in the main, essentially catholic—addressed to all men; and though some poetry requires knowledge and culture, much, and that the noblest, needs only natural feeling, and common experience. Such poetry, taken in moderation, followed with genuine good-will, shared in common, will be intelligible and delightful to most men who take the trouble to be students at all, and ever more and more so.

7. Perhaps, also, there may be a fragment of truth in what Charles Lamb has said—that any *spouting* “withers and blows upon a fine passage;” that there is no enjoy-

ing it after it has been "pawed about by declamatory boys and men." But surely there is a reasonable habit of recitation as well as an unreasonable one; there is no need of declamatory pawing. To abandon all recitation, is to give up a custom which has unquestionably given delight and instruction to all the races of mankind. If our faces are set against vain display, and set towards rational enjoyment of one another, we need not fear that our social evenings will be marred by an occasional recitation. And, moreover, it is not for reciting's sake that I chiefly recommend this most faithful form of reading—learning by heart.

8. I come back, therefore, to this, that learning by heart is a good thing, and that it is neglected among us. Why is it neglected? Partly because of our indolence; but partly, I believe, because we do not sufficiently consider that it *is* a good thing, and needs to be taken in hand. We need to be reminded of it. I here remind you. Like a town-crier, ringing my bell, I would say to you, "Oyez, oyez! Lost, stolen, or strayed, a good ancient practice—the good ancient practice of learning by heart. Every finder shall be handsomely rewarded."

9. If you ask, "What shall I learn?" the answer is, do as you do with tunes—begin with what you sincerely like best, what you would most wish to remember, what you would most enjoy saying to yourself or repeating to another. You will soon find the list inexhaustible. Then "keeping up" is easy. Every one has spare ten minutes: one of the problems of life is how to employ them usefully. You may well spend some in looking after and securing this good property you have won.

LUSHINGTON.

6. SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

1. The influence of well-selected books in a school is second only to that of the teacher; and in many instances the information, self-gleaned by the pupils, is the most valuable part of a common-school education.

2. A teacher may fail in the discharge of duty; but the golden grains of thought gleaned from good books will spring up in the youthful minds and yield their fruit, just as certainly as the fertile soil of our beautiful valleys rewards the toil of the husbandman with a bountiful harvest.

3. The object and aim of the public school should be to give children a thirst for information, a taste for reading; to make them *alive* to knowledge; to set them out on the path of self-education through life. Why teach them to read at all, if books be not afterwards furnished for them to read?

4. Not many years ago, in one of the obscure towns of Massachusetts, there lived a farmer's boy who "went to a common school" in the winter, and worked on the farm in summer. The books of a little town library fell into his hands; he devoured them, and hungered for more. He grew to be a man, and was acknowledged by all to be the most distinguished American educator of his time.

5. Every public school in our country is a debtor to Horace Mann. He thus graphically sums up the advantage of a school library: "Now no one thing will contribute more to intelligent reading in our schools than a well-selected library; and, through intelligence, the library will also contribute to rhetorical ease, grace, and expressiveness. Wake up a child to a consciousness of power and beauty, and you might as easily confine Hercules to a distaff, or bind Apollo to a tread-mill, as to confine his spirit within the mechanical round of a

school-room where such mechanism still exists. Let a child read and understand such stories as the friendship of Damon and Pythias, the integrity of Aristides, the fidelity of Regulus, the purity of Washington, the invincible perseverance of Franklin, and he will think differently and act differently all the days of his remaining life.

6. "Let boys or girls of sixteen years of age read an intelligible and popular treatise on astronomy and geology, and from that day new heavens will bend over their heads, and a new earth will spread out beneath their feet. A mind accustomed to go rejoicing over the splendid regions of the material universe, or to luxuriate in the richer worlds of thought, can never afterwards read like a wooden machine—a thing of cranks and pipes—to say nothing of the pleasures and the utility it will realize."

7. POEMS.

1. Now I tell you a poem must be kept *and used*, like a meerschaum or a violin. A poem is just as porous as the meerschaum—the more porous it is, the better. I mean to say that a genuine poem is capable of absorbing an indefinite amount of the essence of our own humanity—its tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its aspirations—so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary color derived from ourselves. So, you see, it must take time to bring the sentiment of a poem into harmony with our nature by staining ourselves through every thought and image our being can penetrate.

2. Then, again, as to the mere music of a new poem; why, who can expect anything more from that than from the music of a violin fresh from the maker's hands? Now you know very well that there are no less than fifty-eight different pieces in a violin. These

pieces are strangers to each other, and it takes a century, more or less, to make them thoroughly acquainted. At last they learn to vibrate in harmony, and the instrument becomes an organic whole, as it were a great seed capsule, which had grown from a garden-bed in Cremona, or elsewhere. Besides, the wood is juicy and full of sap for fifty years or so, but at the end of fifty or a hundred more gets tolerably dry and comparatively resonant.

3. Don't you see that all this is just as true of a poem? Counting each word as a piece, there are more pieces in an average copy of verses than in a violin. The poet has forced all these words together, and fastened them, and they don't understand it at first. But let the poem be repeated aloud, and murmured over in the mind's muffled whisper often enough, and at length the parts become knit together in such absolute solidarity that you could not change a syllable without the whole world's crying out against you for meddling with the harmonious fabric.

HOLMES.

8. SCROOGE AND MARLEY.

1. Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

2. Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in

the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

3. Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

4. Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge, Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

5. Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

6. External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no

falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down handsomely," and Scrooge never did.

7. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

8. But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones called "nuts" to Scrooge.

9. Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal; and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and key-hole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To

see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

10. The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he could not replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore, the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

11. "A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation Scrooge had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge; "humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle! You do n't mean that, I am sure?"

12. "I do. Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!"

13. "Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it! But you do n't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

14. "There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it *can* be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travelers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded.

15. "Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Do n't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

16. Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?"

"Because I fell in love."

17. "Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good-afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before

that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good-afternoon!"

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good-afternoon!"

18. "I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good-afternoon!"

"And a happy New Year!"

"Good-afternoon!"

DICKENS'S "Christmas Carol."

9. DEFENSE OF POETRY.

1. We believe that *póetry*, far from *injuring* society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind *abóve* ordinary *life*, gives it a *rèspite* from *deprèssing cáres*, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is *púre* and *nóble*. In its *legítimate* and *híghest* efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with *Christiànity*; that is, to *spíritualize* our *nàture*.

2. *Trúe*, *póetry* has been made the instrument of *více*, the pander of bad *pássions*; but when genius thus *stóops*, it dims its *fíres*, and parts with much of its *pówer*; and even when Poetry is enslaved to *licéntiousness* and *misànthropy*, she can not *whólly* forget her *trúe vocàtion*. Strains of *púre féeling*, touches of *ténderness*, images of innocent *háppiness*, sympathies with what is *góod* in our *nàture*, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the *wórld*, passages true to our *móral* nature, often escape in an *immóral wòrk*, and

show us how hard it is for a *gifted* spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is *good*.

3. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best *affections*. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of *outward* nature and of the *soul*. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the *excesses* of the *passions*, but they are passions which show a *mighty* nature, which are full of *power*, which command *awe*, and excite a deep though shuddering *sympathy*.

4. Its great *tendency* and *purpose* is to carry the mind *beyond* and *above* the *beaten*, *dusty*, *weary* walks of *ordinary* life; to lift it into a *purger* element, and to breathe into it more profound and *generous* emotion. It reveals to us the *loveliness* of *nature*, brings back the freshness of youthful *feeling*, revives the relish of simple *pleasures*, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the *spring-time* of our *being*, refines youthful *love*, strengthens our interest in human *nature* by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest *feelings*, spreads our sympathies over all classes of *society*, knits us by new ties with *universal being*, and, through the brightness of its prophetic *visions*, helps *faith* to lay hold on the *future life*.

5. We are aware that it is *objected* to poetry that it gives *wrong* views and excites *false expectations* of life, peoples the mind with *shadows* and *illusions*, and builds up *imagination* on the ruins of *wisdom*. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars—the wisdom of the *senses*, which makes *physical* comfort and gratification the supreme *good*, and *wealth* the chief *interest* of life—we do not *deny*; nor do we deem it the *least* service which poetry renders to mankind, that it *redeems* them from the thralldom of this earth-born *prudence*.

6. But, passing over *this* topic, we would observe that the complaint against *poetry*, as abounding in *illusion* and *deception*, is, in the main, *groundless*. In many *poems* there is more of *truth* than in many *histories* and

philosophic *thèories*. The *fictions* of *génius* are often the *véhicles* of the *sublímest vèrities*, and its *fláshes* often open *new règions* of thought, and throw *new light* on the *mysteríes of our bèing*. In *póetry*, when the letter is *fálschood*, the *spírít* is often *profoundest wísdom*.

7. And if *trúth* thus dwells in the boldest *fictions* of the *póet*, much more may it be expected in his *delineations of life*; for the *prèsent* life, which is the *first stáge* of the immortal *mínd*, *abóunds* in the materials of *pòetry*, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labors and pleasures of our earthly being. The *prèsent* life is *nót* wholly *prosaíc*, *precíse*, *táme*, and *fínite*. To the *gífted* eye it abounds in the *poétic*.

8. The *affèctions*, which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into *futúurity*; the workings of *mighty pássions*, which seem to arm the soul with an almost *superhuman énergy*; the innocent and irrepressible joy of *ínfancy*; the *blóom*, and *búoyancy*, and dazzling *hópes* of *yóuth*; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to *lóve*, and dreams of a happiness *too vast for éarth*; *wóman*, with her *beautéy*, and *gráce*, and *géntleness*, and fullness of *féeling*, and depth of *affèction*, and blushes of *púurity*, and the *tónes* and *lóoks* which only a *móther's* heart can inspire—*thèse* are *áll* poetical.

9. It is *not true* that the poet paints a life which does not *exist*. He only *extrácts* and *concéntrates*, as it wére, life's *ethereal èssence*, *arrésts* and *condénses* its volatile *frágrance*, brings together its scattered *bèauties*, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent *jóys*. And in *this* he does *wèll*; for it is *gòod* to feel that life is not *whóllly* usurped by cares for *subsístence* and *physical gratificátions*, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely *enlárged*, *sentiments* and *delights* worthy of a *hígher bèing*.

10. FALSTAFF.

[*This extract affords an example of "humorous style," with prevailing circumflex inflections.*]

1. There is something cordial in a *făt mán*. Everybody likes *hĭm*, and *hě* likes *ěverybody*. *Főod* does a *făt* man *góod*; it *clĭngs* to him; it *frűetifies* upon him; he swells *nóblly* *òut*, and fills a *gěncròus spàcc* in life. A *făt* man, therefore, almost in virtue of *běing* a *fat mán*, is, *per sé*, a *pópular mán*; and he commonly *desěrves* his popularity.

2. A *făt* man feels his position *sólid* in the world; he knows that his being is *cògnizable*; he knows that he has a *márked plàce* in the *úniverse*, and that he need take no extraordinary pains to advertise mankind that *hě* is *amòng* them; he knows that he is in no danger of being *overlòoked*.

3. A *făt* man is the nearest to that most perfect of figures, a *mathemátical sphére*; a *thĭn* man, to that most limited of conceivable dimensions, a *símple líne*. A *făt* man is a being of *harmónious vòlume*, and holds relations to the material universe in *ěvery* direction; a *thĭn* man has nothing but *lěngth*; a *thĭn* man, in fact, is but the *continúation of a pòint*.

4. Well then might Falstaff exult in his *sìze*; well might he mock at the *prĭnce*, and his other *léan contèmporaries*; and, accordingly, when he would address the prince in terms the most *degráding*, he heaps *ěpithet* upon *ěpithet*, each expressive of the *útmost lěanness*. "*Awáy, you stárvelĭng*," he exclaims; "*you éel-skin*; you dried *néat's-tongue*; you *stòck*-fish. O for *bréath* to utter what is *líke* thee!"

5. Falstaff was an *ěpicure*, but no *glútton*. He was not a great *ěater*, for his bill contained a halfpenny-worth of *brěad* to an intolerable quantity of *sàck*. And although Falstaff was a large *drĭnker*, he was no *iněbriate*.

And here we conceive a *consummate art* in Shakespear, who sustains Falstaff throughout in our *intellectual respect*. . . .

6. As to *lies*, they were in the way of his *vocation*. The highest stretch of *imagination* could not even *suspect* him of *veracity*; and if he had any *dúpes*, they were strongly in love with *deception*. His lies, too, were the lies of a professed and known *wit*; they were designed only for *lúdicrous effect*, and generally were little more than *cómic exaggerations*. In the events at Gad's hill, and those that immediately follow them, there is an epitome of the *whóle chàracter* of Falstaff; but there is, at the same time, an evident design on the part of the poet, to bring out his peculiarities with *grotésque extravagance*, and to produce the broadest and the most *cómic result*. . . .

7. Falstaff has both *wit* and *húmor*; but more of *wit*, I think, than *húmor*. Between wit and humor there is an evident *distinction*, but to submit the distinction to minute criticism would require more time than we can spare; and, after all, it is more easy to *feel* than to *explain* it. *Wit* implies *thought*; *húmor*, *sensibility*. *Wit* deals with *idéas*; *húmor*, with *actions* and with *mànners*. *Wit* may be a thing of pure *imagination*; *húmor* involves *séntiment* and *chàracter*. *Wit* is an *éssence*; *húmor*, an *incarnàtion*.

8. Wit and humor, however, have *sóme* qualities in còmon. Both develop unexpected *análogies*; both include the principles of *cóntラスト* and *assimilation*; both detect inward *resémbiances* amidst *éxternal différences*, and the result of both is *pléasurable surprise*; the surprise from *wit* excites *admiration*, the surprise from *húmor* stimulates *mérriment*, and produces *làughter*.

9. Falstaff's *wit* is rich as his *imagination*; as *prolífic* as it is *félicitous*. It is *púngent*, *cópious*, brilliant in *expréssion*, and decisive in *effect*. It never *falls shórt* of

its aim, and never *mîs*ses it. And this *rare wît* is wholly devoted to the *lûdicrous*.

HENRY GILES.

11. WEALTH.

1. As soon as a stranger is introduced into any company, one of the first questions which all wish to have answered, is, How does that man get his living? And with reason. He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood. Society is barbarous, until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs.

2. Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer. He fails to make his place good in the world, unless he not only pays his debt, but also adds something to the common wealth. Nor can he do justice to his genius, without making some larger demand on the world than a bare subsistence. He is by constitution expensive, and needs to be rich.

3. Wealth has its source in applications of the mind to nature, from the rudest strokes of spade and ax, up to the last secrets of art. Intimate ties subsist between thought and all production; because a better order is equivalent to vast amounts of brute labor. The forces and the resistances are Nature's, but the mind acts in bringing things from where they abound to where they are wanted; in wise combining; in directing the practice of the useful arts, and in the creation of finer values, by fine art, by eloquence, by song, or the reproductions of memory.

4. Wealth is in applications of mind to nature; and the art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, in timeliness, in being at the right spot. One man has stronger arms, or longer legs; another sees by the course of streams,

and growth of markets, where land will be wanted, makes a clearing to the river, goes to sleep, and wakes up rich. Steam is no stronger now, than it was a hundred years ago; but is put to better use. A clever fellow was acquainted with the expansive force of steam; he also saw the wealth of wheat and grass rotting in Michigan. Then he cunningly screws on the steam-pipe to the wheat crop. Puff now, O Steam! The steam puffs and expands as before, but this time it is dragging all Michigan at its back to hungry New York and hungry England.

5. Coal lay in ledges under the ground since the flood, until a laborer with pick and windlass brings it to the surface. We may well call it black diamonds. Every basket is power and civilization. For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the polar circle: and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret, that *a half ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile*, and coal carries coal, by rail and by boat, to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comfort brings its industrial power.

6. When the farmer's peaches are taken from under the tree, and carried into town, they have a new look, and a hundredfold value over the fruit which grew on the same bough, and lies fulsomely on the ground. The craft of the merchant is this bringing a thing from where it abounds, to where it is costly.

7. Wealth begins in a tight roof that keeps the rain and wind out; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes, so to change your dress when you are wet; in dry sticks to burn; in a good double-wick lamp; and three meals; in a horse, or a locomotive, to cross the land; in a boat to cross the sea; in tools to work with; in books to read;

and so, in giving, on all sides, by tools and auxiliaries, the greatest possible extension to our powers, as if it added feet, and hands, and eyes, and blood, length to the day, and knowledge, and good-will.

8. Wealth begins with these articles of necessity. And here we must recite the iron law which Nature thunders in these northern climates. First, she requires that each man should feed himself. If, happily, his fathers have left him no inheritance, he must go to work, and by making his wants less, or his gains more, he must draw himself out of that state of pain and insult in which she forces the beggar to lie. She gives him no rest until this is done. She starves, taunts, and torments him, takes away warmth, laughter, sleep, friends, and daylight, until he has fought his way to his own loaf. Then, less peremptorily, but still with sting enough, she urges him to the acquisition of such things as belong to him. Every warehouse and shop-window, every fruit-tree, every thought of every hour, opens a new want to him, which it concerns his power and dignity to gratify.

Emerson's Essays.

12. THE ASTRONOMER'S VISION.

[*This extract, translated and paraphrased by Professor Mitchell, is characterized by solemnity and sublimity, awe and wonder. It should be read with subdued force, median stress, orotund quality, low pitch.*]

1. *Gód* called up from dreams a man into the *vestibule of heaven*, saying, "Come thou hither and see the glory of my house." And to the servants that stood around his throne he said, "Take him, and undress him from his robes of flesh: cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils: only touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles."

2. It was done: and, with a mighty angel for his

guide, the man stood ready for his *infinite voyage*; and from the terraces of *heaven*, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into *endless space*. Sometimes with the solemn flight of *angel wing* they fled through infinite realms of *darkness*, through wildernesses of *death*, that divided the *worlds* of *life*; sometimes they swept over *frontiers* that were quickening under *prophetic motions* from *God*.

3. *Then* from a distance that is counted only in *heaven*, *light* dawned for a time through a sleepy *film*; by unutterable *pace*, the light swept to *them*, *they*, by unutterable *pace*, to the *light*. In a moment, the *rushing* of *planets* was upon them: in a *moment*, the *blazing* of *suns* was around them.

4. Then came *eternities* of *twilight*, that *revealed*, but were *not* revealed. On the *right* hand and on the *left* toward *mighty constellations*, that by self-repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter-positions, built up *triumphal gates*, whose *architraves*, whose *archways*—horizontal, upright—*rested*, rose at altitude, by *spans* that seemed *ghostly* from *infinity*. Without *measure* were the *architraves*, *past number* were the *archways*, *beyond memory* the *gates*.

5. *Within* were stairs that scaled the *eternities* below; *above* was *below*—*below* was *above*, to the man stripped of gravitating *body*: *depth* was swallowed up in *height* *insurmountable*, *height* was swallowed up in *depth* *unfathomable*. *Suddenly*, as thus they rode from *infinite* to *infinite*, *suddenly*, as thus they tilted over *abysmal* worlds, a *mighty cry* arose—that systems *more mysterious*, that *worlds* *more billowy*,—other *heights* and other *depths*,—were *coming*, were *nearing*, were at *hand*.

6. Then the man *sighed*, and *stooped*, *shuddered*, and *wèpt*. His overladen *heart* uttered itself in *tears*, and he said: "Angel, I will go no *farther*. For the spirit of man *deheth* with this *infinity*. *Insufferable* is the

glory of *God*. Let me lie down in the *grave* and hide me from the prosecution of the *infinite*; for *end*, I see, there is *none*."

7. And from all the listening *stars* that shone around issued a choral *voice*: "The man speaks *truly*: *end* there is *none*, that ever yet we *heard* of." "*End*' is there *none*?" the angel solemnly demanded. "Is there indeed *no end*?—and is *this* the sorrow that *kills* you?" But no *voice answered*, that he might answer *himself*. Then the *angel* threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, "*End*' is there *none* to the universe of *God*. *Ló!* *also*, there is *no beginning*."

13. EDUCATION.

1. Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

2. Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the

universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature.

3. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

4. Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side.

5. It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education, which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

6. Those who take honors in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

7. Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

HUXLEY.

14. MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICS.

1. For all the higher arts of construction, some acquaintance with mathematics is indispensable. The village carpenter, who, lacking rational instruction, lays out his work by empirical rules learnt in his apprenticeship, equally with the builder of a Britannia Bridge, makes hourly reference to the laws of quantitative relations. The surveyor on whose survey the land is purchased, the architect in designing a mansion to be built on it, the builder in preparing his estimates, his foreman in laying out the foundations, the masons in cutting the stones, and the various artisans who put up the fittings, are all guided by geometrical truths. Railway-making is regulated from beginning to end by mathematics: alike in the preparation of plans and sections, in staking out the line, in the mensuration of cuttings and embankments, in the designing, estimating,

and building of bridges, culverts, viaducts, tunnels, stations. And similarly with the harbors, docks, piers, and various engineering and architectural works that fringe the coasts and overspread the face of the country, as well as the mines that run underneath it.

2. Out of geometry, too, as applied to astronomy, the art of navigation has grown; and so, by this science, has been made possible that enormous foreign commerce which supports a large part of our population, and supplies us with many necessities and most of our luxuries.

3. And nowadays even the farmer, for the correct laying out of his drains, has recourse to the level—that is, to geometrical principles. When from those divisions of mathematics which deal with *space*, and *number*, some small smattering of which is given in schools, we turn to that other division which deals with *force*—of which even a smattering is scarcely ever given—we meet with another large class of activities which this science presides over.

4. On the application of rational mechanics depends the success of nearly all modern manufacture. The properties of the lever, the wheel and axle, etc., are involved in every machine; every machine is a solidified mechanical theorem; and to machinery in these times we owe nearly all production.

5. Trace the history of the breakfast-roll. The soil out of which it came was drained with machine-made tiles; the surface was turned over by a machine; the seed was put in by a machine; the wheat was reaped, thrashed, and winnowed by machines; by machinery it was ground and bolted; and had the flour been sent to Gosport, it might have been made into biscuits by a machine.

6. Look round the room in which you sit. If modern, probably the bricks in its walls were machine-made;

by machinery the flooring was sawn and planed, the mantel-shelf sawn and polished, the paper-hangings made and printed; the veneer on the table, the turned legs of the chairs, the carpet, the curtains, are all products of machinery.

7. And your clothing—plain, figured, or printed—is it not wholly woven, nay, perhaps even sewed, by machinery? And the volume you are reading—are not its leaves fabricated by one machine and covered with these words by another? Add to which, that, for the means of distribution over both land and sea, we are similarly indebted.

8. And then let it be remembered that according as the principles of mechanics are well or ill used to these ends, comes success or failure—individual and national. The engineer who misapplies his formulæ for the strength of materials, builds a bridge that breaks down. The manufacturer whose apparatus is badly devised, can not compete with another whose apparatus wastes less in friction and inertia.

9. The ship-builder adhering to the old model is out-sailed by one who builds on the mechanically justified wave-line principle. And as the ability of a nation to hold its own against other nations depends on the skilled activity of its units, we see that on such knowledge may turn the national fate. Judge, then, the worth of mathematics.

10. Pass next to physics. Joined with mathematics, it has given us the steam-engine, which does the work of millions of laborers. That section of physics which deals with the laws of heat, has taught us how to economize fuel in our various industries; how to increase the produce of our smelting furnaces by substituting the hot for the cold blast; how to ventilate our mines; how to prevent explosions by using the safety-lamp; and, through the thermometer, how to regulate innumer-

able processes. That division which has the phenomena of light for its subject, gives eyes to the old and the myopic; aids through the microscope in detecting diseases and adulterations; and by improved lighthouses prevents shipwrecks.

11. Researches in electricity and magnetism have saved incalculable life and property by the compass; have subserved sundry arts by the electrotpe; and now, in the telegraph, have supplied us with the agency by which, for the future, all mercantile transactions will be regulated, political intercourse carried on, and perhaps national quarrels often avoided. While in the details of indoor life, from the improved kitchen range up to the stereoscope on the drawing-room table, the applications of advanced physics underlie our comforts and gratifications.

HERBERT SPENCER.

SECTION II.

PROSE DECLAMATIONS.

1. CHARACTER OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

[*This speech is characterized by full declamatory force, long pauses, strong emphasis, prevailing downward inflection, orotund quality, and radical stress. Require pupils to give reasons for the marking of rhetorical pauses and inflections.*]

1. When public *bodies* | are to be addressed | on momentous *occasions*, when great *interests* | are at stake, and strong *passions* | *excited*, *nothing* | is valuable | in speech, further than it is connected | with high *intellectual* | and *moral* endowments. *Clearness*, *force*, and *earnestness* | are the *qualities* | which produce *conviction*. *True eloquence*, indeed, does not consist in *speech*. It *cannot* be brought from *far*. Labor and learning may

toil for it, but they will toil in *vain*. *Words* and *phrases* | may be marshaled in *every way*, but they can not *com-*
pass it. It must exist in the *man*, in the *subject*, and
in the *occasion*.

2. Affected *passion*, intense *expression*, the pomp of
declamation, *all* | may *aspire* after it; they *cannot reach*
it. It *comes*, if it come at *all*, like the outbreking of
a *fountain* from the *earth*, or the *bursting forth* of vol-
cánic *fires*, with *spontaneous*, *original*, *native force*.

3. The *graces* | taught in the *schools*, the costly *orna-*
ments | and studied *contrivances* of speech, *shock* and
disgust men, when their *own lives*, and the fate of their
wives, their *children*, and their *country*, hang on the
decision of the *hour*. Then, *words* have lost their *power*,
rhétoric is *vain*, and all *elaborate oratory* | *contemptible*.
Even *genius itself* | then feels *rebuked* and *subdued*, as
in the presence of *higher qualities*. *Then*, *patriotism* |
is *eloquent*; *then*, *self-devotion* | is *eloquent*.

4. The *clear conception*, outrunning the deductions of
logic, the *high purpose*, the *firm resolve*, the *dauntless*
spirit, *speaking* on the *tongue*, *beaming* from the *eye*,
informing *every feature*, and urging the *whole man* |
onward, right onward, to his *object*—*this, this* | is *eloquence*;
or, rather, it is something *greater* and *higher* than *all*
eloquence—it is *action*, *noble*, *sublime*, *godlike action*.

2. NATIONAL GREATNESS.

1. I believe there is no permanent *greatness* to a
nation except it be based upon *mortality*. I do not care
for *military* greatness or military *renown*. I care for
the condition of the *people* among whom I live. There
is no man in England who is less likely to speak irrev-
erently of the crown and monarchy of England than I
am; but *crowns*, *coronets*, *miters*, military *display*, the
pomp of *war*, wide *colonies*, and a *huge empire* are, in

my view, all trifles light as *àir*, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of *cómfórt*, *conténtment*, and *háppiness* among the great body of the *pèople*.

2. *Pálaces*, *baronial cástles*, *great hálls*, *stately mán-sions*, do not make a *nátion*. The *nátion*, in every country, dwells in the *cóttage*; and unless the light of your constitution can shine *thère*, unless the beauty of your legislation and excellence of your statesmanship are impressed *thére* in the feelings and condition of the *péople*, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government.

JOHN BRIGHT.

3. THE PASSING OF THE RUBICON.

[*An example of impassioned argumentative declamation.*]

1. A gentleman, Mr. President, speaking of Cæsar's *benevolent disposition*, and of the *reluctance* with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "*How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?*" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall *private* men respect the boundaries of *private* property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his *country's rights*? How dared he cross that river? O, but he *paused* upon the brink! He should have *perished* upon the brink ere he had crossed it!

2. *Why* did he pause? Why does a man's heart *pal-pitate* when he is on the point of committing an *un-láwful deed*? Why does the very *múrderer*, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike *wide* of the mortal part? Because of *cónscience*! 'Twas *thát* made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon.

3. *Compásson*! *Whát* compassion! The compassion of an *assàssin*, that feels a *mómentary shúdder* as his

weapon begins to *cût*! Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon? What *wàs* the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's *pròvince*. From what did it *séparate* his province? From his *còuntry*. Was that country a *désert*? *Nò*: it was *cúltivated* and *fèrtilè*; *rich* and *pòpulous*! Its sons were men of *géníus*, *spírit*, and *gèn-erosity*! Its daughters were *lòvely*, *suscéptible*, and *chàste*! *Frèndship* was its inhabitant! *Lòve* was its inhabitant! *Domestic affèction* was its inhabitant! *Lìberty* was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the *Rùbicon*!

4. What was Cæsar, that stood upon the brink of that river? A *tráitor*, bringing war and pestilence into the *hèart* of that country! No *wónder* that he paused—no *wónder* if, his imagination wrought upon by his *cón-science*, he had beheld *blòod* instead of *wàter*; and heard *gròans* instead of *mùrmurs*! No *wónder* if some gorgon horror had *turned him into stòne upon the spòt*! But, *nò*!—he cried, “*The die is cast*!” He *plùnged*!—he *cròssed*!—and *Rome was frèe no mòre*!

KNOWLES.

4. OUR DUTIES TO OUR COUNTRY.

[*An example of oratorical declamation. Movement, slow; quality, orotund; prevailing inflections, falling.*]

1. This lovely *lánd*, this glorious *lìberty*, these benign *institútions*, the dear purchase of our *fàthers*, are *òurs*; *òurs* to *enjóy*, *òurs* to *presérve*, *òurs* to *transmìt*. Generations *pást*, and generations to *còme*, hold us *respon-sible* for this sacred *trùst*. Our *fàthers*, from *behìnd*, *admonish* us, with their anxious paternal *vòices*; *posterity* calls out to us, from the bosom of the *fùture*; the world turns hither its solicitous *èyes*—*àll*, *àll* conjure us to act *wisely*, and *faithfully*, in the *relations* which we *sustàin*.

2. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is *upòn* us; but by *vìrtue*, by *morálity*, by *relígion*, by the culti-

vation of every good principle and every good *hábit*, we may hope to enjoy the blessing through *our* day, and to leave it unimpaired to our *children*. Let us feel deeply how much of what we *are*, and what we *possess*, we owe to this *liberty*, and these *institutions of government*.

3. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is *before* us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are *lands*, and *seas*, and *skies*, to civilized *mán*, without *society*, without *knowledge*, without *mòrals*, without religious *cùlture*? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extént, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a *free government*?

4. Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us here présent who does not, at *this* moment, and at *every* moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and déar to him, the influence and the benefits of this *liberty*, and these *institutions*. Let us then acknowledge the *blessing*; let us feel it *deeply* and *powerfully*; let us cherish a strong *affection* for it, and resolve to *maintain* and *perpetuate* it. The *blood of our fathers*, let it not have been shed in vain; the *great hope of posterity*, let it not be *blasted*.

WEBSTER.

5. THE AMERICAN WAR.

1. These *abominable principles*, and this *mòre* abominable *avóval* of them, demand the most decisive *indignation*! I call upon that Right Reverend *Bèrch*, those holy ministers of the *Gòspel*, and pious pastors of our *Chùrch*; I *conjure* them to join in the *holy wórk*, and to vindicate the religion of their *Gòd*! I appeal | to the *wísdom* | and the *láu* | of this learned *Bèrch*, to de-

fend and support the *justice* of their *country* ! I call upon the *Bishops* | to interpose the unsullied *sanctity* | of their *lawn*, upon the *judges* | to interpose the *purity* | of their *ermine*, to save us from *this pollution* !

2. I call upon the *honor* of your *Lordships*, to reverence the dignity of your *ancestors*, and to maintain your *own* ! I call upon the *spirit* and *humanity* of my *country*, to vindicate the *national character* ! I invoke the *genius* of the *Constitution* ! From the tapestry | that adorns these *walls*, the immortal ancestor of the noble *Lord* | frowns with *indignation* at the *disgrace* of his *country* !

3. Turn forth into our *settlements*, among our ancient *connections*, *friends*, and *relations*, the *merciless cannibal*, thirsting for the blood of *man*, *woman*, and *child* ? Send forth the *infidel savage* ? Against *whom* ? Against your *brethren* ! To lay waste their *country*, to desolate their *dwellings*, and *extirpate* their *race* and *name*, with these horrible *hounds* of savage war !

4. *Spain* | armed herself with *blood-hounds* to extirpate the wretched natives of *America* ; and *we* | improve on the *inhuman example* | of even *Spanish* cruelty ;—we turn loose these *savages*, these fiendish *hounds*, against our *brethren* and *countrymen* in *America*, of the same *language*, *laws*, *liberties*, and *religion*—endéared to us by every *tie* that should sanctify *humanity* !

PITT.

6. FREEDOM.

I will speak the words of Freedom ; I will listen to her *music* ; I will acknowledge her *impulses* ; I will stand beneath her *flag* ; I will fight in her *ranks* ; and, when I *do* so, I shall find myself surrounded by the *great*, the *wise*, the *good*, the *brave*, the *noble* of *every land*. If I could stand for a moment upon one of your high

mountain-tops, far above all the kingdoms of the civilized world, and there might see, coming up, one after another, the bravest and wisest of the ancient warriors, and statesmen, and kings, and monarchs, and priests; and if, as they came up, I might be permitted to ask from them an expression of opinion upon such a case as this, with a common voice and in thunder tones, reverberating through a thousand valleys, and echoing down the ages, they would cry: "*Liberty, Freedom, the Universal Brotherhood of Mankind!*" I join that shout; I swell that anthem; I echo that praise FOREVER, and FOR EVERMORE.

COL. E. D. BAKER.

7. THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

1. The world | is filled | with the voices of the dead. They speak | not from the public records of the great world only, but from the private history | of our own experience. They speak to us | in a thousand remembrances, in a thousand incidents, events, and associations. They speak to us, not only from their silent graves, but from the throng of life. Though they are invisible, yet life | is filled | with their presence. They are with us by the silent fireside | and in the secluded chamber. They are with us | in the paths of society, and in the crowded assemblies of men.

2. They speak to us | from the lonely way-side; and they speak to us | from the venerable walls | that echo to the steps of a multitude | and to the voice of prayer. Go where we will, the dead | are with us. We live, we converse with those | who once lived | and conversed | with us. Their well-remembered tone | mingles with the whispering breeze, with the sound of the falling leaf, with the jubilee shout | of the spring-time.—The earth | is filled | with their shadowy train.

3. But there are more *substantial* expressions | of the presence of the *déad* | with the *living*. The earth | is filled with the *labors*, the *works*, of the *déad*. Almost all the *literature* in the world, the *discoveries* of *science*, the *glories* of *art*, the ever-enduring *temples*, the *dwelling-places* of *generations*, the comforts and improvements of *life*, the *languages*, the *maxims*, the *opinions* of the *living*, the very *frame-work* of *society*, the institutions of *nations*, the fabrics of *empires*—*all* | are the works of the *déad*. By *these*, they | who are dead | yet *speak*. ORVILLE DEWEY.

8. GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

[*An example of impassioned sarcasm and invective.*]

1. Has the gentleman *dōne*? Has he *completely* *dōne*? He was *unparliamentary* from the *beginning* to the *end* of his speech. There was scarce a *word* he *uttered* that was not a *violation* of the privileges of the *House*. But I did not call him to *order*,—why? because the limited talents of *some* men render it impossible for them to be *severe* *without* being *unparliamentary*. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be *severe* *and* *parliamentary* at the same time.

2. The right honorable gentlemen has called me “an *unimpeached* *traitor*.” I ask why not “*traitor*,” unqualified by any *epithet*? I will tell him: it was because he *durst* not. It was the act of a *coward*, who raises his arm to *strike*, but has not courage to give the *blow*. I will not call him *villain*, because it would be *unparliamentary*, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him *fool*, because he happens to be *chancellor* of the *exchequer*. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of *Parliament* and the freedom of *debate*, by uttering *language* which, if spoken out of the *House*, I should answer only with a *blow*. I care not how *high*

his *situation*, how *low* his *character*, how *contemptible* his *speech*; whether a *privy counselor* or a *parasite*, my answer would be a *blow*.

3. I have *returned*,—not as the right honorable member has said, to raise another *storm*,—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of *gratitude* to my *country*, that conferred a great reward for *past* services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my *desert*. I have *returned* to protect that *Constitution* of which I was the parent and *founder*, from the *assassination* of such men as the right honorable *gentleman* and his unworthy *associates*. They are *corrupt*, they are *seditionous*, and they, at this *very moment*, are in a *conspiracy* against their *country*. I have returned to refute a *libel*, as *false* as it is *malicious*, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the *Lords*. Here I *stand*, ready for *impeachment* or *trial*. I *dare* accusation. I *defy* the honorable gentleman; I defy the *government*; I defy their *whole phalanx*; let them come *forth*. I tell the *ministers*, I will neither *give* quarter nor *take* it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of *this House*, in defense of the *liberties* of my *country*.

9. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS IN SUPPORT OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

1. *Sink* or *swim*, *live* or *die*, *survive* or *perish*, I give my *hand* and my *heart* to this *vote*. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at *Independence*. But there's a Divinity which shapes our *ends*. The injustice of England has driven us to *arms*; and, blinded to her own interest for our *good*, she has obstinately persisted, till Independence is now within our *grasp*. We have but to reach *forth* to it, and it is *ours*.

2. Why, then, should we defer the *Declaration*? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a *reconciliation* with Éngland? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and áll? I know we do *not* mean to submit. We never *shall* submit.

3. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased còurage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of griévançes, for chartered immúnities, held under a British kíng, set before them the glorious object of *entire Independéncé*, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

4. Read this Declaration at the head of the *àrmy*: every sword will be drawn from its scábbard, and the solemn vow úttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the field of hònor. Publish it from the *pùlpit*; religion will *appróve* it, and the love of religious liberty will *cling* *ròund* it, resolved to *stánd* with it, or *fáll* with it.

5. Send it to the *public hàlls*; proclaim it *thère*. Let *thém* hear it who heard the first roar of the *ençmy's cànnon*; let *thém* see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Còncord, and the *very wàlls* will cry out in its support.

6. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is *còmè*. My *jùdgmènt* approves this méasure, and my *whole hèàrt* is *in* it. All that I *hàve*, and all that I *ám*, and all that I *hòpe*, in *this* life, I am now ready here to *stàkè* upon it; and I leave off as I begàn, that *lìve* or *dìe*, *survìve* or *pèrish*, I am for the *Declaration*. It is my *lívìng sèntiment*, and, by the blessing of Gód, it shall be my *dýìng sèntiment*: *Independéncé nów*; and *Independéncé forèvr*.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

10. THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

[In this speech the movement is slow; the utterance deliberate, the pauses long; and the inflections strongly marked.]

1. For *myself*, I propose, Sir, to abide by the *principles* | and the *purposes* | which I have *avowed*. I shall *stand by* the *Union*, and by all | who *stand by* it. I shall do justice to the *whole country*, according to the best of my ability, in all I *say*, and act for the *good* of the *whole country* | in all I *do*. I mean to *stand upon* the *Constitution*. I need *no other platform*. I shall know but *one country*.

2. The ends I aim at | shall be my *country's*, my *God's*, and *Truth's*. I was *born* | an *American*; I will *live* an *American*; I shall *die* an *American*; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me | in that character | to the end of my *career*. I mean to *do* this, with the absolute *disregard* of *personal consequences*.

3. What *are* | *personal consequences*? What is the *individual man*, with all the good or evil that may *be-tide* him, in comparison with the good or evil | which may befall a *great country* | in a crisis like *this*, and in the midst of great *transactions* | which concern that *country's fate*? Let the *consequences* | be what they *will*. I am *careless*. No man can suffer too *much*, and no man can fall too *soon*, if he *suffer* | or if he *fall* | in defense of the *liberties* | and *Constitution* | of his *country*.

WEBSTER.

11. THE CONSTITUTION.

1. Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this Constitution, and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly

believe, to grapple the people of all the States to this Constitution for ages to come.

2. We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the affections of the people. No monarchical throne presses these States together. They live and stand upon a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last forever.

3. In all its history it has been beneficent. It has trodden down no man's liberty, it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism. Its youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize on a mighty scale the beautiful description of the ornamental edging of the bucklers of Achilles:

“Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round.
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge and bound the whole.”

DANIEL WEBSTER.

12. DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

1. We have indulged in gratifying recollections of the past, in the prosperity and pleasures of the present, and in high hopes for the future. But let us remember that we have duties and obligations to perform, corresponding to the blessings which we enjoy.

2. Let us remember the trust, the sacred trust, attaching to the rich inheritance which we have received from our fathers. Let us feel our personal responsibility, to

the full extent of our power and influence, for the preservation of the principles of civil and religious liberty. And let us remember that it is only religion, and morals, and knowledge, that can make men respectable and happy, under any form of government.

3. Let us hold fast the great truth, that communities are responsible, as well as individuals; that no government is respectable, which is not just; that without unspotted purity of public faith, without sacred public principle, fidelity, and honor, no mere forms of government, no machinery of laws, can give dignity to political society. In our day and generation let us seek to raise and improve the moral sentiment, so that we may look, not for a degraded, but for an elevated and improved future.

4. And when both we and our children shall have been consigned to the house appointed for all living, may love of country and pride of country glow with equal fervor among those to whom our names and our blood shall have descended.

5. And then, when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenuous youth shall be gathered round it, and when the one shall speak to the other of its objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it is connected, there shall rise from every youthful breast the ejaculation, "*Thank God, I—I also—am an American!*"

DANIEL WEBSTER.

13. LABOR.

1. *Lábor* is heaven's great ordinance for human *improvement*. Let not the great ordinance be broken *dówn*. *Whát* do I *sáy*? It *is* broken *dówn*; and *hás* been broken down for *áges*. Let it, then, be *búilt* again; *hère*, if *ánýwhere*, on the shores of a *néw wórld*—of a *néw civilizátió*n.

2. But *hów*, it may be ásked, is it *broken dðwn*? Do not men *tðil*? it may be sáid. They do, indeed, *tðil*; but they too génerally dó, because they *mùst*. Many submit to it, as to, in some sòrt, a *degrading necessity*; and they desire nothing so much on éarth as an *escape* from it. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal sýstem, under which *serfs* lábored, and *gèntlemen* spent their lives in *fíghting* and *fèasting*. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were *done awày*.

3. *Ashamed to tðil*! Ashamed of thy dingy *wórks*hop and dusty *lábor*-field; of thy hard *hánd*, scarred with service more honorable than that of *wár*; of thy soiled and weather-stained *gárments*, on which mother Nature has embroidered *míst*, *sún* and *ráin*, *fíre* and *stéam*—her own heraldic *hðnors*!

4. *Ashámed* of those *tðkens* and *títles*, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile *ídleness* and *vánity*! It is treason to *Nàture*; it is impiety to *Hèaven*: it is breaking Heaven's *gréat òrdinance*. *Tðil*—*tðil*—either of the *bráin*, of the *heárt*, or of the *hánd*—is the only *trúe mànhood*, the only *trúe nobility*!

ORVILLE DEWEY.

14. THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

1. It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the *sún*, that *wíth* America, and *ín* America, a *néw èra* commences in human affairs. *This èra* is distinguished by free representative *góvernments*, by entire *religious liberty*, by improved systems of national *íntercourse*, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of *free ínqúiry*, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the *commúnity*, such as has been before altogether *unknðwn* and *unhèard* of.

2. *América*, *América*, our *cðuntry*, our own dear and

native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these *great interests*. If they *fall*, *we* fall *with* them; if they *stand*, it will be because we have *upheld* them.

3. Let us *contemplate*, then, this connection which binds the prosperity of *others* to our *own*; and let us manfully discharge all the *duties* which it *imposes*. If we cherish the *virtues* and the *principles* of our fathers, *Heaven* will assist us to carry on the work of *human liberty* and *human happiness*.

4. Auspicious *omens* *cheer* us. Great *examples* are *before* us. Our *own* firmament now shines brightly upon our *path*. *Washington* is in the clear upper *sky*. Those *other* stars have now joined the *American constellation*; they circle round their *center*, and the heavens beam with *new light*. *Beneath* this illumination, let us walk the course of *life*, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us *all*, to the *Divine Benignity*.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

15. PATRIOTISM.

1. Bereft of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul; society will degenerate, and the mean and vicious will triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling luster, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime; its worship and festivities.

2. On the heathered hills of Scotland, the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high

homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new Senate-hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium, the daring hand of Geefs has reared a monument full of glorious meaning to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution.

3. By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied cantons, from the prows hang the banners of the republic, and as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant the hymns of their old poetic land. Then bursts forth the glad *Te Deum*, and Heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains, which five centuries since pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

T. F. MEAGHER.

16. THE FOURTH OF JULY.

1. On the Fourth of July, 1776, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. This declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their cause, and the protection of Providence—and yet not without deep solicitude and anxiety—has stood for seventy-five years, and still stands.

2. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers and overcome them; it has had enemies, and it has conquered them; it has had detractors, and it has abashed them all; it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all doubts away; and now, to-day, raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people

contemplate it with hallowed love; and the world beholds it, and the consequences which have followed, with profound admiration.

3. This anniversary animates, and gladdens, and unites all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all in all, nothing but Americans.

4. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, cheers the whole hemisphere, so do the associations connected with this day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather, and all noxious exhalations in the minds and feelings of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him;—every man's port and bearing become somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

17. TRUE GREATNESS.

1. The poet tells us, in pathetic cadence, that

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

But this is true only in the *superficial* sense. It is true that the *famous* and the *obscure*, the *devoted* and the *ignoble*, “alike await the *inevitable hour*.” But the path of *true* glory does not *end* in the *grave*. It passes *through* it to larger opportunities of *service*.

2. A *great nature* is a *seed*. “It is sown a *natural* body; it is raised a *spiritual* body.” It germinates thus

in *this* world as well as in the *óther*. Was Warren *bŭried* when he fell on the field of a *deféat*, pierced through the *bráin*, at the commencement of the *Revolútion*, by a *búllet* that put the land in *móurning*?

3. *Nò*; the monument that has been raised where his blood reddened the *sód—gránite* though it be in a *hundred cóurses*—is a feeble witness of the permanence and influence of *his spirit* among the *American pèople*. He mounted into *litérature* from the moment that he *fèll*; he began to move the soul of a *great commùnity*; and part of the *prínciple* and *enthúsiásm* of Massachusetts to-dáy is due to *his sácrifice*, to the presence of *his spirit* as a *pówer* in the life of the *Stàte*.

4. Did *Montgómcry* lose his influence as a force in the *Revolútion*, because he died without *víctory* on its *thrèshold*, pierced with three *wóunds*, before *Québec*? Philadelphia was in *téars* for him; his eulogies were uttered by the most eloquent tongues of *América* and *Britain*, and a thrill of his power beats in the volumes of our *hístory*, and runs yet through the onset of every Irish brigade beneath the *American bállner*, which he planted on *Montreàl*.

5. Did *Lăwrence* díe when his breath expired in the defeat on the *séa*, after his exclamátion, "Don't give up the *shíp*!" What victórious captain in that naval war shed forth such *pówer*? His spirit soared and touched *every flág* on *every frigate*, to make its red more *commúding* and its stars *flámé bríghter*; it went abroad in *sóngs*, and *every sailor* felt him and feels him now as an *inspiration*.

6. The soul is *nót* a *shădow*. The body *is*. *Génius* is not a *shădow*; it is *súbstance*. *Pátriotisím* is not a *shădow*; it is *líght*. Great purposes, and the spirit that counts *deáth* nothing in contrast with *hónor* and the welfare of our *cóuntry*—*thèse* are the witnesses that *mán* is not a *passing vápor*, but an *immórtal spírít*.

THOMAS STARR KING.

18. THE NORMANS.

1. In 1066, the Normans invaded England, and the battle of Hastings broke, forever, the Saxon and Danish power. But years passed, and several monarchs filled and vacated the English throne before these Norman pioneers had accomplished their work, and molded the nation to their will.

2. They were warriors—not reformers. They were greedy of power, but impatient of its exercise upon themselves; greedy of wealth, but lavish in its expenditure. They were reckless alike of their own and the life of others. Turbulent, unruly—equally dangerous to the people whom they subdued, and to the princes who led them to conquest. Gallant men, full of deeds of knightly courtesy, yet reddening their hands with the blood of civil broil, and ever ready to maintain their right with their swords.

3. Men of clear intellect and giant will, they acknowledged an uncertain allegiance to their king, and only bowed their necks to the yoke of God, when at the close of life they deemed it necessary to assume the monastic habit, or to do penance of their goods for the salvation of their souls.

4. From these stern and bloody men, “who came in with the Conqueror,” or followed in the train of his successors, the noblest families of England are proud to derive their descent; and even we republicans, upon this distant coast, and at this late period of time, do not refuse our admiration to these Norman pioneers, who, through the mists of the past, loom up like giants before us.

5. Yet our admiration of these old warriors, the admiration of the world for them, is not because they shed blood, or amassed or squandered wealth, or swore fealty to their kings, or broke their oaths in rebellion,

or committed or abstained from the crimes that were common to their age. The Norman pioneers are enrolled in history among the most illustrious of men, because in the dark and troublous times in which they lived, in the midst of confusion and blood, with strong hands and undaunted hearts, they laid deep the first foundations of English liberty, and became the fathers of that system of common law which, at the end of eight hundred years, is the protection and the glory of all who speak the English tongue.

F. P. TRACY.

19. WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

1. Inspiring auspices, this day, surround us and cheer us. It is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. We should know this, even if we had lost our calendars, for we should be reminded of it by the shouts of joy and gladness. The whole atmosphere is redolent of his name; hills and forests, rocks and rivers, echo and re-echo his praises.

2. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel, this day, that there is one treasure common to them all, and that is the fame and character of Washington. They recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

3. To the old and the young, to all born in the land, and to all whose love of liberty has brought them from foreign shores to make this the home of their adoption, the name of Washington is this day an exhilarating theme. Americans by birth are proud of his character, and exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is this day, here, everywhere, all the world over, more an object of love and regard than on any day since his birth.

4. On Washington's principles, and under the guidance of his example, will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership our fathers conquered; and under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles will we also conquer.

5. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it through evil report and through good report. We will meet danger, we will meet death, if they come, in its protection; and we will struggle on, in daylight and in darkness, ay, in the thickest darkness, with all the storms which it may bring with it, till

"Danger's troubled night is o'er,
And the star of Peace return."

WEBSTER.

20. NATIONS AND HUMANITY.

1. It was *nót* his olive valleys and orange groves which made the *Gréece* of the *Gréek*. It was *nót* for his apple orchards or potato fields that the farmer of New England and New York left his plow in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bénnington, to *Saratóga*. A man's *coũntry* is not a certain area of *lánd*, but it is a *príncipe*; and *pătriotism* is *lòyalty* to that principle. The secret sanctification of the soil and symbol of a country is the *idéa* which they *represent*; and *this* idea the patriot *wórships* through the name and the *sýmbol*.

2. So with passionate *héroism*, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly télling, *Arnold von Winkelreid* gathers into his bosom the sheaf of *foreign spèars*. So, *Nathan Håle*, disdaining no service that duty demánds, perishes untimely with no *òther* friend than Gód and the satisfied sense of *dùty*. So, through all history from the begíuning, a noble *army of mártýrs* has fought

fiercely, and fallen *bravely*, for that unseen mistress, *their country*. So, through all history to the end, *that* army must still *march*, and *fight*, and *fall*.

3. But *countries* and *families* are but *nurseries* and *influences*. A man is a *father*, a *brother*, a *German*, a *Roman*, an *American*; but beneath all *these* relations, *he is a man*. The end of his human destiny is not to be the best *German*, or the best *Roman*, or the best *father*; but the *best man* he can be. GEORGE W. CURTIS.

21. CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

1. Sir, it matters very little what immediate *spot* may be the birthplace of such a man as *Washington*. No people can *claim*, no *country* can *appropriate* him. The boon of Providence to the *human race*, his fame is *eternity*, and his residence *creation*. Though it was the defeat of our *arms*, and the disgrace of our *policy*, I almost *bless* the *convulsion* in which he had his *origin*. If the heavens *thundered*, and the earth *rocked*, yet, when the storm *passed*, how *pure* was the climate that it *cleared*; how *bright*, in the brow of the firmament, was the *planet* which it *revealed* to us!

2. In the production of *Washington*, it does really appear as if Nature was endeavoring to *improve* upon herself, and that all the virtues of the *ancient* world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the *new*. Individual *instances* no doubt there *were*—splendid exemplifications of some *single qualification*. Cæsar was *merciful*; Scipio was *continent*; Hannibal was *patient*; but it was reserved for *Washington* to blend them *all in one*, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of *every model*, and the perfection of *every master*.

3. As a *général*, he marshalled the *péasant* into a *vétérán*, and supplied by *discipline* the absence of *expérience*; as a *stătesman*, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his *viéws*, and the philosophy of his *cóunsels*, that to the *sóldier* and the *stătesman*, he almost added the character of the *ságe*! A *cónqueror*, he was untainted with the crime of *blóod*; a *révolutionist*, he was free from any stain of *tréason*; for *aggréssion commēnced* the contest, and his country called him to the *commànd*.

4. Liberty *unshéathed* his sword, necessity *stáined*, victory *retúrned* it. If he had paused *hěre*, history might have doubted what station to *assign* him; whether at the head of her *citizens* or her *sóldiers*, her *héroes* or her *pàtriots*. But the last glorious act crowns his *caréer*, and banishes all *hesitátion*. *Whó*, like Wáshington, after having emancipated a *hémisphere*, resigned its *crówn*, and preferred the retirement of *domestic life* to the adoration of a *lánd* he might be almost said to have *crédited*?

PHILLIPS.

22. BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT.

1. The Bunker-Hill *mónument* is *fínished*. *Here* it *stánds*. Fortunate in the natural eminence on which it is pláced—higher, *ínfinitely* higher, in its objects and *púrpose*, it rises over the *lánd*, and over the *séa*; and *vísible*, at their *hómes*, to three hundred thousand citizens of Massachusetts—it *stánds*, a memorial of the *pást*, and a monitor to the *présent*, and all succeeding *generátions*.

2. I have spoken of the loftiness of its *púrpose*. If it had been without any *óther* design than the creation of a work of *árt*, the granite of which it is composed

would have slept in its native béd. It *hás* a purpose ; and *thát* purpose gives it *chàracter*. *Thát* púrpose enrobes it with dignity and *móral gràndeur*. That *wéll-known púrpose* it is, which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of àwe. It is *itsélf* the *órator* of this *occàssion*.

3. It is not from *mý* lips, it is not from any *hũman* lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flów, most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes aròund. The potent speaker stands motionless *befóre* them. It is a *plain shàft*. It bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sún, from which the future anti-quarian shall wipe the dúst. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of *mùsic* to issue from its *sùmmít*. But at the *rísing* of the sun, and at the *sètting* of the sun, in the blaze of *nóon-day*, and beneath the milder effulgence of *lùnar* light, it *lòoks*, it *spèaks*, it *àcts*, to the full comprehension of every American mínd, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart.

4. Its silent, but awful útterance ; its deep páthos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our cóuntry, and to the wórld, from the events of that dáy, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of tíme ; the elevation with which it raises us high above the *órdinary* feelings of life—surpass all that the study of the clóset, or even the inspiration of *gènius* can prodúce.

5. *To-dáy*, it speaks to *ùs*. Its *fűture* auditories will be through successive generations of mén, as they rise up *befóre* it, and gather *ròund* it. Its speech will be of *pátriotism* and *còurage* ; of civil and religious *liberty* ; of free *gòvernment* ; of the moral improvement and elevation of *mankìnd* ; and of the *immortal mémemory* of those whó, with heroic devótion, have sàcrificed their *lives* for their *còuntry*.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

23. THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

1. The birthday of the "Father of his Country"! May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever re-awaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved so well, to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as president of the convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the chair of state, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die.

2. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

3. Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty, and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and at the same time secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love.

4. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that Young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her

proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!

5. Yes; others of our great men have been appreciated—many admired by all; but him we love; him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements—no sectional prejudice nor bias—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes; when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart.

RUFUS CHOATE.

24. THE NATIONAL CLOCK.

1. Every nation is like a *clock*, the forces at work within carrying forward some purpose or plan of Providence with patient *constancy*; but when the season comes that the *sixtieth minute* is due, and a *new hour* must be sounded, perhaps not for the *nation* alone, but for the *world*, then—then the clock *strikes*, and it may be with a force and *résonance* that startles and inspires the race.

2. The first American *révolution* was such a *périod*—that was the *glòry* of it. The English *Góvernment* had oppressed our *fàthers*. It tried to break their *spèrit*. For several yéars it was a *dark time*, like the hours before the striking of the *dawn*.

3. But the Colonial time-piece kept *ticking, ticking* to the pressure of the English *Góvernment*, the giant wheels playing calmly till about 1775', when there was a *strange stír* and *bùzz* within the *càse*. The *peóple* could not bear any *mòre* of it. But the *sixtieth minute* came, and the clock *struck*.

4. The *wórld heard*—the battle of *Léxington*—*òne*; the Declaration of *Indepéndence*—*twò*; the surrender of *Bur-*

góyne—thréé; the siege of *Yórktown—fður*; the Treaty of *Páris—fíve*; the inauguration of *Wáshington—sìx*.

5. And then it was *súnrise* of the *néw dáy*, of which we have seen yet only the *glórious forendón*.

THOMAS STARR KING.

25. FREE SCHOOLS.

1. It is impossible for us adequately to conceive the boldness of the measure which aimed at universal education through the establishment of Free Schools. As a fact, it had no precedent in the world's history; and, as a theory, it could have been refuted and silenced by a more formidable array of argument and experience than was ever marshaled against any other institution of human origin.

2. But time has ratified its soundness. Two centuries of successful operation now proclaim it to be as wise as it was courageous, and as beneficent as it was disinterested. Every community in the civilized world awards it the meed of praise, and States at home, and nations abroad, in the order of their intelligence, are copying the bright example.

3. What we call the enlightened nations of Christendom are approaching, by slow degrees, to the moral elevation which our ancestors reached at a single bound; and the tardy convictions of the one have been assimilating, through a period of two centuries, to the intuitions of the other.

4. The establishment of Free Schools was one of those grand mental and moral experiments whose effects could not be developed and made manifest in a single generation. But now, according to the manner in which human life is computed, we are the sixth generation from its founders; and have we not reason to be grateful, both to God and man, for its unnumbered blessings? The

sincerity of our gratitude must be tested by our efforts to perpetuate and to improve what they established. The gratitude of the lips only is an unholy offering.

HORACE MANN.

26. THE BALLOT.

1. Consider, for a moment, what it is to *cast* a *vôte*. It is the token of *inestimable privileges*, and involves the responsibilities of an *hereditary trust*. It has passed into your hands as a *right*, reaped from fields of suffering and blood.

2. The *grándeur* of *hístory* is represented in your act. Men have wrought with *pen* and *tóngue*, and pined in *dúngeons*, and died on *scáffolds*, that you might obtain this symbol of *fréedom*, and enjoy this consciousness of a *sácred individuality*. To the ballot have been transmitted, as it wére, the dignity of the *scéptre* and the potency of the *swòrd*.

3. And that which is so potent as a *right*, is also pregnant as a *dúty*; a duty for the *présent* and for the *fúture*. If you *wíll*, that folded *léaf* becomes a *tóngue* of *jústice*, a voice of *òrder*, a force of *imperial làw*—securing *rights*, abolishing *abúses*, erecting new institutions of *trúth* and *lòve*. And, however you *wíll*, it is the expression of a *sólemn responsibility*, the *éxercise* of an immeasurable *pòwer* for *góod* or for *évil*, *nów* and *hereáfter*.

4. It is the medium through which you act upon your còuntry—the *organic nérve* which incorporates *yóu* with its *lífe* and *wèlfare*. There is no agent with which the possibilities of the republic are more *intimately invólved*, none upon which we can fall back with more *cónfidence* than the *bállot-box*.

E. H. CHAPIN.

27. EDUCATIONAL POWER.

1. The true teacher must have the faith of martyrs. In the limited horizon of the school-room, the teacher can dimly see only the beginning of the effects of his training upon his pupils. The solid and lasting results, the building up of character, the creative power of motives, are made evident only in the wider circle of the world, and at the end of a life-time. Hence the power of the teacher, like that of the silent and invisible forces of nature, is only feebly realized.

2. I once visited, in the Sierra, a quartz mine of fabulous richness. Deep in the bowels of the earth, swarthy miners were blasting out the gold-bearing rock; above, the powerful mill was crushing the quartz with its iron teeth. In the office, piles of yellow bars, ready to be sent to the mint to be poured into the channels of trade, showed the immediate returns of well-directed labor and wisely invested capital. An hour later, I stepped into a public school-house not half a mile distant, where fifty children were conning their lessons. What does the school yield, I asked myself, on the investment of money by the State? The returns of the mine were made in solid bullion; the school returns were all far in the unknown future.

3. I crossed the continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic on the grandest commercial highway ever built, and all along, towns, villages, cities, mines, farms, machine shops, manufactories, and converging roads bore evidence of the mighty physical forces of the nation; and when I entered a meeting of the National Educational Association in a Boston school-house, where two hundred thoughtful men and women were assembled, it seemed, after witnessing the gigantic play of industrial and commercial forces, that the school-masters and school-mistresses were lookers-on and idlers in the bustling life around.

4. But when, in the mild summer evening, I walked under the elms of Boston Common and reflected that independence was once only a dim idea in the minds of a few leading patriots; that the engine which had whirled me over the iron track, three thousand miles in seven days, was once only an idea in the brain of an enthusiast; that the telegraph wires, radiating like nerves from the centers of civilization, were created by the inventive genius of an educated thinker, I realized that there is a silent power, mightier than all mechanical forces, which preserves, directs, and controls the material prosperity of a great nation.

5. I go out into the streets of the great commercial center of our country. I hear everywhere the hum of industry, and see around the stir of business. I see the steamships plying like gigantic shuttles to weave a network of commercial relations between the new world and the old. I see the smoke of manufactories where skillful artisans are constructing the marvelous productions of inventive genius. The banks are open; keen capitalists are on 'Change; and the full tide of humanity is pulsating through every artery of the town. The results of business are solid and tangible. I step into the New York Normal College where a thousand young women are fitting for the profession of teaching, and if asked for the tangible results of the educational investment, the evidences are not at hand.

6. But when I pause to consider that intelligence is the motive power of trade; that the city with its banks, warehouses, churches, residences, and manufactories, is the product of skilled labor; that the steamship is navigated by means of science, and is built as a triumph of art: that science surveyed the railroad lines, and that skill runs the trains freighted with the products of industry and art; then I begin to perceive some connection between educational forces and the material results of civilization.

28. SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS.

1. Looking into the near future, I see the aisles of the school-room widen into the broad streets of the city. The boys are business men. One commands the steamship, one operates the telegraph, and another runs an engine; one is a railroad director, and another rides over the road to take his seat in the senate of the United States. One works a gold mine, another an iron mine, and another a coal mine; one is a merchant, one a banker, one a Wall-street speculator; one is a farmer in the west, another a manufacturer in the east; one is a merchant, another a mechanic, and a third is an inventor.

2. The girls have become women. Some preside as queens in home circles, some are teachers, some are writers, some are artists, and others are skilled in household work. I realize that the life of a nation is made up of mothers that guard the homes of the men who drive the plow, build the ships, run the mills, work the mines, construct machinery, print the papers, shoulder the musket, and cast the ballots; and it is for all these that the public schools have done and are now doing their beneficent work.

3. When I ponder over the far-reaching influence of the teacher and the school, I comprehend, in some measure, the relation to our national well-being, of our American system of free public schools—the best, notwithstanding its defects and shortcomings, that the world has ever known. It is the duty of every teacher to strive with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, to perfect a system of education which shall train a race of men and women in the next generation, that shall inherit, with the boundless resources of our favored land, something of the energy, enterprise, talent, and character of the sturdy pioneers who settled and subdued the wilderness.

4. Only timid and despairing souls are frightened into the belief that the foundations of society are breaking up on account of over-education in the common schools. Neither representatives of the Caste of Capital nor the Caste of Culture can convince the American people that vice, crime, idleness, poverty, and social discontent are the necessary result of an elementary education among the workers of society. No demagogue, with specious statements, can lead any considerable number of citizens to regard the school-master as a public enemy.

5. The free common school is the Plymouth Rock of American liberty. If the system of free schools, as now conducted and organized, fails to meet the needs of social progress, not the extent, but the *kind* and *quality*, of education must be changed. Neither high school nor university must be lopped off from our free-school system.

6. It is only through skilled labor, wisely and intelligently directed, that a people can become or remain permanently prosperous and happy; it is only by means of intelligent and educated voters that liberty can be preserved; and it is only by means of a more complete education among all classes that humanity can rise to a higher type of social evolution. There is no slavery so oppressive as that of ignorance.

29. ELEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

1. The English colonists in America, generally speaking, were men who were seeking new homes in a new world. They brought with them their families and all that was most dear to them. Many of them were educated men, and all possessed their full share, according to their social condition, of knowledge and attainments of that age.

2. The distinctive characteristic of their settlement is the introduction of the civilization of Europe into a wilderness, without bringing with it the political institutions of Europe. The arts, sciences, and literature of England came over with the settlers. That great portion of the common law which regulates the social and personal relations and conduct of men, came also.

3. The jury came; the *habeas corpus* came; the testamentary power came; and the law of inheritance and descent came also, except that part of it which recognizes the rights of primogeniture, which either did not come at all, or soon gave way to the rule of equal partition of estates among children.

4. But the monarchy did not come, nor the aristocracy, nor the Church, as an estate of the realm. Political institutions were to be framed anew, such as should be adapted to the state of things. But it could not be doubtful what should be the nature and character of these institutions. A general social equality prevailed among the settlers, and an equality of political rights seemed the natural, if not the necessary consequence.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

SECTION III.

RECITATIONS AND READINGS: POETRY.

1. THE CROWDED STREET.

1. Let me move slowly | through the stréet,
Filled | with an ever-shifting *tráin*,
Amid the sound | of steps that beat |
The murmuring *wálks* | like *áutumn ràin*.
2. How fast | the flitting *fìgures* | come !
The míld, the fiérce, the *stòny fàce* ;
Sóme | bright with thoughtless *smíles*, and *sóme* |
Where secret *tèars* | have left their tràce.
3. They páss—to toil, to strife, to *rèst* ;
To *hálls* | in which the *fèast* | is sprèad ;
To *chámbers* | where the funeral guèst |
In silence | sits | beside the *dèad* !
4. And *sóme* | to happy *hòmes* repàir,
Where *children* pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute *carésses* | shall declàre |
The *ténderness* | they cannot *spèak*.
5. And *sóme*, who walk in *cálmness* hère,
Shall *shùdder* when they reach the dóor |
Where *óne* | who made their dwelling *déar*,
Its flówer, its líght, is seen no mòre.
6. Yóuth, with pale cheek | and slender fráme,
And dreams of gréátness | in thine *èye* !
Goest thou to build an early *náme*,
Or early | in the *tásk* | to *dìe* ?
7. Keen son of *tráde*, with eager brów !
Who | is now fluttering | in thy snàre ?
Thy golden *fórtunes*, *tówer* they nów,
Or *mélt* | the glittering spires | in àir ?

8. *Whó* | of this crowd | to-night | shall tread |
 The dance | till daylight gleam again ?
Whó | sorrow o'er the untimely *déad* ?
Whó | writhe | in throes | of *mórtal páin* ?
9. *Sóme* | famine-struck, shall think how long |
 The cold | dark hóurs, how slow | the light ;
 And *sóme*, who flaunt amid the thróug,
 Shall hide | in dens of *shàme* | to-night.
10. Each, where his tasks or pleasures cáll,
 They páss, and heed each other nòt.
 There *ís* | who heeds, who holds them áll,
 In His large *lóve* | and boundless *thóught*.
11. These struggling tides | of life | that seem |
 In wayward, aimless course to ténd,
 Are éddies | of the *mighty stréam* |
 That *rólls* | to its appointed *ènd*.

BRYANT.

2. THE BUILDERS.

1. *All* | are architects of *Fàtc*,
 Working | in these walls of Time ;
Sóme | with *mássive* deeds | and *gréat*,
Sóme | with ornaments | of rhýme.
2. Nothing | *úseless* is | or *lòw* ;
 Each thing | in its place | is *bèst* ;
 And what *sěems* | but idle *shów* |
 Strengtheus | and supports the *rèst*.
3. For the *strúcture* | that we ráise,
 Tíme | is with materials | filled ;
 Our to-days | and yesterdays |
 Are the *blócks* | with which we *bùild*.
4. Truly shape | and fashion *thèse* ;
 Leave no yawning *gàps* | between ;

Think not, because no man *sées*,
Such things | will remain *unseen*.

5. In the elder days | of árt,
 Builders wrought | with greatest cáre |
 Each minute | and unseen pàrt;
 For the *góds* are *everywhere*.
6. Let us do *ður* work | as *wèll*,
 Both the *únscen* | and the *sèn* ;
 Make the house, where *góds* | may dwell,
 Beautíful, entíre, and clèan.
7. Else our lives | are incomplète,
 Standing | in these walls of Tíme;
 Broken *stàirways*, where the feet |
Stumble | as they seek to climb.
8. Build to-day, then, *stróng* and *sùre*,
 With a firm | and ample *báse*,
 And | ascending and *secúre* |
 Shall *to-mórron* | find its plàce.
9. Thus alone | can we attain |
 To those túrrets, where the eye |
 Sees the wórld | as one vast pláin,
 And one boundless réach | of ský.

3. PSALM OF LIFE.

1. Tell me *not* | in mournful núbbers,
Life | is but an empty *dréam* ;
 For the soul | is *dlèad* | that slúmbers,
 And things | *are* not | what they *sèem*.
2. Life | is *rèal* ! Life | is *èarnest* !
 And the grave | is *nòt* its goal ;
 Dust | thou árt, to dust retúrnest,
 Was not spoken | of the sòul.

3. Not *enjoyment*, and not *sorrow*,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to *act* that each to-morrow |
Finds us farther | than to-day.
4. Art | is *long*, and Time | is *fleeting*,
And our *hearts*, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating |
Funeral marches | to the grave.
5. In the world's broad field of *battle*,
In the bivouac of *Life*,
Be not like dumb, driven *cattle* ; —
Be a *hero* | in the strife !
6. Trust no *Future*, howe'er *pleasant* !
Let the dead Past | *bury* its dead !
Act—act in the *living Present* !
Heart *within*, and *God* | *o'erhead*.
7. Lives of great men | all remind us |
We can make *our* lives | sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us |
Foot-prints | on the sands of time.
8. Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main—
A forlorn | and shipwrecked brother—
Seeing, shall take *heart* again.
9. Let us, then, be *up* and *doing*,
With a heart | for *any* fate ;
Still *achieving*, still *pursuing*,
Learn to *labor* | and to *wait*.

LONGFELLOW.

4. APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

[*This poem is to be read with slow movement, median stress, expulsive orotund quality, and strong force.*]

1.

There is a *pléasure* | in the pathless *wòods*,
 There is a *rápture* | on the lonely *shòre*,
 There is *sóciety*, where none *intrùdes*,
 By the *deep sèa*, and *mùsic* in its *ròar*.

I love not man the *lèss* | but nature | *mòre*,
 From these our *interviews*, in which I steal |

From all I *may* be, or *have* been *befóre*,
 To mingle with the *ùniverse*, and feel |

What I can ne'er *exprèss*, yet can not all *conceàl*.

2.

Ròll on, thōu *dēep* and *dārk blūe òcean*, *ròll* !
Ten thousand fleets | sweep over thee in *vàin*.

Mán | marks the *éarth* with *rùin*—his *control* |
 Stops with the *shòre* ;—upon the watery *pláin* |

The *wrécks* | are all *thý* deed, nor doth remain |
 A *shàdow* of *màn's rávage*, save his *òwn*,

When, for a moment, like a drop of *ráin*,
 He sinks into thy *dépths* | with bubbling *gróan*—

Without a *gráve*, *unknèlled*, *uncōffined*, and *unknòwn*.

3.

The *ármaments* | which *thunderstrike* the *walls* |
 Of *rock-built cíties*, bidding *nàtions quáke*, |

And *mónarchs* | tremble in their *cápitals* ;
 The oak *leviathan*, whose *huge ríbs* make |

Their clay creator | the vain *títile* take |
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of *wár*—

Thése | are thy *tòys*, and, as the snowy *flàke*,
 They melt into thy yeast of *wáves*, which mar

Alike | the Armada's *príde*, or spoils of *Trafalgàr*.

4.

Thy shores are *èmpires*, changed in all save *thèe*;—
Assýria, Gréece, Róme, Cárthage, *whàt* are *thèy*?

Thy waters | washed them power | while they were *frée*,
And many a *týrant* | *since*; their shores obey |

The *stránger*, *sláve*, or *sávage*; their decay |
Has dried up *réalms* to *dèserts*: not so | *thòu*;

Unchángeable | save to thy wild waves' pláy,
Tíme | writes *nó wrínkle* | on thine azure bròw:

Such as *creation's dāwn behéld*, thou rollest *nòw*.

5.

Thou glorious *mírror*, where the Almighty's form |
Glasses itself in *tèmpests*; in all *tíme*,

Cálm or *convùlsed*—in bréeze, or gále, or stórm—
Icing the *póle*, or in the *tòrrid* clime |

Dark héaving; bōundless, ēndless, and sublīme!
The image of *etèrnyty*—the *thrónc* |

Of the *Invísible*; even from out thy *slíme* |
The monsters of the *dèep* | are *màde*; each *zóné* |

Obeys thee; thou goest forth, drēad, fāthomless, *alòne*.

6.

And I have *lòved* thee, ócean! and my joy |
Of youthful spórts | was on thy *brèast* to be

Bórne, like thy búbbles, *ònwārd*; from a *bòy* |
I wantoned with thy brèakers—they | to me |

Were a *delìght*; and, if the freshening *séa* |
Made them a térror, 't was a *pléasing féar*;

For I was, as it were, a child of *thèe*,
And trusted to thy bíllows | *fár* and *nèar*,

And laid my hand upon thy *máne*—as do I *hère*.

BYRON.

5. BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

1.

There was a sound of *rèvelry* by night,
 And Belgium's *cápital* had gathered then
 Her *beauté* and her *chivalry*, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair *wómen* and *bráve mèn* ;
 A *thóúsand* *héarts* beat *hàppily* ; and when
Músic arose with its *voluptuous swéll*,
 Soft *éyes* looked *lòve* to eyes which *spàke* again,
 And all went *mérry* as a *màrriage-bell* ;—
 But *hùsh ! hàrk !* a *deep sóund* strikes like a rising *knèll !*

2.

Did ye not *héar* it ?—*Nò* ; 't was but the *wínd*,
 Or the *càr* rattling o'er the stony strèet :
On with the *dànce !* let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till *mòrn*, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying *féet*——
 But *hàrk !*—that heavy sound breaks in *once mòre*,
 As if the *clòuds* its *ècho* would repèat ;
 And *nèarer*, *clèarer*, *dèadlicr* than befóre !
Arm ! ARM ! it is—it is—the *cànnón's* opening roar !

3.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fró,
 And gathering téars, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pále, which but an hour agó
Blùshed at the praise of their own *lòveliness* ;
 And there were *sudden pàrtings*, such as press
 The *lìfe* from out *yóung* héarts, and choking *sìghs*
 Which ne'er might be *repèated* ; *who* could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual *éyes*,
 Since upon *night* so *swéet* such *awful mòrn* could rise ?

4.

And there was mounting in hot *hàste* ; the *stéed*,
 The mustering *squádrón*, and the clattering *càr*,

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of wàr;
 And the *deep thúnder peal* on *peal* afár;
 And *néar*, the beat of the *alármíng drùm*
 Roused up the *sóldier* ere the morning *stàr*;
 While thronged the *cítizens* with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white líps: "*The fòe! They còme!*
they còme!"

5.

And Ardennes waves above them her green léaves,
 Dewy with nature's téar-drops, as they páss,
Griéving, if aught inanimate e'er griéves,
 Over the *unretúrning bràve*—alás!—
 Ere evening to be trodden like the *gràss*,
 Which now *beněath* them, but *abòve* shall grow
 In its *něxt* verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of *living vátor*, rolling on the *fòe*,
 And *burning with high hópe*, shall mōulder cōld and lōw

6.

Last *nóon* beheld them full of *lústy lífe*;
 Last *éve* in *Beauté's* circle *proudly gày*;
 The *mídníght* brought the signal-sound of *strífe*;
 The *mórn*, the marshaling in *àrms*—the *dáy*,
Battle's magnificently stern arrày!
 The thunder-clouds close d'er it, which, when rént,
 The earth is covered thick with *óther* elay—
 Which her *ówn* elay shall cóver, héaped and pént,
 Ríder and hòrse—friénd, fòe—in óne rēd bŭrial blēut.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold*.

6. SANTA FILOMENA.

This poem was written in honor of Florence Nightingale, an English lady, distinguished for her philanthropy, and for her devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers in the Crimean war. "Filomena" is the Latin for "Nightingale." There is a Saint Filomena, who is

represented as floating down from heaven attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession.

1. Whene'er a noble deed | is wrought,
Whene'er is spoke | a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher *levels* | rise.
2. The tidal wave | of deeper souls |
Into our inmost being | rolls,
And lifts us | unawares |
Out of all meaner cares.
3. Honor to those | whose words and deeds |
Thus help us | in our daily needs.
And | by their overflow |
Raise us | from what is low !
4. Thus thought I, as by night I read |
Of the great army | of the dead,
The trenches | cold and damp,
The starved | and frozen camp ;
5. The wounded | from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain—
The cheerless corridors,
The cold | and stony floors.
6. Ló ! in that house of misery |
A lady | with a lamp | I see |
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit | from room to room.
7. And slow | as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer | turns to kiss |
Her shadow, as it falls |
Upon the darkening walls.

8. As if a door in heaven | should be |
Opened | and then closed súddenly,
The vision | came and wént,
The light shone | and was spènt.
9. On England's annals, the long
Hereafter | of her speech and sóng,
That light | its rays | shall cast |
From portals | of the pàst.
10. A Lady with a Lamp | shall stand |
In the great history of the lánd,
A noble type of góod,
Heroic wòmanhood.
11. Nor even shall be wanting here |
The pálm, the líly, and the spèar,
The symbols | that of yore |
Santa Filomèna bòre.

LONGFELLOW.

7. THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

[*An example of animated and impassioned description, characterized by fast movement and radical stress.*]

“Now *yíeld* thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy *heàrt's* blood dyes my blade!”
“Thy threats, thy mercy I *defý*!
Let recreant *yíeld*, who fears to *díe*.”
—Like *adder* darting from his *cóil*,
Like *wolf* that dashes through the *tóil*,
Like *mountain-cat* who guards her *yóung*,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprúng;
Recéived, but recked not of a wóund,
And locked his arms his foeman ròund.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine òwn!
No *maiden's* arm is round thee thrówn!

That desperate grasp thy frame might féel
 Through bars of brass and triple stéel!—
 They tóg, they stráin! dówn, dówn, they gò,
 The Gael abóve, Fitz-James belòw.
 The Chieftain's *gripe* his throat comprèssed;
 His *knee* was planted in his brèast;
 His clotted locks he backward thréw,
 Across his brow his hand he dréw,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
 —But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tíde;
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly gáme;
 For, while the dagger gleamed on hígh,
 Reeled *sóul* and *sénse*, reeled *brain* and *eye*.
Down came the blòw! but in the heath
 The erring *bláde* found bloodless *shèath*.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing gràsp;
 Unwounded from the dreadful clóse,
 But breathless áll, Fitz-James aròse.

SCOTT.

8. SANDALPHON.

1. Have you read in the Talmud of óld,
 In the Legends the Rabbins have tóld
 Of the limitless realms of the áir;
 Have you *réad* it—the marvelous stóry
 Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glóry,
 Sandálphon, the Angel of Práyer?
2. How, erect, at the outermost gates
 Of the City Celestial he wáits,
 With his feet on the ladder of líght,

That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

3. The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress—
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.
4. But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below;—
5. From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.
6. And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the *fràgrance* they shed.
7. It is but a legend I know,
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

8. When I look from my window at níght,
 And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with stárs,
 Amóng them, majéstie, is stánding
 Sandálphon, the ángel, expánding
 His pínions in nebulous bàrs.
9. And the légend, I féel, is a párt
 Of the hunger and thirst of the heárt—
 The fréncy and fire of the bráin,
 That grasps at the fruitage forbídden,
 The golden pomegranates of Éden,
 To quiet its fever and páin.

LONGFELLOW.

9. THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

[*This piece may be rendered with a considerable degree of imitative reading. It is characterized by declamatory force, radical stress, and orotund quality. Let the class mark for rhetorical pauses, emphasis, and inflections.*]

1. In their ragged *regiméntals*,
 Stood the old *Continéntals*,
 Yielding *nót*,
 When the Grenadiers were *lúnging*,
 And like hail fell the *plúnging*
 Cànnon-shot ;
 When the files
 Of the ísles,
 From the smoky night encámpment bore the banner of
 the rampant
 Únicorn,
 And *grummer, grummer, grummer*, rolled the roll of the
 drummer,
 Through the mòrn!
2. Then with eyes to the *frónt* all,
 And with guns *horizóntal*,
 Stood our *síres* ;

And the balls whistled *déadly*,
 And in streams flashing *rédiy*
 Blazed the *fîres*;
 As the rōar
 On the shōre,
 Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded
 âcres
 Of the plâin;
 And *louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,*
 Cracked amàin!

3. Now like smiths at their fôrges
 Worked the red St. Géorge's
 Cannonièrs;
 And the villainous "saltpéter"
 Rang a fierce, discordant méter
 Round their éars;
 As the swift
 Stórm-drift,
 With hot, sweeping ánger, came the horse-guards' clangor
 On our flâuks.
 Then *higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire*
 Through the rànks!

4. Then the old-fashioned Cólonel
 Galloped through the white infernal
 Pòwder-cloud;
 And his broadsword was *swínging*,
 And his brazen throat was *rínging*
 Trùmpet-loud.
 Then the blue
 Bullets fléw,
 And the *tróoper*-jackets rédden at the touch of the leáden
 Rífle-breath.
 And *rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,*
 Hurling dèath!

10. THE WINDS.

[Read this poem line by line, and let the class repeat, in concert, after you. Then require each pupil, in turn, to go upon the platform and read one stanza, subject to the criticism of the class and teacher.]

1.

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the áir,
 Softly ye played, a few brief hours ago;
 Ye bore the murmur of the sea; ye tossed the hair
 O'er maiden cheeks that took a fresher glow;
 Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue,
 Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew;
 Before you the *catalpa's* blossom flew,
 Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

2.

What change is this? Ye take the *cataract's* sound;
 Ye take the *whirlpool's* fury and its might;
 The mountain *shudders* as ye sweep the ground;
 The valley *woods* lie prone beneath your flight;
 The clouds before you shoot like eagles past;
 The homes of men are rocking in your blast;
 Ye lift the roofs like *autumn leaves*, and east,
 Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

3.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
 To 'scape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead;
 Against the earth ye drive the *roaring rain*;
 The harvest field becomes a *river's* bed;
 And *torrents* tumble from the hills around;
 Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned;
 And wailing *voices*, midst the tempest's sound,
 Rise, as the rushing waters *swell* and *spread*.

4.

Ye dart upon the deep; and straight is heard
 A *wilder* roar; and men grow pale and pray;

Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
 Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
 See! to the breaking mast the *sailor* clings;
 Ye scoop the *ocean* to its briny springs,
 And take the *mountain billow* on your wings,
 And pile the wreck of *navies* round the bay.

5.

Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty
 Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through fear,
 Has chained your pinions till ye wrenched them free,
 And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere;
 For ye were born in *freedom* where ye blow;
 Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go;
 Earth's solemn *woods* were yours, her wastes of snow,
 Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

6.

O ye wild winds; a *mighty* power than yours
 In chains upon the shore of *Europe* lies;
 The sceptered throng, whose fetters he endures,
 Watch his mute throes with *terror* in their eyes;
 And armed *warriors* all around him stand,
 And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
 And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
 To *pierce* the victim, should he strive to rise.

7.

Yet oh! when that wronged Spirit of our race
 Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains,
 And leap in freedom from his *prison*-place,
 Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
 Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
 To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
 To fill the earth with woe, and blot the fair
 Unconscious breast with blood from *human* veins.

8.

But may he like the *Spring*-time come abroad,
 Who crumbles *Winter's* gyves with gentle might,
 When in the genial bréeze, the breath of Gód,
 Come spouting up the unsealed *springs* to light;
Flowers start from their dark prisons at his fèet,
 The *wóods*, long dúmb, awake to hymnings swèet;
 And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost méet,
 Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

BRYANT.

11. THE DAY IS DONE.

1. The day is *dòne*, and the dárkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a *fèather* is wafted dównward
 From an *èagle* in his flight.
2. I see the lights of the village
 Gleam through the rain and the míst,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul cannot resist.
3. A feeling of sadness and longing,
 That is not akín to páin,
 And resembles sorrow only,
 As the *míst* resembles the *rain*.
4. Come, read to me some *pòem*,
 Some simple and heartfelt láy,
 That shall soothe this restless féeling,
 And banish the thoughts of dày.
5. *Nót* from the grand old másters,
Nót from the bards sublíme,
 Whose distant footsteps echo
 Through the corridors of Tíme.

6. For, like strains of *mártil* *mùsic*,
Their mighty thoughts suggést
Life's endless *tóil* and *endèavor* ;
And to-níght I long for rèsť.
7. Read from some *húmbler* poet,
Whose songs gushed from his héart,
As *shówers* from the clouds of *sùmmer*,
Or *téars* from the *eyelids* stárt ;
8. Whó, through long days of lábor,
And nights devoid of éase,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful mèlodies.
9. Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of cáre,
And come like the benediction
That follows after pràyer.
10. Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy chóice,
And lend to the rhyme of the póet
The beauty of thy vóice.
11. And the *níght* shall be filled with *mùsic*,
And the cares that infest the dáy,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal awày.

LONGFELLOW.

12. THE BATTLE-FIELD.

1. Once this soft *túrf*, this rivulet's *sánds*,
Were trampled | by a hurrying *crówd*,
And fiery *héarts* | and arméd *hánds* |
Encountered in the *bàttlc*-cloud.

2. Ah'! never shall the land forget |
 How gushed the *life-blood* | of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yét,
 Upon the *sóil* | they fought to *sàve*.
3. Now all is cálm, and frésh and stíll;
 Alone the chirp of flitting bírd,
 And talk of children on the híll,
 And bell of wandering *kíne* | are hèard.
4. No solemn host goes trailing by
 The black-mouthed *gún* | and staggering *wáin* ;
 Men start not at the *báttle*-cry ;
 Óh, be it never *héard* *agàin* !
5. Soon rested | those who fóught ; but thóu,
 Who minglest in the *hãrder* strife |
 For truths | which men receive not nów,
 Thỹ warfare | only ends with *lìfe*.
6. A friendless wàrfare ! lingering long |
 Through weary dáy | and weary yèar.
 A wild and many-weaponed thróng |
 Hang on thy frónt, and flánk, and rèar.
7. Yet nerve thy spirit | to the próof,
 And blench not at thy chosen lót ;
 The timid good may stand alóof,
 The sage may frówn—yet faint thou *nòt*.
8. Nor heed the sháft | too surely cást,
 The foul | and hissing bolt of scórn ;
 For with thy side | shall dwell, at lást,
 The víctory | of *endùrance* | borni.
9. *Trúth* | crushed to éarth | shall *rìse* again ;
 The *eternal* *yéars* | of *Gòd* are hèrs ;
 But *Érror* | wounded, writhes in páin,
 And *díes* | among his *wòrshippers*.

10. Yea, though thou lie upon the dúst,
 When they who helped thee flee in féar,
 Díe | full of hope and manly trúst,
 Like those who fell in *battle hère*.
11. *Anóther* hand | the sword shall wíeld,
Anóther hand | the standard wáve,
 Till from the trumpet's mouth | is péaled
 The blast of *tríumph* | o'er thy gràve.

BRYANT.

13. HYMN TO MONT BLANC.

[*This is a difficult piece of reading. It should be first analyzed grammatically and rhetorically, to enable the pupil to comprehend the full meaning. The reading, in general, will be characterized by median stress, orotund quality, strong force, and slow movement.*]

Hast thou a *chàrm* to stay the morning-star
 In his steep *cóurse*? So *lòng* he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful *héad*, *O sovereign Blànc*!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave *èaselessly*; but thou, most awful *fórm*,
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How *síently*! Around thee and above,
Dèep is the air and *dàrk*; substantial *blàck*;
 An *ébon mæss*: methinks thou *píercest* it
 As with a *wèdge*! But when I look *agáin*,
 It is thine own *cálm hòme*, thy *crýstal shríne*,
 Thy *hábitation* from *èternity*.
 O dread and silent *Mòunt*! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thóu, still present to the *bóðily* sense,
 Didst *vànish* from my thóught: entranced in *práyér*,
 I worshiped the *Invisíble* alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling *mélody*—
 So sweet, we know not we are *lístening* to it—
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my *thóught*,
 Yea, with my *lífe* and life's own secret *jòy*;

Till the dilating sòul—enràpt, transfúsed
 Into the mighty vision pássing—thére,
 As in her natural fórm, *swelled vast to Hèaven!*

Awàke, my sòul! not only *pássive* praise
 Thou ówest; not alone these swelling *téars*,
 Mute *thánks*, and secret *écstásy*. Awàke,
 Voicè of sweet sòng! Awàke, my heart, *awàke!*
 Green *vàles* and icy *clìffs*, *àll* join my hým.

Thòu first and *chèf*, sole sovereign of the *vàle!*
 O, struggling with the darkness all the *nìght*,
 And visited all night by troops of *stárs*,
 Or when they *clímb* the sky or when they *sìnk*;
 Companion of the morning-star at *dáwn*,
Thýself Earth's rosy *stár*, and of the *dáwn*
 Co-hérad; wàke, O *wàke*, and utter *pràise!*
Whò sank thy *sunless* *pìllars* deep in *èarth?*
Whò filled thy *couñtenance* with rosy light?
Whò made thee parent of *perpetual* *strèams?*

And *yòu*, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glàd!
 Who called *yóu* forth from night and utter *dèath*,
 From dark and icy *càverns* called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, blàck, jàgged ròcks,
 For ever *shàttered* and the same for *èver?*
Whò gave you your *invúlnerable* *lìfe*,
 Your strèngth, your spèed, your fúry, and your jòy,
Uncéasing *thùnder* and *etèrnal* *fòam?*
 And who *commànded* (and the silence *cáme*),
 “*Hèrè let the billows stiffen, and have rèsè?*”

Ye *ìce-falls!* ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown *enormous* *ràvìnes* slope amàin—

Tórrents, methinks, that heard a *mighty* *vóice*,
 And stopped at ònce amid their maddest plùnge!
 Mòtionless *tórrents!* *sìlent* *càtaracts!*—

Who made you *glòrious* as the gates of *Hèaven*
 Beneath the keen full mòon? Who bade the *sùn*
 Clothe you with *ràinbows?* Who, with living *fìowers*

Of loveliest blúe, spread *gàrlands* at your fèet? —
Gód! let the torrents, like a shoít of *nàtions*
 Ànswer! and let the *ìcc-plains* echo, *Gód!*
Gód! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
 Ye *pìne-groves*, with your soft and soul-like sòunds!
 And *thèy*, too, have a voice, you piles of snòw,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, *Gód!*
 Ye living *fìdwers* that skirt the eternal fròst!
 Ye *wild gòats* sporting round the *èagle's* nest!
 Ye *èagles*, playmates of the *mountain-stòrm!*
 Ye *lìghtnings*, the dread arrows of the clòuds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the *èlements!*
 Utter forth "*Gód!*" and fill the *hìlls* with *pràise*.

Once *mòre*, hoar móunt! with thy sky-pointing péak,
 Oft from whose feet the *ávalauche*, unhéard,
 Shoots dównward, glittering through the pure *seréne*,
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy bréast—
Thòu, too, again, *stupéndous mòuntain!* thóu,
 That, as I raise my héad, awhile bowed low
 In *adóratiòn*, upward from thy base
 Slow-traveling with dim eyes suffused with téars,
 Solemnly séemest, like a vapory *clòud*,
 To rise befóre me—*rìse*, oh, *èver* rise;
Rìse, like a *clòud* of *ìncense*, from the *èarth!*
 Thou *kíngly spìrit* throned among the *hìlls*,
 Thou *dréad ambàssador* from earth to *hèaven*,
Gréat hìerarch! tell thou the *silent ský*,
 And tell the *stàrs*, and tell yon *rising sùn*,
Èárth, with her thousand vòices, *pràises Gód!*

COLERIDGE.

14. MORNING HYMN.

[*This piece is characterized by slow movement, median stress, and orotund quality.*]

These are *thý glórious wòrks*, Parent of gòod,
 Almighty! *Thíne* this *univérstal fràme*,
 Thus wondrous fàir; *Thýself* hòw wondrous thèn!
Unspéakable, who sit'st above these heavens
 To us invísible, or *dímly* seen
 In these thy lowest wòrks; yet *thése* declare
 Thy *góodness* beyond *thòught*, and power divine.
Spèak, ye who best can téll, ye *sons of líght*,
Ángels; for ye behóld him, and with songs
 And choral sýmphonies, *dáy* without níght,
 Circle his throne *rejðicing*; ye, in *Héaven*,
 On *èarth*, join àll ye creatures, to extol
 Him *fírst*, him *lást*, him *mídst*, and *without ènd*.
 Fairest of *stàrs*, last in the train of níght,
 If better thou belong not to the *dáwn*,
 Sure pledge of *dáy*, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright círclet, *práise* him in thy sphére,
 While *dày* arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou *Sùn*, of this great world both *eýe* and *sóul*,
 Acknowledge him thy *grèater*; sound his praise
 In thy *étérnal còurse*, both when thou *clím'b'st*,
 And when high *nóon* hast gained, and when thou *fàll'st*.
Mòon, that now meet'st the *orient Sùn*, now fly'st,
 With the *fixèd stàrs*, fixed in their orb that flíes;
 And ye five *òther* wandering fires, that move
 In mystic *dánce* not without sòng, resound
Hís praise, who out of *dárkness* called up *líght*.
Air, and ye *èlements*, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's wòmb, that in quaternion run,
Perpétual círcle, múltiform; and mix
 And nourish *àll* things; let your ceaseless *chánge*
 Vary to our *great Máker* still *new pràise*.

Ye *mists* and *exhalations*, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the *world's great Author* rise;
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling, still *advance his praise*.
 His praise, ye *winds*, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe *soft* or *loud*; and wave your tops, ye *pines*,
 With every plant, in *sign of worship*, wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, *tune his praise*.
 Join voices all, ye *living souls*: ye *birds*,
 That singing, up to *heaven's gate ascend*,
 Bear on your *wings* and in your *notes his praise*.

MILTON.

15. THANATOPSIS.

[As a preliminary exercise, let pupils name all the phrases and clauses, and tell what each modifies; also, call on them to parse the more difficult words. The reading of this poem is characterized by slow movement, median stress, and orotund quality.]

To him | who | in the love of *Nature* | holds
 Communion | with her *visible forms*, she speaks |
 A *various language*; for his *gay*er hours |
 She has a voice of *gladness*, and a smile
 And eloquence of *beauty*, and she glides |
 Into his *darker musings* with a mild |
 And healing *sympathy*, that steals away
 Their sharpness | ere he is aware. When thoughts |
 Of the last bitter hour | come like a blight |
 Over thy *spirit*, and sad images |
 Of the stern *agony*, and *shroud*, and *pall*,
 And breathless *darkness*, and the narrow *house*,
 Make thee to *shudder* | and grow sick at *heart*,

Go forth | under the *open sky*, and list
 To *Nature's* teachings; while from all around—
Earth and her *waters*, and the depths of *air*—
 Comes | a still voice:—Yet a few days | and *thee* |
 The all-beholding *sun* | shall see no more |
 In all his *course*; nor yet | in the cold *ground*,
 Where thy pale form | was laid with many *tears*,
 Nor in the embrace of *ocean*, shall exist |
 Thy *image*. *Earth*, that *nourished* thee, shall *claim*
 Thy growth, to be resolved to *earth* again;
 And, lost each *human* trace, surrendering up
 Thine *individual* being, shalt thou go |
 To mix forever with the *elements*,
 To be a brother | to the insensible *rock* |
 And to the sluggish *cloud*, which the rude swain |
 Turns with his *share*, and *treads* upon. The *oak*—
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy *mold*.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place |
 Shalt thou retire *alone*—nor could'st thou *wish* |
 Couch *more magnificent*. Thou shalt lie down |
 With patriarchs | of the *infant world*—with *kings*,
 The *powerful* of the *earth*—the *wise*, the *good*,
 Fair *forms*, and hoary *seers* of ages *past*,
 All | in one *mighty sepulcher*. The *hills*,
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the *sun*; the *valleys*,
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;
 The venerable *woods*; *rivers*, that move
 In *majesty*; and the complaining *brooks*,
 That make the meadows *green*; and, poured round *all*
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
 Are but the solemn *decorations* | *all* |
 Of the great *tomb* of *man*! The golden *sun*,
 The *planets*, all the *infinite host* of *heaven*,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of *death*,
 Through the still lapse of *ages*. All that *tread*
 The globe | are but a *handful* | to the tribes

That slumber in its *bòsom*. Take the wings
 Of *mòrning*, and the Barcan desert pierce,
 Or lose thyself | in the continuous woods |
 Where rolls the Òregon, and hears no sound |
 Save his own dàshings—yet | the dēad | āre thèrè ;
 And *mìllions* | in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years begán, have laid them down |
 In their last slèep: the dēad | rēign thēre | alòne !
 So shalt *thòu* rest ; and what if thou withdraw |
 Unheeded by the *lìving*, and no *frìend* |
 Take note of thy depàrture ! All that *brèathe* |
 Will share thy dèstiny. The *gáy* | will laugh
 When thou art gòne, the solemn brood of care |
 Plòd ón, and each one, as *befòre*, will chase
 His favorite *phàntom* ; yet *all thése* | shall *lèave*
 Their mirth and their emplóyments, and shall come |
 And make their bed | with *thèe*. As the long train
 Of ages glides away, the sons of mén—
 The *yóuth* | in life's green *spríng*, and he who goes |
 In the full strength of *yèars*, *mátron* and *màid*,
 The bowed with *áge*, the *ìnfant* | in the smiles |
 And beauty of its innocent age | cut óff—
 Shall | one by one | be gathered to thy síde |
 By thóse | who in *thèir* túrn | shall fóllo^w *thèm*.

So *lìve*, that when *thý* summons | comes to join |
 The innumerable caravan | that moves |
 To that mysterious realm where each shall take
 His chamber | in the silent halls of déath,
 Thou gó, not like the quarry-slave at night,
Seoùrged to his dúngèon ; but, sustained and soothed |
 By an unfaltering trúst, approach thy gràve |
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 Abóut him, and lies down | to pleasant drèams.

16. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

1.

The *cúrfew* | tolls the knell | of parting *dày* ;
The lowing *hérd* | winds slowly | o'er the *lèa* ;
The *plówman* | homeward | plods his weary *wáy*,
And leaves the *wórld* | to *dárkness* | and to *mè*.

2.

Now fades | the glimmering *lándscape* | on the sight,
And all the *áir* | a solemn *stíllness* | holds,
Save where the *béetle* | wheels his droning *flíght*,
And drowsy *tínklings* | lull the distant *fòlds* ;

3.

Save | that from yonder | ivy-mantled *tówer*,
The moping owl | does to the moon | *compláin* |
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret *bówer*,
Molest her *áncient*, solitary *rèign*.

4.

Beneath those rugged *élms*, that yew-tree's *sháde*,
Where heaves the turf | in many a moldering *héap*,
Each | in his narrow cell | forever *láid*,
The rude *fórefathers* | of the *hàmlét* | sleep.

5.

The breezy *cáll* | of incense-breathing *mórn*,
The *swállow* | twittering | from the straw-built *shéd*,
The cock's shrill *clárion*, or the echoing *hórn*,
No móre | shall rouse *thém* | from their lowly *bèd*.

6.

For them | no móre the blazing *héarth* | shall *búrn*,
Or busy *hóusewife* | ply her evening *càre* ;
No *chíldren* | run | to lisp their sire's *retúrn*,
Or climb his *knées* | the envied *kíss* | to share.

7.

Oft did the *hárvest* | to their *sìckle* | yield,
 Their *fúrrow* | oft | the stubborn *glèbe* | has broke ;
 How *jocund* | did they drive their team a-fièld !
 How bowed | the *wóods* | beneath their sturdy *stròke* !

8.

Let not *Ambition* | mock their useful *tóil*,
 Their homely *jóys*, and destiny | *obscúre* ;
 Nor *Gràndeur* | hear | with a disdainful *smíle* |
 The short. | and simple *annals* | of the *pòor*.

9.

The boast of *héraldry*, the pomp of *pówer*,
 And all that *beauté*, all that *weálth* | e'er gáve,
 Await | alike | the *inévitáble* *hòur* :
 The paths of *glòry* | lead | but to the *grávc*.

10.

Nor *yóu*, ye *próud*, impute to these the *fáult*,
 If *Memory* | o'er their tomb | no *tróphies* raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle | and fretted *váult*,
 The pealing *ánthem* | swells the note | of *pràise*.

11.

Can storied *úrñ*, or animated *búst*,
 Back to its mansion | call the fleeting *bréath* ?
 Can *Hónor's* voice | provoke the silent *dúst* ;
 Or *Fláttery* soothe | the dull, cold ear | of *Déath* ?

12.

Perhaps in this neglected spot | is | laid |
 Some *héart* | once pregnant | with celestial *fíre*—
Hánds | that the rod of *èmpire* | might have swayed,
 Or waked to *écstasy* | the living lyre :

13.

But *Knówledge* | to their eyes | her ample páge,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unróll ;
Chill *Pénury* | repressed their noble ráge,
And froze the genial *cúrrent* | of the sòul.

14.

Full many a *gém* | of purest ray serene |
The dark, unfathomed caves of *òcean* | bear ;
Full many a *flówer* | is born to blush unséen,
And waste | its *swéetness* | on the *désert àir*.

15.

Some village *Hàmpden*, that, with dauntless bréast,
The little tyrant | of his fields | withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious *Milton* | here may rest—
Some *Cròmwèll*, guiltless of his country's blòod.

16.

The applause | of listening *sénates* | to commánd,
The threats | of pain and ruin | to despise,
To scatter *plénty* | o'er a smiling lánd,
And read their *hístory* | in a nation's *éyes*;

17.

Their *lót* | *forbàde* ; nor circumscribed | alóne |
Their growing *vírtues*, but their *crímes* confined ;
Forbade to wade | through slaughter | to a thróne,
And shut the gates | of *mércy* | on *mankìnd* ;

18.

The struggling pangs | of conscious *trúth* | to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous *shàme*,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride |
With *íncense* | kindled at the *Mùse's* flame.

19.

Far from the madding crowd's | ignoble strife,
 Their sober *wishes* | never learned to *stray*;
 Along the cool, sequestered vale | of life |
 They kept the noiseless *ténor* | of their way.

20.

Yet e'en these *bones* | from insult to *protéct*,
 Some frail *memorial* | still erected *nigh*,
 With uncouth *rhymes* | and shapeless *sculpture* | decked,
 Implores the passing *tribute* | of a *sigh*.

21.

Their *name*, their *years*, spelt by the unlettered *Muse*,
 The place of *fame* | and *elegy* | supply;
 And many a holy *text* | around she *stréws*,
 That teach the rustic *moralist* | to *dre*.

22.

For *whó*, to dumb forgetfulness | a *préy*,
 This pleasing, anxious *being* | e'er resigned,
 Left the warm *precincts* | of the cheerful *day*,
 Nor cast | one *longing*, *lingering look* | *behind*?

23.

On some fond *breast* | the parting *soul* | relies,
 Some pious *drops* | the closing *eye* requires;
 E'en from the *tombs* | the voice of Nature | cries,
 E'en in our *dashes* | live | their wonted fires.

24.

For *thée*, *whó*, mindful of the unhonored *déad*,
 Dost | in these *lines* | their artless tale | *reláte*,
 If chance, by lonely contemplation *léd*,
 Some kindred *spirit* | shall inquire *thý fate*—

25.

Háply | some hoary-headed swain | may sáy :
 “ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dáwn,
 Brushing with hasty steps | the dew's awáy,
 To meet the *sún* | upon the upland *làwn*.

26.

“ There, at the foot | of yonder nodding béech,
 That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
 His listless léngth | at nóontide | would he strétch,
 And pore upon the bróok | that babbles bý.

27.

“ Hard by yon *wóod*, now smiling | as in scórn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would róve ;
 Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlórn,
 Or crazed with *cáre*, or crossed in hopeless *lòve*.

28.

“ One morn | I míssed him | on the ‘customed híll,
 Along the héath, and near his favorite trée ;
Andther | came, nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the *làwn*, nor at the *wóod* | was he ;

29.

“ The néxt, with dirges dúe, in sad arráy,
 Slow | through the church-way path | we saw him bòrne : :
 Approach and réad | (for *thou* canst réad) | the láy |
 Graved on the stóne | beneath you aged thòrn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Hére | rests his *héad* | upon the lap of *éarth*,
 A *yóuth* | to *Fórtune* | and to *Fáme* | *unknòwn* ;
 Fair *Sciénee* | frowned not | on his humble *bírth*,
 And *Mèlancholy* | marked him | for her *òwn*.

31.

Lárge | was his *bóunty*, and his *sóul* | *sincère* ;
Héaven | did a *récompense* | as largely *sènd* :
 He gave to *míserý*—all he *hád*—a *tèar* ;
 He gained from *Héaven*—'t was all he wished—a *fríènd*.

32.

No further seek | his *měrits* | to disclóse,
 Or draw his *fráilties* | from their dread abóde
 (There | they alike | in trembling hópe | repóse)—
 The *bósom* | of his *Fáther* | and his *Góð*.

THOMAS GRAY.

17. DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. When life hath run its largest round |
 Of toil and tríumph, joy and wóe,
 How brief | a storied page is found |
 To compass all its outward shòw !
2. The world-tried sailor tíres and dròops ;
 His flag is rént, his keel forgòt ;
 His farthest voyages | seem but lóops |
 That float | from life's entangled knòt.
3. But when within the narrow space |
 Some *larger* soul hath lived and wróught,
 Whose sight | was open to embrace |
 The boundless realms | of deed and thóught,—
4. When, stricken by the freezing blast,
 A nation's living pillars fáll,
 How rich | the storied pàge, how vást,
 A wórd, a whísper, can recáll !
5. No medal | lifts its fretted fáce,
 Nor speaking márble | cheats your eýe,

Yet, while these pictured lines I tráce,
A *living image* | passes bÿ :

6. A róof | beneath the mountain pínes ;
The clóisters | of a hill-girt pláin ;
The front of life's embattled línes ;
A mound | beside the heaving máin.
7. Thése | are the scènes : a bòy appears ;
Set life's round dial | in the sún,
Count the swift arc | of seventy yéars,
His fráme | is dùst ; his tásk | is dòne.
8. Yet pause upon the noontide hóur,
Ere the declining sún | has laid |
His bleaching rays | on manhood's pówer,
And look upon the mighty shàde.
9. No gloom | that stately shape can híde,
No change | uncrown its brów ; behóld !
Dárk, cálm, lárgé-fronted, líghtning-eyed,
Earth has no double | from its móld.
10. Ere from the fields | by valor won |
The battle-smoke | had rolled awáy,
And bared the blood-red setting sún,
His eýes | were opened on the dày.
11. His lánd | was but a shelving stríp |
Black | with the strife | that made it fréé ;
He líved | to see its banners dip |
Their fringes | in the western sèa.
12. The boundless *pràiries* | learned his nàme,
His wórds | the mountain *èchoes* knèw,
The northern bréezes | swept his fame |
From icy lake | to warm bayoù.

13. In tóil | he lived; in péace | he dled;
 When life's full cycle was compléte,
 Put off his robes of power and pride,
 And laid them | at his Master's fèct.
14. His rest | is by the storm-swept wáves |
 Whom life's wild tempests | roughly tried,
 Whose héart | was like the streaming cáves |
 Of ocean, throbbing at his síde.
15. Death's cold white hand | is like the snów |
 Laid softly | on the furrowed híl—
 It hides the broken seams belów,
 And leaves the summit | brighter stíll.
16. In vain the envious tongue upbráids;
 His name | a nation's heart shall kéepe |
 Till morning's latest sunlight fádes |
 On the blue tablet | of the dèep!

HOLMES.

18. ST. AUGUSTINE'S LADDER.

1. Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
 That | of our vices | we can frame |
 A ladder, if we will but tread |
 Beneath our feet | each déed of shàme!
2. All common things, each day's événts,
 That | with the hour | begin and énd,
 Our pleasures | and our discontent's,
 Are róunds | by which | we may ascènd.
3. The low desíre, the base desígn,
 That makes another's virtues | lèss;
 The revel | of the ruddy wíne,
 And all occasions | of excéss;

4. The longing | for ignoble things
The strife | for triumph | more than truth ;
The hardening of the heart, that brings |
Irreverence | for the dreams of youth ;
5. All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
That have their *root* | in thoughts of ill ;
Whatever hinders | or impedes |
The action | of the noble will ;—
6. All these | must first | be trampled down |
Beneath our feet, if we would gain |
In the bright fields | of fair renown |
The right | of eminent domain.
7. We have not wings, we can not soar ;
But we have feet | to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits | of our time.
8. The distant mountains, that uprear |
Their solid bastions | to the skies,
Are crossed | by pathways, that appear |
As we | to higher *levels* | rise.
9. The heights | by great men | reached and kept |
Were not attained | by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward | in the night.
10. Standing | on what | too long | we bore |
With shoulders bent | and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path | to higher destinies ;
11. Nor deem the irrevocable Past |
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last |
To something nobler | we attain.

19. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

[*This extract should be read with radical and median stress, strong force, and strongly contrasted inflections. Let the class mark for emphasis and inflection.*]

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going; let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
6. Ring out false pride, in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand woes of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

20. SUMMER RAIN.

[This extract should be read with varying degrees of force, and with the radical stress, ranging from unimpassioned to emotional. The last two stanzas afford scope for "imitative expression."]

1. Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter;
The wind is gathering in the west;
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,
Then droop to a fitful rest;
Up from the stream with sluggish flap
Struggles the gull, and floats away;
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap;
We shall not see the sun go down to-day.
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet;
The startled river turns leaden and harsh—
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.
2. Look! look!—that livid flash!
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
On the earth, which crouches in silence under;
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile.
For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts rattling over the sun-parched roof.

3. Against the windows the storm comes dashing;
 Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing;
 The blue lightning flashes;
 The rapid hail clashes;
 The white waves are tumbling;
 And, in one baffled roar,
 Like the toothless sea mumbling
 A rock-bristled shore,
 The thunder is rumbling,
 And crashing, and crumbling—
 Will silence return never more?

LOWELL.

21. HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

[The reading of this poem will be characterized by slow movement, median stress, orotund quality, and middle key.]

1.

The sad and solemn night
 Hath yet her multitude | of cheerful *fi*res;
 The glorious host of light | •
 Walk the dark atmosphere | till she *re*ti*res*;
 All through her silent *wa*t*ches*, gliding sl*ow*,
 Her constellations *c*o*me*, and climb the *he*avens, and g*o*.

2.

*D*ay, too, hath many a *st*ar |
 To grace his gorgeous ré*ign*, as bright as *th*ey:
 Through the blue fields a*f*ar,
 Uns*ee*n, they follow in his flaming w*ay*:
 Many a bright língerer, as the eve grows *d*im,
 Tells what a radiant tróop | arose and set with *h*im.

3.

And *th*ou | dost see them *r*ise,
 Star of the Pó*le*! and *th*ou | dost see them s*et*.
 Aló*ne*, in thy cold sk*ies*,
 Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station y*et*,

Nor join'st the dances | of that glittering *tráin*,
 Nor dipp'st thy virgin *órb* | in the blue *western* *màin*.

4.

Thére, at morn's rosy *bí*rth,
 Thou lookest meekly through the kindling *áir*,
 And *éve*, that round the *Eá*rth |
 Chases the *dáy*, beholds thee | *wàtching thère* ;
Thérc | *nóontide* finds *thée*, and the hour that *cálls* |
 The shapes of polar *fláme* | to scale heaven's azure *wàlls*.

5.

Alíke, beneath thine *eýe*,
 The deeds of *dárkness* | and of *líght* | are *dóne* ;
 High toward the starlit *ský* |
 Towns *bláze*, the smoke of battle blots the *Sún* ;
 The night-storm on a thousand hills | is *lóud*,
 And the strong wind of *dáy* | doth mingle sea and *clóud*.

6.

On thy unaltering *bláze* |
 The half-wrecked *má*riner, his compass *lóst*,
 Fixes his steady *gáze*,
 And *stéers*, undóubting, to the friendly *còast* ;
 And they who stray in perilous *wástes*, by *níght*,
 Are *glàd* when thou dost *shíne* | to guide their footsteps
ríght.

7.

And *therefóre* | bards of *óld*,
 Ságes and *hé*rmits of the solemn *wóod*,
 Did | in thy beams | *behóld* |
 A *beauteous týpe* | of that unchanging *góod*,
 That bright | eternal *beácon*, by whose *ráy* |
 The *voyager* of *tíne* | should shape his heedful *wáy*.

22. THE AMERICAN FLAG.

[To be read with declamatory and dramatic force, radical and thorough stress, and orotund quality.]

1. When Freedom from her mountain height

Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrie of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

2. Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free;
To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war—
The harbingers of victory!

3. Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,

Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn ;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance ;
And, when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall fall beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

4. Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.
5. Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner waving o'er us !

DRAKE.

23. THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

[The reading of this poem should be characterized by slow movement, median stress, pure tone, and orotund quality. To be marked by the class for emphasis, inflection, and pauses.]

1.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

2.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

3.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no
more.

4.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!

While on my ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings,—

5.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

HOLMES.

24. KENTUCKY BELLE.

1.

Summer of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away,
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay;
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've
seen;

Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

2.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.

How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to
tell—

Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her
to me

When I rode north with Conrad, away from the Ten-
nessee.

3.

Conrad lived in Ohio, a German he is, you know;

The house stood in broad cornfields, stretching on, row
after row.

The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as
kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Ten-
nessee.

4.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is
still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the
sky,
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

5.

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

6.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands, out to this river-
shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir; off there's a hill, you
see;
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Ten-
nessee.

7.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding
like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little
lad.
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped
to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on
this way.

8.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;

He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find.

Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men, With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen!"

9.

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;

The baby laughed and prattled, played with spools on the floor;

Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone.

Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

10.

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar; "Kentuck!" I called—"Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!

I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right, And tied her to the bushes, her head just out of sight.

11.

As I ran back to the log house, at once there came a sound—

The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—

Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen,

Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

12.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;

But still I stood in the door-way, with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste
they sped along—

Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred
strong.

13.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and
through day;

Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And fording the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

14.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in
advance;

Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a
sideways glance;

And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

15.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in
his face,

As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around
the place.

I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'t was only a boy,
you see;

Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd sailed
on the Tennessee.

16.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the
boyish mouth;

And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the
South.

17.

Oh ! pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through
and through ;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper ; but the big words
would n't do ;—
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Ten-
nessee.

18.

But when I told the laddie that I too was from the
South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his
mouth.
“Do you know the Blue-Grass country ?” he wistful
began to say ;
Then swayed like a willow-sapling, and fainted dead
away.

19.

I had him into the log house, and worked and brought
him to ;
I fed him, and I coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd
do ;
And when the lad got better, and the noise in his head
was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

20.

“Oh, I must go,” he muttered ; “I must be up and away !
Morgan—Morgan is waiting for me ! Oh, what will
Morgan say ?”
But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back
from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard
before.

21.

And on, on, came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping
rapidly,—
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had
followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they never had
caught a sight.

22.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer
days;
For, strange, wild men were galloping over her broad
highways—
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north,
now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping
away her best.

23.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at
last.
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they
gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible
sword.

24.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against
his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and
still.
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear
me tell—
But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Ken-
tucky Belle.

25.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle
lass—

But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-
Grass.

A suit of clothes of Conrad's with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out
lad.

26.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how ;
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a back-
ward bow ;

And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to
swell,

As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky
Belle !

27.

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shin-
ing high ;

Baby and I both were crying—I could n't tell him
why—

But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the
wall,

And a thin, old horse with drooping head, stood in
Kentucky's stall.

28.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to
me ;

He knew I could n't help it—'t was all for the Tennessee.

But, after the war was over, just think what came to
pass—

A letter, sir ; and the two were safe back in the old
Blue-Grass.

29.

The lad got over the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and
well;
He cared for her and kept her, nor touched her with
whip or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses since, but never a horse
like her!

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

25. THE CHARCOAL MAN.

1. Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His somber face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
 "Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies,—
 "Hark, O! Hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.
2. The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'Tis odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot nor speck,—though still he cries,—
 "Charco'! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies,—
 "Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Ark, ho!"—Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

3. Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries,—
 "Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies,—
 "Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—*"Mark, ho!"*—Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.
4. The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,
 "Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies,—
 "Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco'!"—*"Ah, go!"*—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.
5. Then honored be the charcoal man!
Though dusky as an African,
'Tis not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries,—
 "Charco'! charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies,—
 "Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—*"Hark, O!"*—Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds. TROWBRIDGE

26. GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL.

[*The spirited rendering of this graphic picture affords a wide scope for variety of expression. Care must be taken not to overdo it.*]

1.

'Tis like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one remembers
All the achings and the quakings of "the times that
tried men's souls";
When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel*
story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burning
coals.

2.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running
battle;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats
still;
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up
before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of
Bunker's Hill.

3.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first
thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the
shore:
"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is all
this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us
once more?"

4.

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of
all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to roar:

She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter
and the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets
through his door.

5.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and
worry any,
For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is
work or play;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a
minute"—
For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong
day.

6.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way
to my heels;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there's blood
around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household
feels!

7.

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was
the stumping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg
he wore,
With a knot of women round him,—it was lucky I had
found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched
before.

8.

They were making for the steeple,—the old soldier and
his people;

The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creak-
ing stair,
Just across the narrow river—O, so close it made me
shiver!—
Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday was
bare.

9.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood
behind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stub-
born walls were dumb:
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon
each other,
And their lips were white with terror as they said, THE
HOUR HAS COME!

10.

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we
tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons'
deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode
sedately;
It was PRESCOTT, one since told me; he commanded on
the hill.

11.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his
manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so
straight and tall;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for
pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked
around the wall.

12.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats'
ranks were forming;
At noon in marching order they were moving to the piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked
far down and listened
To the tramping and the drum-beat of the belted gren-
adiers!

13.

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed
faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on
their backs,
And the reddening rippling water, as after a sea-fight's
slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood
along their tracks.

14.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they
formed in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers,
soldiers still:
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and
fasting,—
At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly up
the hill.

15.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines
advancing—
Now the front rank fire a volley—they have thrown
away their shot;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above
them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer not.

16.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear some-
times and tiddle),—
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French
war) before,—
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were
hearing,—
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry
floor :—

17.

“Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George’s
shillin’s,
But ye’ll waste a ton of powder afore a ‘rebel’ falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they’re as safe as
Dan’l Malcolm
Ten feet beneath the gravestone that you’ve splintered
with your balls!”

18.

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are wellnigh
breathless all;
Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry
railing,
We are crowding up against them like the waves against
a wall.

19.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer,—
nearer,—nearer,
When a flash—a curling smoke-wreath—then a crash—
the steeple shakes—
The deadly truce is ended; the tempest’s shroud is
rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud
it breaks!

20.

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke
blows over !
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes
his hay ;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is
flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into
spray.

21.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed ! they are beat—
it can't be doubted !
God be thanked, the fight is over !" — Ah ! the grim old
soldier's smile !
"Tell us, tell us why you look so ?" (we could hardly
speak, we shook so),—
"Are they beaten ? *Are* they beaten ? ARE they beaten ?"
—"Wait a while."

22.

O the trembling and the terror ! for too soon we saw
our error :
They are baffled, not defeated ; we have driven them
back in vain,
And the columns that were scattered, round the colors
that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted breasts
again.

23.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs of Charles-
town blazing !
They have fired the harmless village ; in an hour it will
be down ;
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire and
brimstone round them,—

The robbing, murdering red-coats that would burn a peaceful town!

24.

They are marching, stern and solemn; we can see each massive column

As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting walls so steep.

Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless haste departed?

Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied or asleep?

25.

Now! the walls they're almost under! scarce a rod the foes asunder!

Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earthwork they will swarm!

But the words have scarce been spoken, when the ominous calm is broken,

And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of the storm!

26.

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to the water,

Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves of Howe;

And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their barges they have run for:

They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over now!"

27.

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old soldier's features,

Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we would ask:

"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet,—once more, I guess,
they'll try it—
Here's damnation to the cut-throats!"—then he handed
me his flask,

28.

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have a drop of
old Jamaiky;
I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore the job is
done;"
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I felt
and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing was
begun.

29.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm
clock-dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping,—they were creep-
ing round to four,
When the old man said, "They're forming with their
bagonets fixed for storming:
It's the death-grip that's a coming,—they will try the
works once more."

30.

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them
glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold un-
coiling,—
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating
drum!

31.

Over heaps all torn and gory—shall I tell the fearful
story,

How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea breaks
o'er a deck ;
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men re-
treated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers
from a wreck?

32.

It has all been told and painted ; as for me, they say
I fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me
down the stair :
When I woke from dreams affrighted, the evening lamps
were lighted,—
On the floor a youth was lying ; his bleeding breast
was bare.

33.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for WARREN!
hurry! hurry!
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come and
dress his wound!"
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death
and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and
bloody ground.

34.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the
place from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left
him at our door,
He could not speak to tell us ; but 't was one of our
brave fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying
soldier wore.

35.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered
round him crying,—
And they said, “O, how they’ll miss him!” and, “What
will his mother do?”
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child’s that has
been dozing,
He faintly murmured, “Mother!”—and—I saw his eyes
were blue.

36.

—“Why, grandma, how you’re winking!”—Ah, my child,
it sets me thinking
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived
along;
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like
a—mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked,
and strong.

37.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant summer weather;
—“Please to tell us what his name was?”—Just your
own, my little dear,
There’s his picture Copley painted: we became so well
acquainted,
That—in short, that’s why I’m grandma, and you children
all are here!

HOLMES.

